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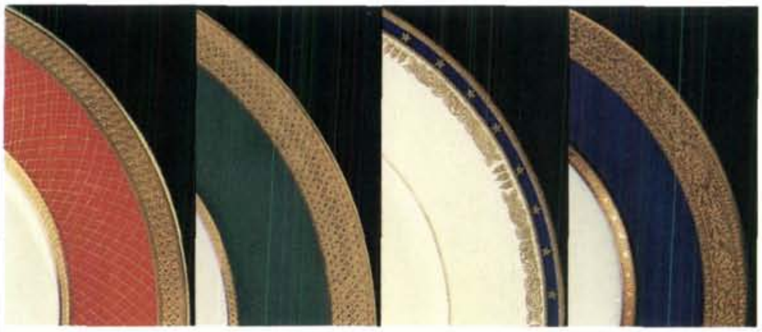

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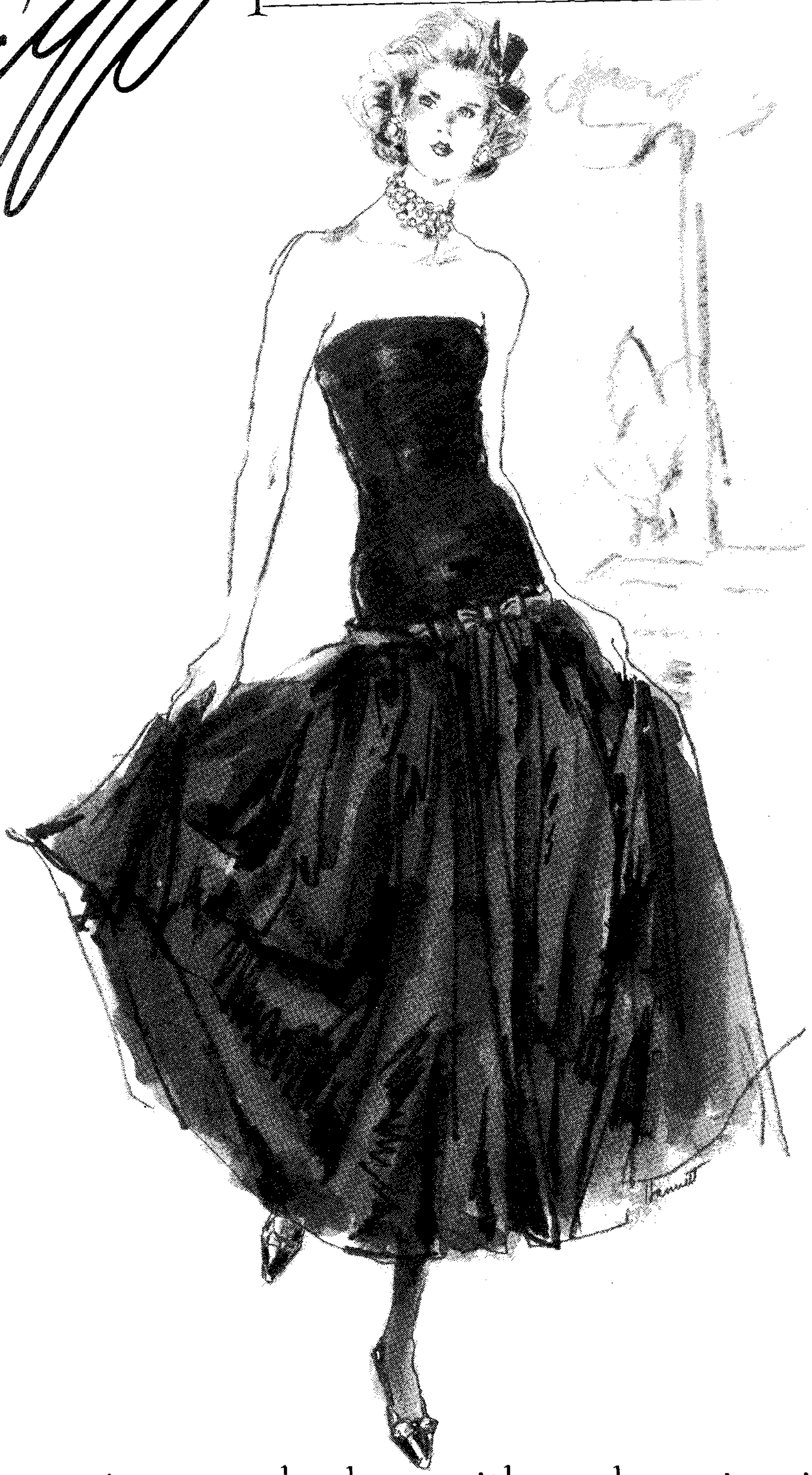

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

An Acute Obsession—A play by Barbara Feldman and Eric Rosse. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts are the leading actors in this farce by Joseph Kesselring, which was a big hit back in 1941. It is still pretty funny and so worth devoting an idle evening to. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Carmilla—A revival of a chamber opera adapted by Wilford Leach from a novel by J. S. Le Fanu. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory—**IN THIS FALLEN CITY:** Bryan Williams' mystery, set in East Harlem, is not as gripping as it should be, in spite of excellent performances by Michael Higgins and Danton Stone. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9. (10/6/86) . . . **THE EARLY GIRL:** By Caroline Kava. In previews; opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 30, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 924-7100.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards, adding a few betrayals of their own. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Kristoffer Tabori and Dylan Baker, among others. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Confessions of a Nightingale—Ray Stricklyn as Tennessee Williams in a one-man play adapted by Charlotte Chandler and Mr. Stricklyn from Miss Chandler's book "The Ultimate Seduction." (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in repertory—**THE DREAMER EXAMINES HIS PILLOW:** John Patrick Shanley's comedy—sometimes strong and funny, sometimes tedious—is composed of three conversations, between (1) a young woman and her former lover, (2) the young woman and her father, and (3) the father and the lover, all of them citizens of the Bronx. (10/20/86) Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 22-24, and Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **THE RETURN OF PINOCCHIO:** By Richard Nelson. (10/6/86) Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 25-26, and Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 28-31. (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Impostor—This import from modern China, about a clever young man who passes himself off as the son of one of the founders of the revolution, and rises steadily in a world of crooked, obsequious Party functionaries, is performed in broad, farcical style by the capable members of the enterprising Pan Asian Repertory company. Keenan Shimizu is the attractive hero, and Donald Li is very good as the drunken, disillusioned manager of a collective farm. (10/20/86) (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 1.)

Into the Light—Dean Jones in a musical with a book by Jeff Tambornino, a score by Lee Holdridge, and lyrics by John Forster. Staged by Michael Maurer. Preview Wednesday matinée, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"STEALING TIME" . . . . *Mary Grimm* 36
"DUE CAPPUCCINI" . . . . *David Updike* 39
"AUTUMN FIRESTORM" (POEM) . . . . *Charles Wright* 40
"WEDNESDAY" (POEM) . . . . *Marvin Bell* 44
PROFILES (INGRID SISCHY—PART II) . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 47
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 81
A REPORTER AT LARGE (EUROPEAN CEMETERIES) . . . . *Berton Roueché* 100
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 116
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 118
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 124
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 144

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Joseph Mirachi, Dana Fradon, Al Ross, Arnie Levin, Edward Frascino, Gahan Wilson, Charles Addams, Roz Chast, Lee Lorenz, Saul Steinberg, J. B. Handelsman, Eugène Mihaesco, Donald Reilly, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, William Steig, Charles Barsotti, Mick Stevens, Lou Myers*

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Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A play by David McFadzean, **THE CHINA FISH**, is the first in this season's series of three productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8; Thursdays at 11 A.M. and 8; and Fridays at 8.)

Lillian Wald, at Home on Henry Street—Patricia Elliott in a one-woman show, written by Clare Coss, about the founder of the Henry Street Settlement. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

A Little Like Magic—A production by the Famous People Players, a company of puppeteers from Canada. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 25. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 26, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7:30.)

Me and My Girl—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, worth going to for the superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 26.)

Mummenschanz—A very welcome return engagement, after several years' absence, of the trio of performers who, disguised as objects that might well have fallen to earth from outer space, behave in a touchingly human fashion as they slink mysteriously about the stage. They astonish audiences into laughter and, like the creatures in "Alice in Wonderland," make us happy by means beyond our comprehension. Characteristically, the name of the show stands for anything you would like it to stand for. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26.)

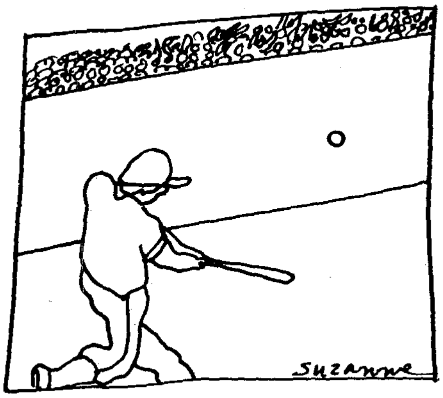
Neon Psalms—A play by Thomas Strelich. Opens officially Wednesday, Oct. 22, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 2. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 541-8394.)

Social Security—With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast includes Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Olympia Dukakis, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Sweet Charity—A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, settings by Robert Randolph, and a star in the person of Debbie Allen. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, Ann Reinking will replace Miss Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

You Never Can Tell—A revival of an early Shaw comedy, which Shaw pretended to despise. Worth seeing for the performances of Victor Garber as the troubled hero, Lise Hilboldt as the woman who will lure him into marriage, and Philip Bosco as a waiter superbly content with his lot. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. On Wednesday evening, Oct. 22, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** *A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them.* (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,024 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD:** Dickens' unfinished novel has been *turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical* by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A *sublime combination of conjuring* and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** Imported from England, an uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act), starring Betty Buckley and John Meehan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Next Wave Festival—The annual convocation in Brooklyn of established avant-gardists—Michael Clark & Company in "No Fire Escape in Hell," an evening-length dance work. (Lepercq Space. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 22-25, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2.) . . . ¶ "The Angels of Swedenborg," a theatre work created by Ping Chong, and performed by Mr. Chong's Fiji Company. (Carey Playhouse. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2.) . . . ¶ Anne Teresa de Keersmaeker and her dance company in "Rosas Danst Rosas," an evening-length work. (Lepercq Space. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 29-Nov. 1, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2.) . . . ¶ "Once Upon a Time in the East Village," a program of music by Ennio Morricone, arranged and conducted by John Zorn and performed by a twenty-two-piece orchestra. (Carey Playhouse. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "A Wedding Bouquet," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "Cloven Kingdom," "The Heart of the Matter," and "Italian Suite." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "Birthday Variations," "Round of Angels," "Valentine," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25, and

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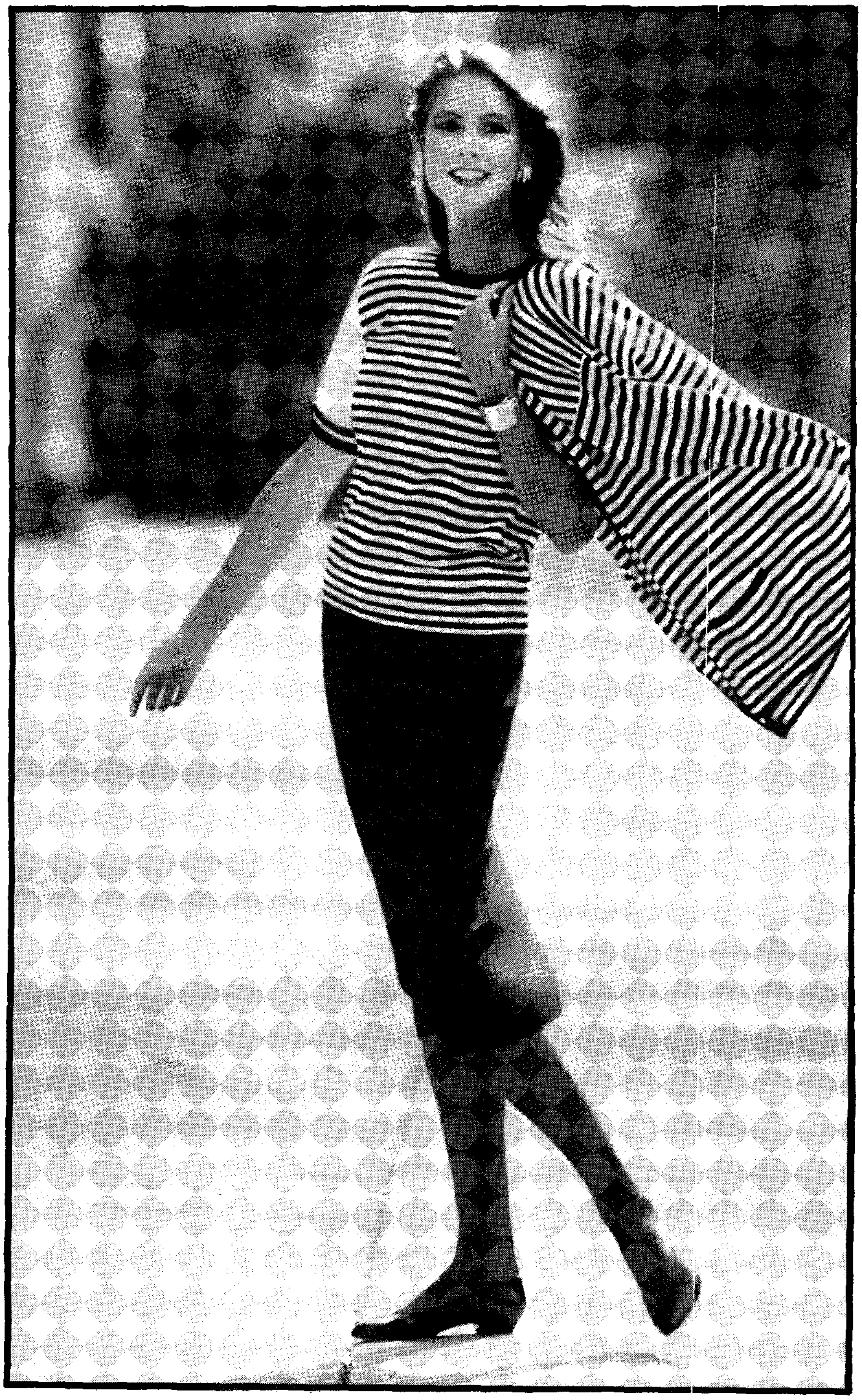

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Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 26: "The Taming of the Shrew." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 28: "A Wedding Bouquet," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "Arden Court," "Esteemed Guests" (New York première), and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "Reflections," "Passage," "Confetti," and "Force Field." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Arden Court," "Esteemed Guests," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "La Fille Mal Gardée." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Feld Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "Theatre," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "Bent Planes," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "Aurora I," "Theatre," "Medium: Rare," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 26: "Aurora I," "Theatre," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 26: "Bent Planes," "Adieu," "Medium: Rare," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée at 2.)

Flamenco Puro—A troupe of twenty dancers, singers, and musicians from Seville. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Rebecca Kelly Dance Company—Three New York premières—"Moving Violations," "First Light," and "Abrha"—and "Night Migrations." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A yellow-brick-faced all-blues bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. Harmonica man **sugar blue** fronts a band on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, **sunnyland slim**, one of the granddaddies of the Chicago blues scene, will be at the upright piano. Other bluespersons can be heard every night except Sunday. Music from about nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**julie wilson** is singing the songs of Harold Arlen in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **blossom dearie** singing "I'm Hip," "Pro Musica Antiqua," and "My New Celebrity Is You." At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays (except Wednesday, Oct. 22), mouth organist **larry adler** plays duets with the club's reproducing piano (a sophisticated version of the player piano) as well as with a live and flexible accompanist, **ellis larkins.** At eleven Wednesdays through Saturdays, singer-pianist **steve ross** takes the stage.

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Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in a breeze. Pianist Joe Sample and reed man Wilton Felder co-pilot the Crusaders through Sunday, Oct. 26; Brazilian trumpeter **claudio roditi** brings in a band on Monday, Oct. 27; and on Tuesday, Oct. 28, the durable and still brilliant **modern jazz quartet** enters swinging. Music after nine. Dining.

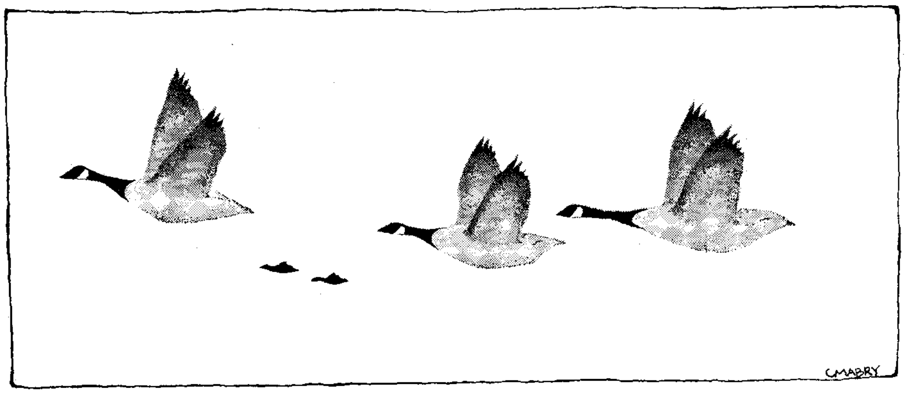
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesdays, the loose-limbed, wavy-haired saloon singer and cutup **buster poindexter & the banshees of blue**; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 23-24, blues scholar **john hammond** and J.J. Cale; and Saturday, Oct. 25, folksinger **christine lavin**, Schooner Fare, and O. J. Anderson. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **kenny barron** and **santi debriano** collaborate through Saturday, Oct. 25; **bob dorough** works with a bassist on Sunday, Oct. 26; and **richie beirach** and **ron mc clure** set sail on Monday, Oct. 27. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **doc cheatham**, a lyrical, courtly trumpeter, leads a sextet through Sunday, Oct. 26, and on Tuesday, Oct. 28, bebopping alto saxophonist **charles mc pherson** arrives with his combo. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**bobby short** is in the Café Carlyle, singing Porter, Coward, Arlen, and Sondheim, with expert musical support from bassist **beverly peer** and drummer **robbie scott** and with firm moral support from his myriad admirers, only about eighty of whom are allowed in the room at one time. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Saturday, Nov. 1, Mr. Short will be absent and **helen merrill** will be present. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **barbara carroll** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. Harmonica whiz and guitarist **toots thielemans** leads his quartet (pianist **fred hersch**, bassist **marc johnson**, and drummer **joey baron**) through Sunday, Oct. 26, and on Tuesday, Oct. 28, rangy bassist **ron carter** moves in with his quintet. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **les paul** and his trio. Music at nine. Dining.



Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The pianists: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, Keith MacDonald; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, **richard wyands** (with bassist **lisle atkinson**); Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 28-Nov. 1, **ronnie mathews**; Sundays, **andy laverne**; and Mondays, Peter Malinverni. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Stan Edwards sings with support from pianist Larry Intorella and bassist Phil Bowler through Saturday, Oct. 25; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and on Tuesdays guitarist **chuck wayne** heads up a trio. All these groups begin at ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. The central figures are Polish pianist **adam makowicz** and Memphis-born bassist **jamil nasser** through Saturday, Oct. 25, and ***vladimir shafranov*** and ***rufus reid*** starting Tuesday, Oct. 28. Sundays and Mondays are in the hands of Esther Blue. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and others in search of *les bons temps.* Wednesday, Oct. 22, folkies **happy & artie traum** and the **john herald** band; Friday, Oct. 24, gritty Houston-bred bluesman **johnny copeland;** Saturday, Oct. 25, the **fleshtones;** Monday, Oct. 27, fervent Chicago-blues singer **koko taylor;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Western swing revivalists **asleep at the wheel.** Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room, you can see the tubbed saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the spiffy back room you can see and hear the New York Jazz Repertory Ensemble. The repertory is early jazz, and the ensemble, a septet, features octogenarian drummer and washboard player **freddie moore.** Shows at nine and eleven through Saturday, Oct. 25. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, singer-d.j.-author Jonathan Schwartz begins a stint. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. The lineup, in part: Thursday, Oct. 23, **jump street;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, flutist **dave valentin's** band; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, the Denny Marouse group (with guitarist ***hiram bullock*** and pianist **kenny kirkland**). Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen to rock (hard-core rock, soft-core rock, no-core rock) and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Thursday, Oct. 23, Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds and Rat at Rat R; Saturday, Oct.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25, the Fall and Splatcats; Wednesday, Oct. 29, **BLACK UHURU**; Friday, Oct. 31, the Dead Boys; and Saturday, Nov. 1, Robyn Hitchcock & the Egyptians. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, Caribbean music, and American music. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 22, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; Thursday, Oct. 23, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Friday, Oct. 24, the System band; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 28-30, **ASTRUD GILBERTO**; and Saturday, Nov. 1, **PÉ-DE-BOI**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous music: alto saxophonist and bebop classicist **PHIL WOODS** works with his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 26; starting Tuesday, Oct. 28, **SUN RA,** the relief pianist in Fletcher Henderson's big band forty years ago, guides his free-spirited **ARKESTRA**; and on Mondays, Oct. 27 and Nov. 3, Lennie Tristano disciples **CONNIE CROTHERS** (piano) and **LENNY POPKIN** (tenor sax) head up a quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple blues and rock club. Wednesday, Oct. 22, the Ordinaires and the Microscopic Septet; Thursday, Oct. 23, the **CUCUMBERS**; Friday, Oct. 24, **EDDIE KIRKLAND**; Saturday, Oct. 25, Bullmoose Jackson; Sunday, Oct. 26, Survivors and the Joshua Blues band; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, **LIL QUEENIE.** Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs space on Monday nights after nine; on Oct. 27, conga maestro **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra, **MANNY OQUENDO & CONJUNTO LIBRE,** and **CARLOS (PATATO) VALDEZ** will all be on hand. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, a platform for pianists and bassists, **JACK WILSON** and **BOOTS MALESON** collaborate through Sunday, Oct. 26, and **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** go to work on Tuesday, Oct. 28. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with her trio, on Tuesdays. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. **KENNY BURRELL** leads a quintet that includes two other guitarists through Sunday, Oct. 26, and on Tuesday, Oct. 28, alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and his band, **ALTO MADNESS,** begin a six-night residence. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a noninstitutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and good live jazz. The musicians: Wednesday, Oct. 22, bop-school pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.'S** trio, with singer Kathy Farmer; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 23-26, tenor saxophonist and growly vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** and his quartet; and starting Wednesday, Oct. 29, bassist **MICKEY BASS'S** quartet. Shows from about nine. Dining.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A plush downstairs club, with a lot of art on the walls and an Oriental rug on the bandstand. Tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE'S** quintet is here through Sunday, Oct. 26, and on Tuesday, Oct. 28, singer-pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** arrives with her trio. Mondays are reserved for trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet. Sets begin at ten. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), an elegant, high-ceilinged room with a grand piano in it, you can listen to the duo of **GEORGE ZISKIND** and **RON MC CLURE** through Sunday, Oct. 26, and to **RICHARD WYANDS** and **LISLE ATKINSON** starting Tuesday, Oct. 28. **HUGH LAWSON** handles the Monday-night shift. Music from nine. *Dining.*

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. The piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** provides the music through Saturday, Oct. 25, and on Monday, Oct. 27, **JACK WILSON** and Ed Schuller take charge. On Sundays, **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

LIBERACE—With the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesdays at 8; Thursdays at 2:30 and 8; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 8; Sundays at 3; and Tuesday, Oct. 28, and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30 and 8. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

ELVIS COSTELLO—Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, with the Confederates; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, with the Attractions, all at 8.

ASIAN-AMERICAN JAZZ FESTIVAL—Friday, Oct. 24, at 9: Jason Hwang & Skysing and Reijo Sato's Ensemble, featuring Elaine Tobita. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 9: Yoshio (Chin) Suzuki & Matsuri and the Makoto Ozone trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 9: Yukio Tsuji & Origin and Kuni Mikami & the East of the Sun Orchestra. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

MARIO BAUZA and **TANIA MARIA**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.

STRING FEVER—With Honi Coles. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 4.)

HEAVENLY JAZZ SERIES—The second in a series of four concerts, this one with Toots Thielemans, Roger Kellaway, Michael Moore, and Gene Bertoncini. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.

LIONEL RICHIE—With Sheila E. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday through Thursday, Oct. 27-30, at 8.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Clark Terry, Ray Barretto, Rufus Reid, and others in a tribute to Pepper Adams. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-2027. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA—A tribute to Benny Goodman. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 529-5694.)

Anne Burgess

FRED HOUN & THE AFRO-ASIAN MUSIC ENSEMBLE—Jazz Center of New York. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 9:30 and 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ALICE BABER (1928-82)—Lyrical abstractions, most of them dating from the seventies. Through Nov. 8. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

JAMES BOHARY / RICHARD HICKAM—Recent abstract paintings. / Abstract paintings based on female figures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN (1919-85)—Painted-paper collages from the sixties. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JUDY CHICAGO—Pencil drawings, oil paintings, bronze reliefs, hand-cast paper works, and tapestries from a new series of symbolic portraits entitled "Powerplay." Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Paintings and works on paper, including designs for typography, sketches for costumes and fabrics, and studies for murals. Through Dec. 31. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

STEPHEN DE STAEBLER—Large bronze and ceramic columns suggesting human figures. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL (1911-84)—A memorial show of sand paintings and wood constructions (some of which incorporate sand, too). Through Nov. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MORTON KAISH—A new series of paintings of views from the artist's studio on West End Avenue, and other works. Through Nov. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

LOUIS LOZOWICK (1892-1973) / **ADOLF DEHN** (1895-1968)—Forty lithographs and a few paintings and drawings. / Landscapes, mostly watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Sixty paintings, plus works on paper and sculptures. Through Nov. 20. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.) . . . ¶ Another show of paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

JOHN PEARSON—Painted nonobjective constructions. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

BRIDGET RILEY—Op Art paintings from the sixties, plus works done more recently. Through Nov. 8. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

JUDITH SHEA—Patinated bronze sculptures of figures (some have geometric forms attached) in various positions—sitting, reclining, standing. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ELENA SISTO—Emblematic paintings. Through Nov. 8. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

DAVID SMITH (1906-65)—Works on paper and five metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ARTHUR WEYHE—An installation, made with hand-stripped white-cedar logs, that includes two large structures resembling lookout towers and numerous tall tripod forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

LAURA ZIEGLER—Figurative sculptures in bronze, wood, and polychrome terra-cotta. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JON CARSMAN—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER / AL HELD—Her first show of new paintings since late 1983. Through

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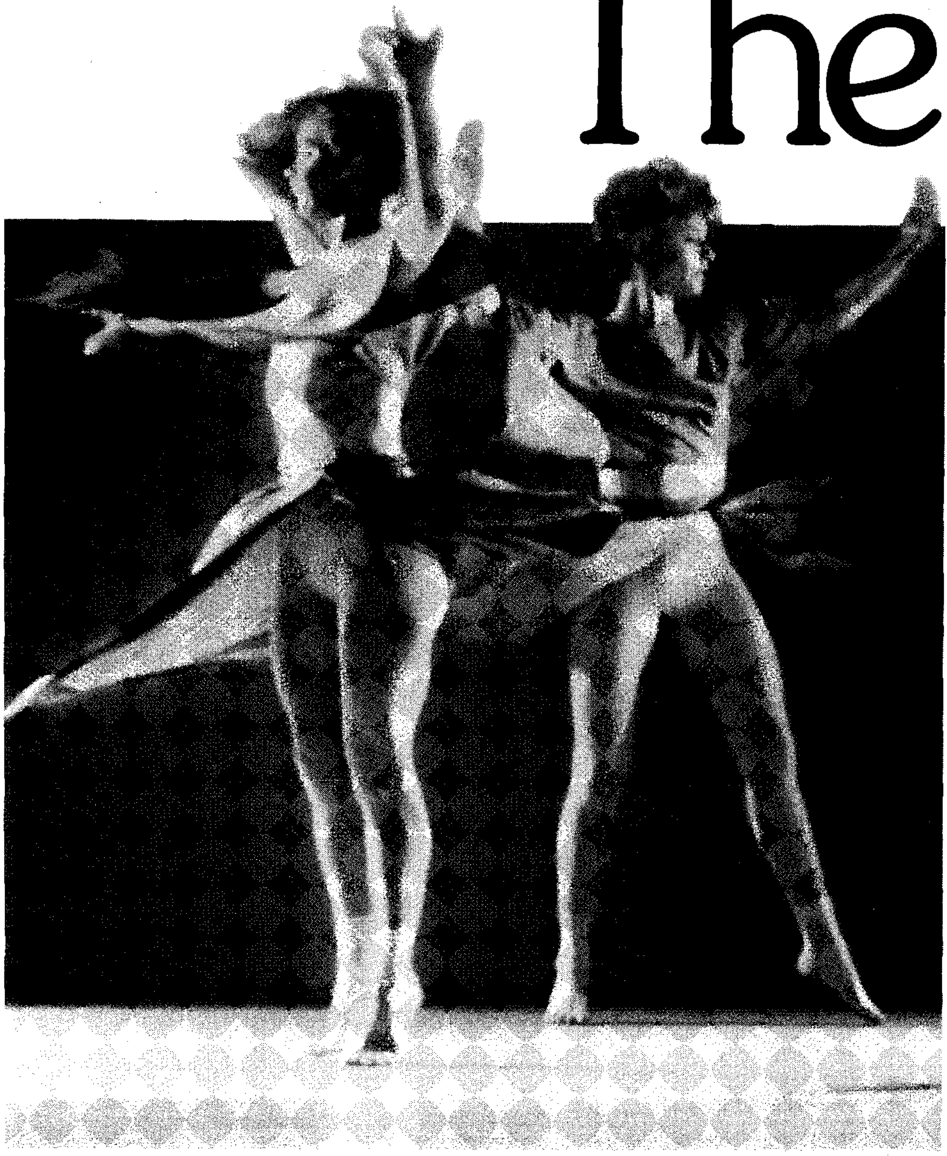
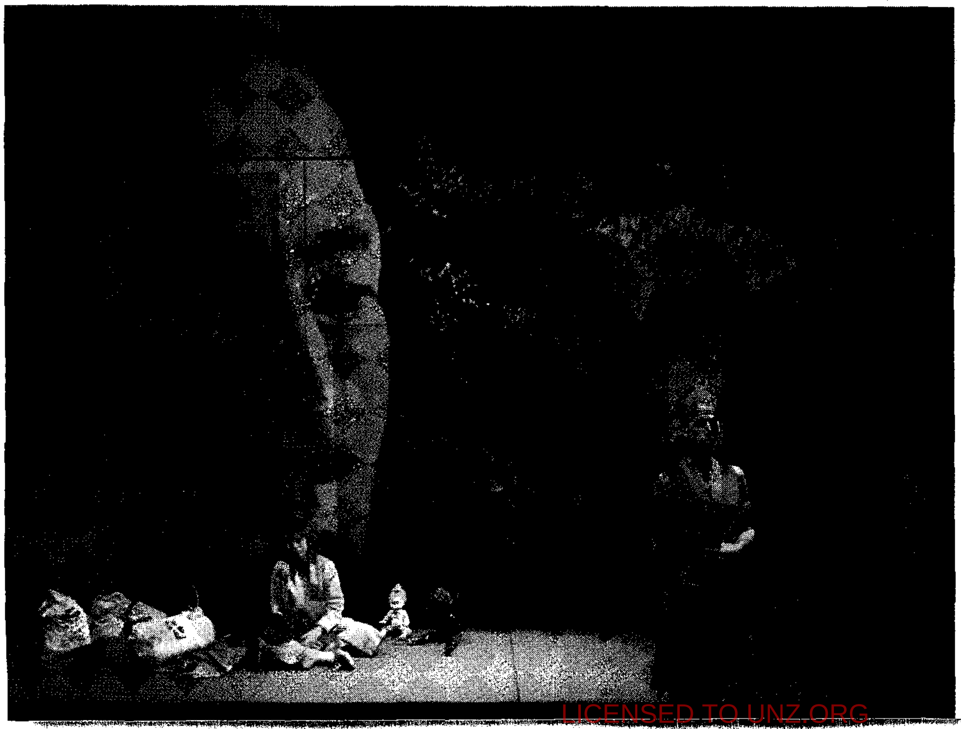
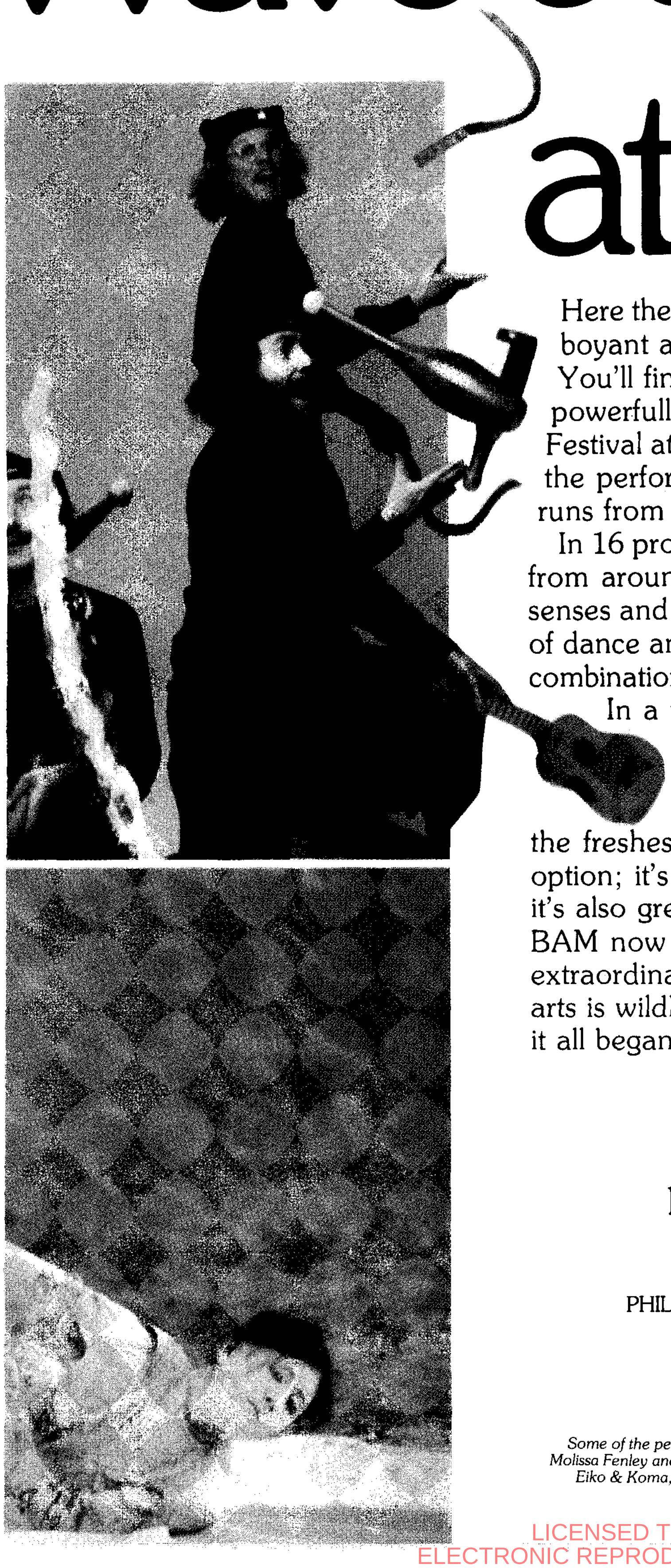




Wave begins at BAM!



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Some of the performers appearing in the 1986 Next Wave Festival; pictured clockwise, from upper left: Molissa Fenley and Dancers, photo by Chris Callis; The Flying Karamazov Brothers, photo by Paul Schraub; Eiko & Koma, photo by Philip Hipwell; Joy Ehrlich and Ardai Baharmast in The Impossible Theater, photo by Erik Kvalsvik.

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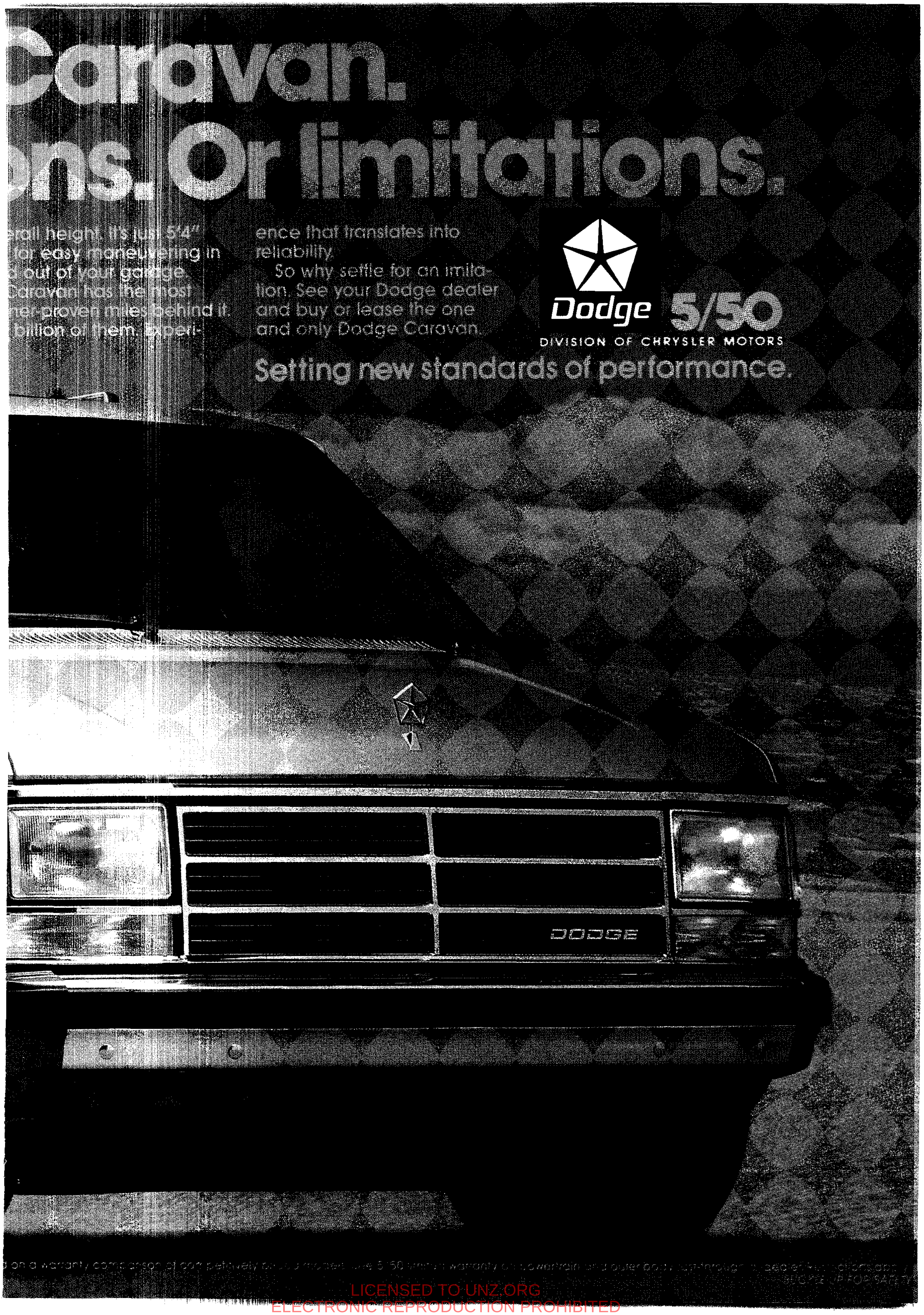

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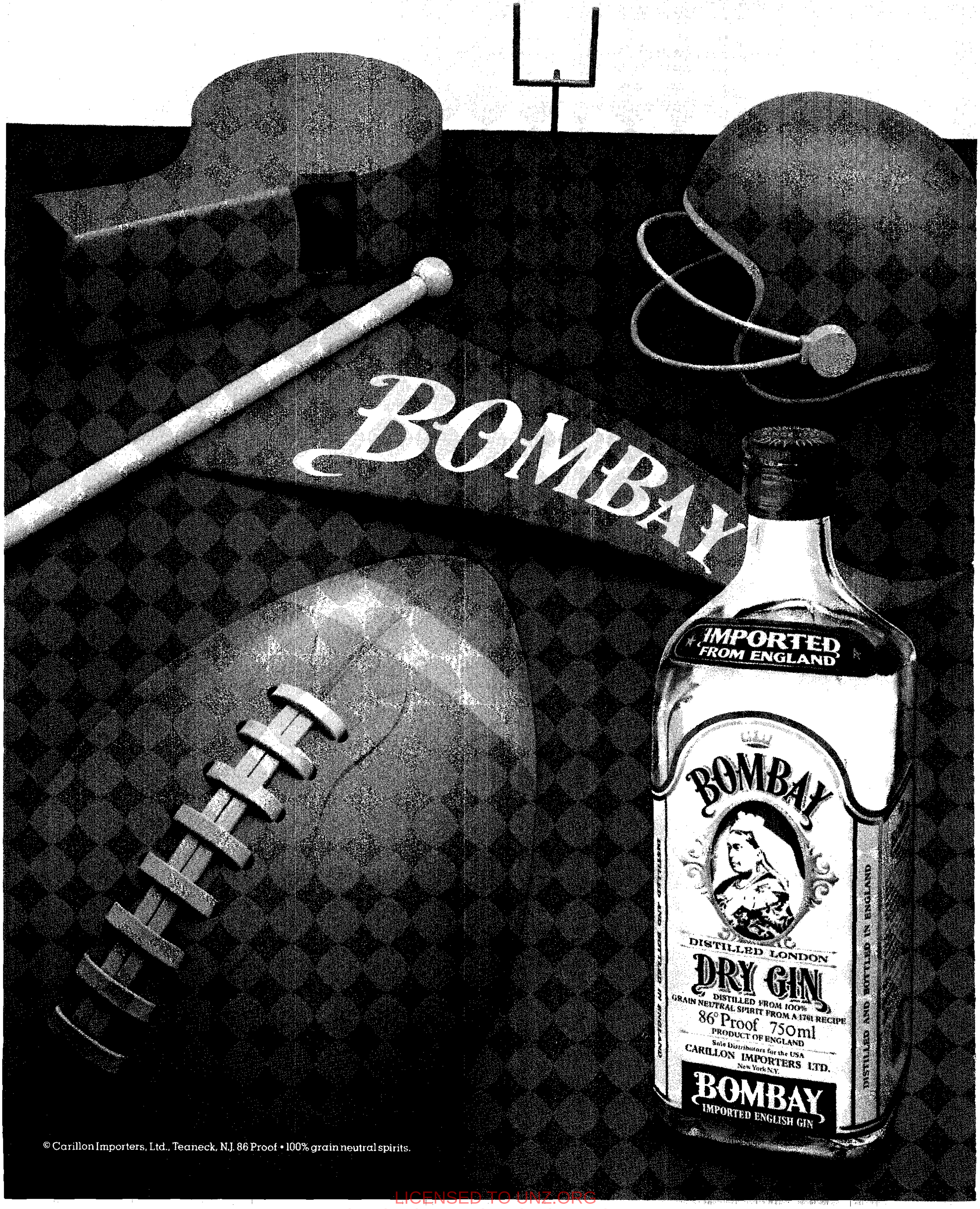
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Nov. 1. / Large geometric drawings on paper. Through Nov. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Glasco—Large-scale collage paintings incorporating fabrics the artist acquired while travelling in India. Through Nov. 8. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harold Gregor—Recent paintings of Illinois farm country. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Hartell—Soft-colored paintings of landscapes and figures in interiors. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Hull / Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Realist paintings depicting the story of King Lear. / Prints. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Franz Kline (1910-62) / **Arman**—A selection of works on paper which spans his career. Through Friday, Oct. 31. / Bronze sculptures of classical Greek and Roman deities which were cast, cut into vertical strips, reassembled, and recast. Through Nov. 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner (1908-84)—Collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—More than fifty prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin / Louise Nevelson—Recent paintings. / Large painted-wood wall reliefs, some extending out more than three feet. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Recent collages by Nevelson are on view at the Bernard gallery, 33 E. 74th St. Through Nov. 8.

John Martin (1789-1854)—Mezzotints. Through Nov. 8. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Jan Matulka (1890-1972)—Cubist and Precisionist drawings, plus prints. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Peter Todd Mitchell—Landscapes of India. Through Nov. 8. (Eric, 25 W. 56th St.)

Harry Orlyk—Plein-air landscapes of New York farm country. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nam June Paik—Video sculptures and other recent works. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Mike Parr—Large pastel-and-charcoal drawings of portrait heads that are distorted (often elongated) and, occasionally, horizontal. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Peter Poskas—Landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—Paintings from the forties and fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

George Rickey / Mark Cohen—Kinetic steel sculptures. / High-contrast photographs of everyday life in Italy, Mexico, and the United States. Through Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ The Davidson gallery, recently moved to 415 West Broadway, is showing twenty-five sculptures done by Mr. Rickey from 1959 to this year. Through Nov. 15.

Larry Rivers—New relief paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sean Scully—Stripe paintings from the past year. Through Tuesday, Oct. 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Segal—Painted-plaster sculptures, including a portrait of Jacob Javits; reliefs in homage to the Cubists; drawings; and photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David True—A new set of paintings, each with a thin wash poured on its surface. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

George Wexler / Billy Sullivan—Idyllic paintings of the Hudson River Valley. / Quick impressions of various populations—at the zoo, in the park, in night clubs. Through Nov. 5. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

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Noh Theatre Masks—Masks carved in cypress by contemporary artisans Nyosetsu Iwai and her daughter, Aya. Through Nov. 7. (Gallery Urban, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St.)

Viennese Design and the Wiener Werkstätte—Nearly two hundred objects (furniture, books and posters, decorative arts, and paintings and prints) in a show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibition (ending Sunday, Oct. 26) at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **gallery international 52**, 150 E. 52nd St.: Graffiti art by, among others, Daze, Crash, and Toxic. Through Nov. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **washburn**, in a new location at 41 E. 57th St.: Museums and private collectors have lent paintings that they acquired originally from this gallery, now beginning its fifteenth season. Works by Ammi Phillips, Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 1.

Sculpture—Some new works by Mary Frank, Pat Lasch, and Winifred Lutz are in a tenth-anniversary exhibition at the Marilyn Pearl Gallery. Through Nov. 15. (38 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Artschwager—Formica sculptures from the sixties. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Dotty Attie / Mary Grigoriadis—Drawings. / Paintings. Through Nov. 22. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Posters the artist made to publicize his exhibitions. Through Nov. 19. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Environmental sculptures, such as "F.I.U. Car" (1985) and "Mannloch" (1977), plus drawings, blackboards, and a steel-and-glass vitrine containing a hearthstone. Starts Saturday, Oct. 25. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

James Brown—Recent paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom Butter—Large abstract sculptures made from colored fibre glass and wood. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Hilo Chen—Photo-Realist paintings of sunbathers, mostly. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Louis Finkelstein—Thickly painted figure and landscape compositions. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Vincent Gallo—Still-lifes painted on found-metal objects. On some, the artist used acid to scratch and scar the surface. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Marco Gastini—Abstract landscapes, two of which have large pieces of glass, lead, and wood jutting out from the canvas edge. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Cristos Gianakos—Freestanding black-granite sculptures and acrylic paintings on Mylar. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Jenny Holzer—Messages spelled out on digital electronic signs and engraved in granite benches. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Jim Huntington—Abstract metal-and-granite sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Donald Judd—Sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

R. L. Kaplan / Ken Kiff—New paintings. / The artist's fantasy world is the subject of these new paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Gloria Kisch / Bill Sullivan—Freestanding abstract steel sculptures. / Small landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.) . . . ¶ Einstein, 591 Broadway, has a complementary show of Mr. Sullivan's work. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.

Louis Lieberman—Wall reliefs in mixed mediums. Through Nov. 8. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Longo—Large sculptures combining a vast assortment of materials—wood, chrome-plated steel, oil paintings, bronze. Through Nov. 15. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Robert Murray—Weathered-looking colored-metal sculptures. Through Nov. 8. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Naomi Nemtzow—Paintings of Brooklyn row houses and thoroughfares. Through Nov. 5. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

John Okulick—Painted-wood sculptures and constructions that appear deeper than their six or eight inches. Through Nov. 12. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mimmo Paladino—New abstract bronze sculptures and paintings on wood. Through Nov. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

A. R. Penck—Portrait drawings done in East Germany in the late fifties and early sixties, when the artist used the name Ralf Winkler. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Margaret Pomfret—Hard-edge paintings in pastel colors. Through Nov. 15. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Gary Stephen / Frederick Childs—Bronzes. / Figurative oils. Through Nov. 5. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Michael Young—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 15. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Skowhegan—Works by artists who attended the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture during the past ten years. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

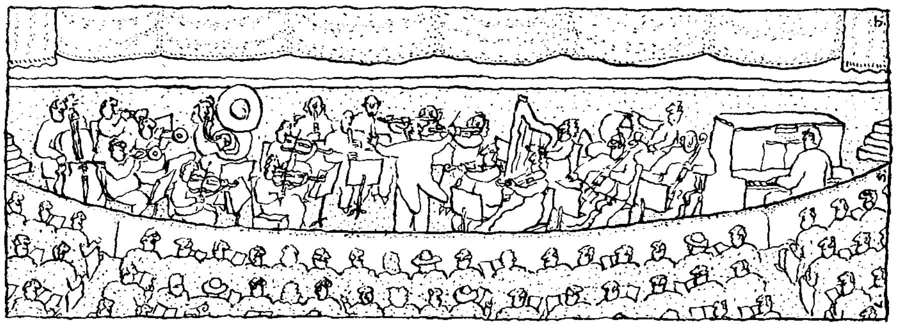
Group Show—Paintings by Peter Halley and Meyer Vaisman; stainless-steel reproductions of kitschy objects by Jeff Koons; and wall constructions by Ashley Bickerton. Through Nov. 8. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Eric Ernst—Paintings and drawings. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 12:30 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Sam Messer—Bronzes colored with chemical patinas and enamel. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Christy Rupp—New didactic sculptures.



Through Nov. 2. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Allen Ruppersberg—New stuff, including a four-panel work combining collaged cartoon and calendar art with hand-drawn areas and a lot of text. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Sawin—Small-scale abstract landscapes. Through Friday, Oct. 24. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Brassaï (1899-1948) / **Dennis Farber**—A dozen vintage prints. / Paintings on photographs. Through Nov. 8. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Jed Devine—Palladium prints of Bethesda Terrace, in Central Park, before its restoration. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Frank—Prints, including his most recent, which have been altered with collage, text, and drawing. Through Nov. 29. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Fifty photocollages, including works of summer, 1986. Through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Denny Moers—Hand-finished silver prints of Near Eastern wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell / Jaschi Klein—Prints of animals who were on display in natural-history museums around the world. / Silver-prints of figures that are only partially revealed. Through Nov. 20. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Rosalind Solomon—Photographs taken in Nepal, Peru, India, Guatemala, and lower Manhattan. Through Nov. 4. (Lieberman & Saul, 411 West Broadway, entrance on Spring St.)

Philip Trager—Photographs of Palladio villas in Northern Italy. Through Nov. 29. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. . . . ¶ Drawings by French masters of the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, including recently acquired works by Boucher and Le Brun as well as works by Watteau and Fragonard. Both shows through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design." Through Sunday, Oct. 26. A complementary exhibit is at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. . . . **Photography:** Works in color by Mary Frey, David Tavener Hanson, and Philip Lorca diCorcia. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

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Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations representing the styles of ten contemporary French artists. Both shows through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video, "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes), will have continuous showings in the lobby gallery starting Thursday, Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. . . . ¶ Monumental-scale drawings by twenty-two American artists—Elfi Schuselka, Diane Olivier, Robert Stackhouse, Michael Zwack—each of whom has several on display. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children") consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a mammoth-bone hut. Starts Thursday, Oct. 23. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan," an exhibit of paintings, ceramics, scrolls, folding screens, and sculptures dating from the eighth century to the nineteenth and taken from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Dance notations recorded in handwritten manuscripts and printed first editions over the centuries—from a 1586 French book, "Orchésographie," by Thoinot Arbeau, to original manuscripts by Alwin Nikolais and Merce Cunningham. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred Mary Granville Delany paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil, and a pencil study for "The Card Players," by Cézanne. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of clothes worn by the smartest of the smart set, all of whom have appeared on the Best Dressed List—the Duchess of Windsor, Diana Vreeland, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of sculptures, photographs, and installations by fourteen artists from Belgium, France, Germany, and Holland whose work, not known here, reflects the influences of Minimalists and Conceptualists. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of graphics by Max Ernst, among them prints, drawings, and books, more than three-quarters of which were the artist's personal property. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

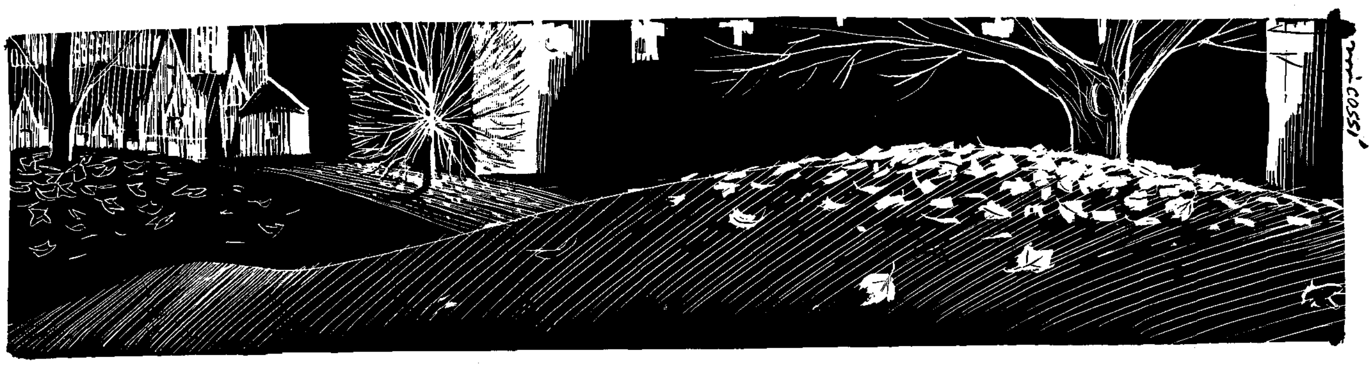
Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Oscar McLennan (performance), Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—"White Water," a video-theatre piece by John Jesurun. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 22-26, at 8:30; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30 and 11.

Sex and Dance—Programs of dance, ranging from ballet to tap, with erotic content—At P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St.: Program A, with Blondell Cummings and others, Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 23-26, at 8; Program B, with Dwan and others, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 11. (For tickets, call 477-5288.) . . . ¶ At Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St.: Program C, with members of the American Ballet Theatre and others, Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8; Program D, with Gael Stepanek and others, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 11. (For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Artists' Films—Programs of films that are by or about artists. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7: Films about Mark di Suvero, Philip Guston, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7: Films about Georgia O'Keeffe, Lee Krasner, Brice Marden, and others. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. No tickets necessary.)

Note—"Vita Da Vida," a performance work by Jo Andres, with Hayo David, Anne Iobst, Lucy Sexton, and Rebecca Moore. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 23-26, at 8. For tickets, call 996-3651.) . . . ¶ Performances by Lenora



Champagne and Ain Gordon. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., Monday, Oct. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; conducted by Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Aida," with Aprile Millo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 27, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kay Griffel, Kaaren Erickson, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Bianca Berini, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Hilda Harris, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Werther," with Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Lucille Beer, and Jane Shaulis; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Joseph Evans, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 25: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Frances Ginsberg, Robert Grayson, and John Cheek; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "Don Quichotte," with Susanne Marsee, Harry Dworchak, and Jan Opalach; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 26: "Faust," with Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Leech, Kurt Link, and William Stone; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 26: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Claudia Cummings, Leigh Munro, Harry Theyard, and Robert Orth; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 28: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Mark Thomsen, and Adib Fazah; Neil Varon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Joseph Evans, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Lucille Beer, and Jane Shaulis; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Faust," with Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Leech, Kurt Link, and William Stone; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Edith Davis, Jane Bunnell, John Stewart, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "Mefistofele," with Frances Ginsberg, Harry Theyard, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Satur-

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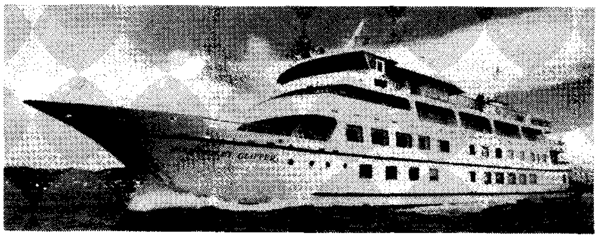

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Klaus Tennstedt conducting Mahler's Sixth Symphony on Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, at 8. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a William Schuman–Haydn–Liszt program on Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8; Friday, Oct. 31, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8 (all with Sherrill Milnes, baritone; Joseph Robinson, oboe; the Crane Chorus; and the New York Choral Artists).

Finlandia Sinfonietta—Ari Rasilainen conducting this chamber orchestra in its first appearance here. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Rachmaninoff-Strauss program, with Andrei Gavrilov, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Orchestre National de Lyon—Serge Baudo conducting, with Gérard Poulet, violin; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and Pascal Rogé, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—David Gilbert conducting, with Cullen Bryant, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Abbey Simon, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—James Levine conducting and acting as piano soloist for an all-Mozart program, with Ken Noda, also piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in a Bach-Handel program, with soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3. For information about tickets, call 751-1616.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing a program of English coronation anthems, with the Concert Royal and soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Andrew Bolotowsky and Robert Shaughnessy—Flutist and classical guitarist. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Friday, Oct. 24, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Nigi Sato—Soprano, *performing* three new songs by David Diamond and traditional Japanese songs. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 517-2742. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Two performances of the first in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 8.)

Composers Concordance—A program that includes premières of works by Lowell Liebermann and Victoria Bond. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 564-4899.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, with Ruud van der Meer, baritone, and Rudolf Jansen, piano, in a performance of Hugo Wolf's "Spanisches Liederbuch" cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

Clive Lythgoe—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Joy Blackett—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Les Arts Florissants—A program of seventeenth-century sacred music by this ten-member vocal-and-instrumental ensemble from France, making its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Sylvan Winds—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Daniel String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 2.)

Yuval Fichman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—With Steven Mayer, piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano, in the first of three Schumann-Fauré programs, this one with Gaby Casadesus, also piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Olivier Latry—Organ. (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Musicians' Accord—A program featuring Elizabeth Rodgers, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

New Music Consort—With Jon Garrison, tenor; Craig Harris, composer/trombone; and Christopher Gekker, trumpet. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 520.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Marya Martin, flute; David Jolley, horn; Richard Fitz, percussion; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 5.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Lehman College Concert Hall, Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Alexander Markov—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Cleveland Quartet and Emanuel Ax—String quartet and piano, in a Schumann-Bartŏk program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concerts—Among the participants in a concert benefitting the Statue of Liberty National Monument Maintenance Trust Fund will be Placido Domingo, Julio Iglesias, Charles Aznavour, and Tony Randall; also, Zubin Mehta will conduct the New York Philharmonic in the première of William Schuman's "On Freedom's Ground: An American Cantata," with Sherrill Milnes and two choirs. (Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Jorge Mester will conduct the Juilliard Orchestra at a concert at which Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma, and others will appear. The beneficiary will be the Leonard Rose Cello Scholarship Endowment Fund. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-0465.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

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Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Detroit Pistons vs. Nets and Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors, Saturday, Oct. 25, starting at 6 (exhibition games). . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Oct. 31, at 7:30.

Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Jets vs. Denver Broncos, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Monday, Oct. 27, at 9.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7:35, and Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7:35; Islanders, Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:35; and Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 7:05; Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8:05; and Winnipeg Jets, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 7:05.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Monday, Oct. 27, at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway: Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, Nov. 2.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Alice Munro reading from her own fiction. (West Side Y, 2 W. 64th St. 787-6557. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8. . . . Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Monday, Oct. 27, at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 598-2868.) . . . ¶ Tama Janowitz reading from her own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Tess Gallagher reading from her own short stories, and Raymond Carver *reading from his own poetry. (Three Lives &* Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Mary McCarthy reading from her own prose. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Oct. 27, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Yehuda Amichai reading from his own poetry, which will be simultaneously translated into sign language by the actress Marlee Matlin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Fall Antiques Show—The annual show of Americana offered by more than a hundred dealers. (New York Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, from noon to 10; Sunday, Oct. 26, from 11 to 6. A free shuttle bus will run from 62 W. 50th St. to the show and back.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Oct. 26, from 1 to 5.) Saturday, Oct. 25, at 10:15: American folk art from the collection of Don and Faye Walters. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: American furniture. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 27, at 10:15: Snuff bottles. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Watches and clocks. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Oct. 25, at 10:30: English and Continental furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 27-28, at 2: English and Continental silver, *objets de vertu*, and Russian works of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 10: English and Continental silver and silver gilt, from the Patiño collection. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 23.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

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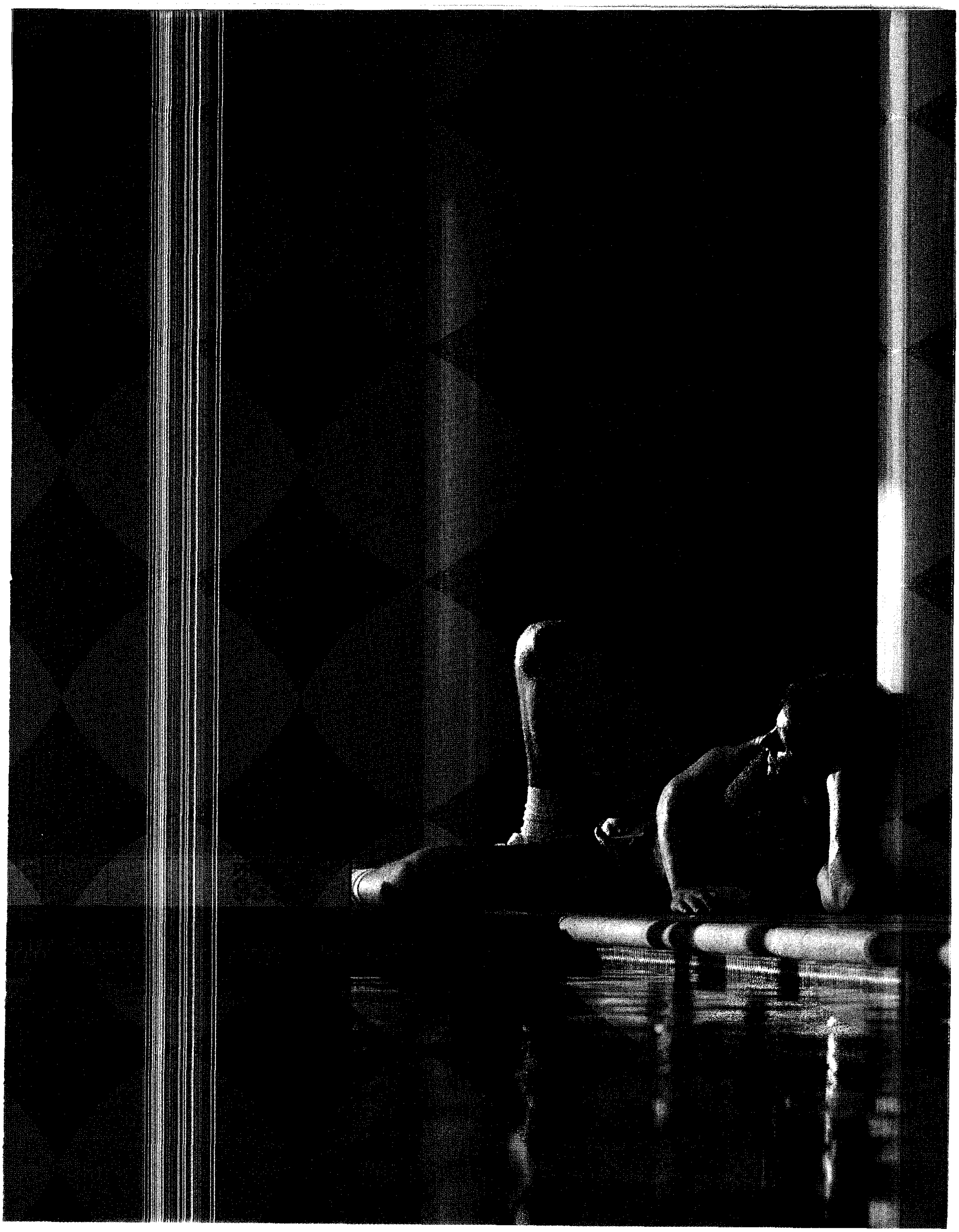

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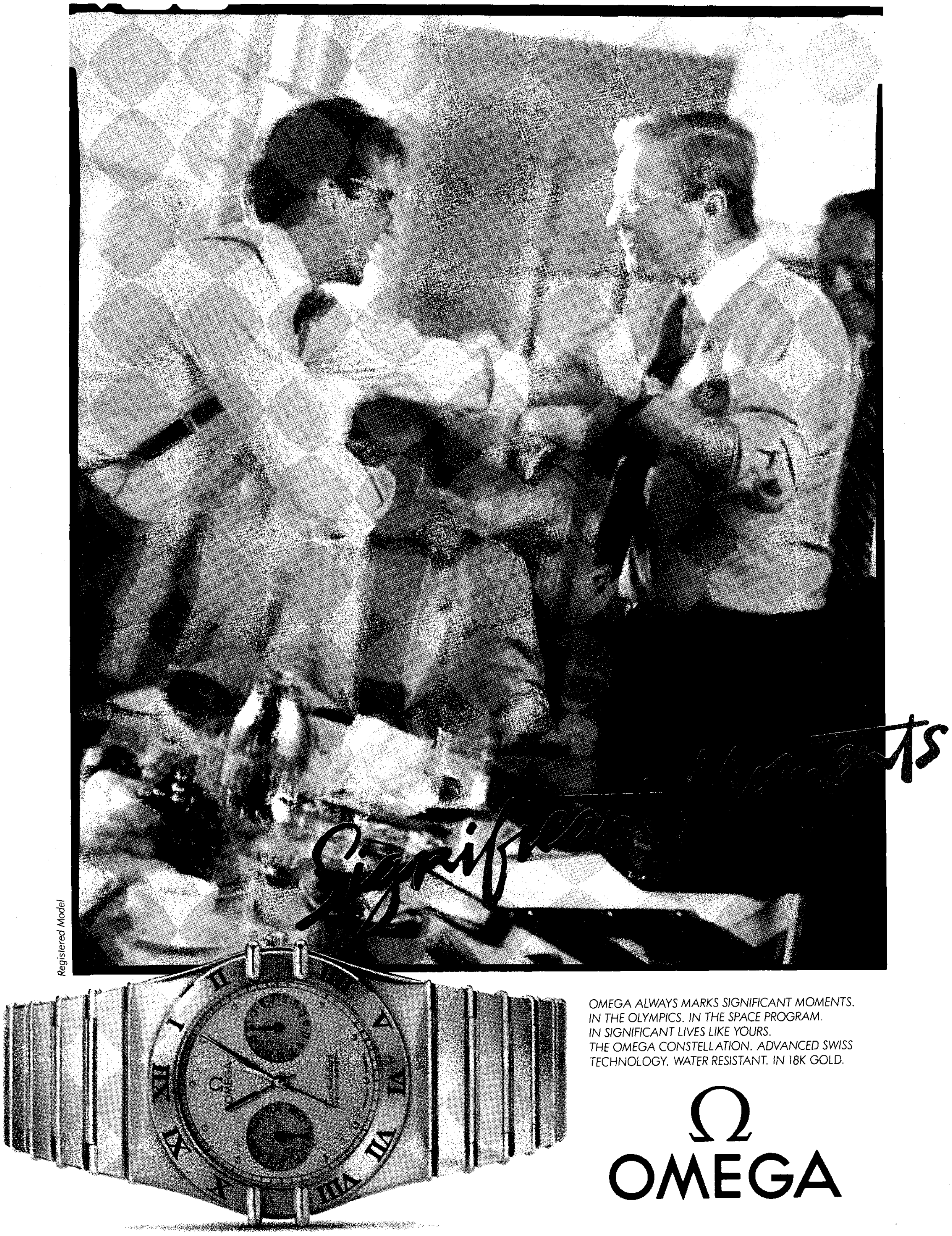
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 23: "Empty Quarter" (1985; directed by Raymond Depardon; in French), with Françoise Prenant; and "San Clemente" (1982; Raymond Depardon), a documentary.
Oct. 24-26: "Mephisto" (†).
From Oct. 28: "Mozart–A Childhood Chronicle" (1980; Klaus Kirschner; in German), a nearly four-hour film; and "Mephisto" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: " 'Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.
Theatre 2: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 3: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 23: "Top Gun" (†). From Oct. 24: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Nothing in Common" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Stories" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 23: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven). From Oct. 24: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields.
Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Blue Velvet" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo. From Oct. 31: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ratboy" (Sondra Locke), with Locke.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese.
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Oct. 23: "Twist and Shout" (Bille August; in Danish).
From Oct. 24 (tentative): "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 23: "Nothing in Common" (†).
From Oct. 24: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 23: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven). From Oct. 24: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 23: "Top Gun" (†). From Oct. 24: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Rate It X" (1985; directed by Lucy Winer and Paula de Koenigsberg).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Blockheads" (1938; John G. Blyston), with Laurel and Hardy; and two Laurel and Hardy shorts. Oct. 25-27: "A Chump at Oxford" (1940; Alfred Goulding), and "Beau Hunks" (1931; James Horne), both films with Laurel and Hardy. Oct. 28-30: A program, almost four hours long, of ten Laurel and Hardy two-reelers. From Oct. 31: "Dust" (Marion Hansel), with Jane Birkin and Trevor Howard.

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 23: "The Fly" (1986 †).
From Oct. 24: "True Stories" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.
Theatre 2: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 3: "Matter of Heart" (Mark Whitney), a documentary about Carl Jung.
Theatre 4: "Matter of Heart."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 23: "Back to School" (†). From Oct. 24: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. (No performances on Thursday, Oct. 30.)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Oct. 23: "Cactus" (Paul Cox), with Isabelle Huppert.
From Oct. 24: "Nineteen Nineteen" (1985; Hugh Brody), with Paul Scofield and Maria Schell.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Dancing in the Dark" (Leon Marr).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Police" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ménage" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou.
Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 23: "Top Gun" (†). From Oct. 24: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 23: "Where the River Runs Black" (Christopher Cain), with Charles Durning. From Oct. 24: "True Stories" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 23: "She's Gotta Have It" (†). From Oct. 24: "True Stories" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 23: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven). From Oct. 24: "Stand By Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 23: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith); and "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard). From Oct. 24: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 23: "Crawl Space." From Oct. 24: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 23: "Mona Lisa" (†). From Oct. 24: "Trick or Treat"

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(Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (1986 †).
Theatre 2: "Deadly Friend" (directed by Wes Craven).
Theatre 3: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 5: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 6: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: "Ruthless People" (†).
Theatre 4: "Stand By Me" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 23: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson; and "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins. From Oct. 24: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin); and "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. (No performances Wednesday, Oct. 22, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 28-29.)

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 23: "Aliens" (†). From Oct. 24: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields.

U.A. Twin I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Crawl Space."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 23: "Combat Shock" (Buddy Giovinazzo). From Oct. 24: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 23: "Irezumi" (1984; directed by Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese); and "A Woman in Flames" (1984; Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.
Oct. 24-25: "Loophole" (1981; John Quested), with Albert Finney, Martin Sheen, and Susannah York; and "Man on the Roof" (1977; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish), with Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt.
Oct. 26-28: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi; and "Viva Italia!" (1978; Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Ornella Muti, Elberto Sordi, and Ugo Tognazzi.
Oct. 29-30: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; Marcel Ophuls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 22: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Grable and Victor Mature; and "The Dark Corner" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton Webb.
Oct. 23-25: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975; Dick Richards), with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
Oct. 26-27: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Haunted Honeymoon" (1940; Arthur B. Woods), with Constance Cummings and Robert Montgomery.
Oct. 28-29: "Confidentially Yours" (1984; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

Thalia, B' way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 22: "Choose Me" (1984; Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren; and "A Perfect Couple" (1979; Robert Altman), with Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley.
Oct. 23: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers; and "The Trip" (1967; Roger Corman), with Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg, and Dennis Hopper.
Oct. 24-25: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm.
Oct. 26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Memoirs of a French Whore" (1979; Daniel Duval), with Miou-Miou and Maria Schneider.
Oct. 27: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; "The Devil's Wanton" (1949; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Doris Svedlund; and "Night Is My Future" (1947; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Mai Zetterling.
Oct. 28: "Inherit the Wind" (†); and "12 Angry Men" (1957; Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden.
Oct. 29: "Backstage at the Kirov" (†) and "The Bolshoi Ballet" (†).
Oct. 30-31: "The Raven" (1963; Roger Corman), with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, and Jack Nicholson; "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze, Jackie Joseph, and Jack Nicholson; and "The Terror" (1963; Roger Corman), with Boris Karloff, Sandra Knight, and Jack Nicholson.
Nov. 1: "Subway" (1985; Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani; and "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Oct. 22: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Young Wives' Tale" (1952; Henry Cass), with Joan Greenwood, Nigel Patrick, and Audrey Hepburn.
Oct. 23: "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, Alexander Godunov, and Josef Sommer; and "Angel and the Badman" (1947; James Edward Grant), with John Wayne, Gail Russell, and Bruce Cabot.
Oct. 24-25: "Lost in America" (1985; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty; and "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin.
Oct. 26: "Stay As You Are" (1979; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (1964; Pietro Germi; in Italian).
Oct. 27: "The Emerald Forest" (1985; John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman; and "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.
Oct. 28: A program of rock and new-wave short films and videos.
Oct. 29: "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien; "Trapped" (1949; Richard Fleischer), with Lloyd Bridges; and "House by the River" (1950; Fritz Lang), with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick.
Oct. 30: "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (†).
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Borgarde; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 22: "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.
Oct. 23: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.
Oct. 24-25: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.
Oct. 26: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
Oct. 27: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
Oct. 28: "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Spencer Tracy, Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy; and "The Girl from Missouri" (1934; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, and Lionel Barrymore.
Oct. 29: "Romance" (1930; Clarence Brown),

with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Oct. 30: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre I: Oct. 23 at 2:30 and 6: "Jack Levine: Feast of Pure Reason" (1986; directed by David Sutherland), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2:30: "Meeting in the Milky Way" (1985; Ian Streitch; in Latvian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: "The Nut-Bread" (1977; Arunas Zhebrunas; in Lithuanian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2: "My Home in the Green Hills" (1986; Assya Suliyeva; in Kazakh, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 5: "Fraggi Deprived of Happiness" (1985; Hodjakuli Narliyev; in Turkmen, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2: "The Nut-Bread." . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 5: "Meeting in the Milky Way." . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 2:30: "Fraggi Deprived of Happiness." . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 6: "My Home in the Green Hills." . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at noon: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish and Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 2:30: "Love 'em and Leave 'em" (1926; Frank Tuttle; a silent film), with Louise Brooks and Evelyn Brent; and "Applause" (1929; Rouben Mamoulian), with Helen Morgan. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 6: "Royal Family of Broadway" (1930; George Cukor and Cyril Gardner), with Ina Claire and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 12:30: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Rod Steiger, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb, produced by Sam Spiegel. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2:30: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, produced by Spiegel. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Jack Hawkins, and José Ferrer, produced by Spiegel. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "The Lautars" (1972; Emil Lotyanu; in Moldavian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 6 and Nov. 1 at 2: "Here You Won't See Paradise" (1982; Tofik Ismailov; in Azerbaidjan, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 5: "Blue Mountains" (1984; Eldar Shengelaya; in Georgian, with English subtitles).

Theatre 2: Oct. 23 at 3: "Speedy" (1928; Ted Wilde; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "Manhandled" (1924; Allan Dwan; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:30: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924; Sidney Olcott; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3: "Beau Revel" (1921; John Griffith Wray; a silent film), with Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor, produced by Thomas H. Ince. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6:30: "Anna Christie" (1923; John Griffith Wray; a silent film), with Blanche Sweet, produced by Ince. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2:30: "Bell Boy 13" (1923; William A. Seiter; a silent film), with Douglas MacLean and Margaret Loomis, produced by Ince. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 5:30: "Hail the Woman" (1921; John Griffith Wray; a silent film), with Florence Vidor and Madge Bellamy, produced by Ince. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2:30: "Anna Christie." . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 5:30: "Beau Revel." . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 3 and 6:30: "Civilization" (1916; Raymond B. West and others; a silent film), with Herschell Mayall, Howard Hickman, and Enid Markey, produced by Ince. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 3 and 6:30: "Come Back, Africa" (1960; Lionel Rogosin), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 3 and 6:30: "The Crab" (1917; Walter Edwards; a silent film), with Frank Keenan and Thelma Salter, produced by Ince. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of short films made by Lotte Reiniger.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A retrospective of the films of James Benning—Through Oct. 26: "Grand Opera" (1979), shown Wednesday through Saturday at noon and Sunday at 1; and "Him and Me" (1982), shown Wednesday through Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 4. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 28: "American Dreams" (1983) and "O Panama" (1985), shown Tuesday at 2 and Wednesday through Saturday at noon; and "Landscape Suicide" (1986), shown Tuesday at 6 and Wednesday through Saturday at 3. Mr. Benning will be present on Wednesday, Oct. 29, at noon. Closed Mondays.

Mark Goodson Theatre, 2 Columbus Circle. (489-6716)—A two-week program of films made in New York City. Oct. 22 at 3: "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage and Treat Williams. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider and Jessica Lange. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 9: "Streamers" (1983; Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine and Michael Wright. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at noon: "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, and George C. Scott. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3: "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, and James Caan. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at noon: "Hester Street" (1975; Joan Micklin Silver), with Steven Keats, Carol Kane, and Mel Howard. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 3: "El Super" (1979; Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal), with Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 6: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 9: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" (1970; Ossie Davis), with Godfrey Cambridge, Raymond St. Jacques, and Calvin Lockhart. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 3: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 6: "The Hospital" (1971; Arthur Hiller), with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 9: "Wolfen" (1981; Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney, Diane Venora, and Gregory Hines. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at noon: "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands and Buck Henry. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 3: "The World of Henry Orient" (1964; George Roy Hill), with Peter Sellers and Paula Prentiss. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6: "Taking Off" (1971; Miloš Forman), with Buck Henry and Lynn Carlin. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 9: "Little Fugitive" (1953; Morris Engel and Ray Ashley), with Richie Andrusco. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at noon: "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Ron Leibman. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 3: "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen and Louise Lasser. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 6: "Night Shift" (1982; Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler and Michael Keaton. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 9: "Putney Swope" (1969; Robert Downey).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 "Alien" is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/86.) (R.K.O. Warner Twin; through Oct. 23.)

Backstage at the Kirov (1984)—We are introduced to the new and gifted young ballerina Altynai Assylmuratova as she prepares for her début in "Swan Lake." Then we are driven mad by camerawork that prevents us from seeing what she looks like dancing. She's hardly ever photographed full length; in the performance scenes, the object of our attention is perpetually slipping away from us or getting blocked by other dancers. Present-day and former Kirov stars are glimpsed, but few are named; there seems to be only one prima ballerina, the relatively drab Galina Mezentseva, who is also seen in extensive "Swan Lake" footage and for whom, strangely enough, the camera behaves like a dream. (Thalia; Oct. 29.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Oct. 23.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (D. W. Griffith, Waverly, and Metro Cinema.)

The Bolshoi Ballet (1957)—Repertory filmed during the first tour of England by a world-conquering company. Ulanova in "The Dying Swan" and excerpts from "Giselle," Raissa Struchkova in "Walpurgis Night," and such other bombshells as "Spring Waters," the Spanish Dance from "Swan Lake," and the Polonaise and Cracovienne from Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar." (Thalia; Oct. 29.)

Down by Law—Jim Jarmusch's follow-up to his 1984 "Stranger Than Paradise" is also a low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie shot in black-and-white—this time by Robby Müller. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie) and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. And the moviemaking itself shares in their lethargy; that's what gives the film a cachet of modernism. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive

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style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. And without the boredom of the first three-quarters of an hour Roberto wouldn't be so funny. The best scene in the movie is the least characteristic of Jarmusch: it comes almost at the start, when Ellen Barkin, as Zack's girlfriend, throws a tantrum, quiets down, then gets sore again, and—wham-wham-wham!—his possessions land in the street. That's the most active the movie ever gets. With Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. The music is by Lurie, the songs are by Waits. (10/20/86) (Cinema II, and Cinema Studio.)

The Fly—Jeff Goldblum is the brilliant loner scientist Seth Brundle, who turns into Brundlefly, in David Cronenberg's remake of the 1958 horror film. Cronenberg gives the B-picture material new weight, and for what this version is it's very well done. But Cronenberg narrows the film down to one man's decaying body, and concentrates your attention on one stage after another of poor Brundle's becoming bent over double and deformed. And if the movie has a power, it's simply in our somewhat prurient fixation on watching a man rot until finally he's pleading for a coup de grâce. With Geena Davis and John Getz. Based on a short story by George Langelaan; the script, by Charles Edward Pogue, was reshaped by Cronenberg. (10/6/86) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 23.)

Inherit the Wind (1960)—In 1925, in Dayton, Tennessee, a young high-school biology teacher named John T. Scopes instructed his class in Darwin's theory of evolution in order to test a state law forbidding the teaching of anything that "denies the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible." At his trial, the great orator William Jennings Bryan, a Bible-thumping fundamentalist who had three times been a candidate for the United States Presidency, served as prosecutor; the famous criminal lawyer and agnostic Clarence Darrow represented the defense; H. L. Mencken reported the case. This semi-fictionalized version of the events was adapted from the Broadway play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and produced and directed by Stanley Kramer. The case itself had so many dramatic elements that the movie can't help holding our attention, but it's a very crude piece of work, totally lacking in subtlety. With Fredric March as Bryan, Spencer Tracy as Darrow, and Dick York, Donna Anderson, and Gene Kelly. (Thalia; Oct. 28.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

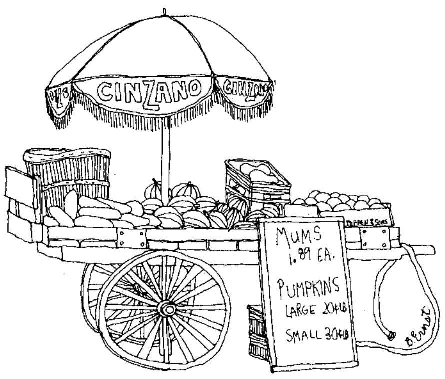
Mephisto (1982)—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on—and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive smile, suggests a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The film is gripping, but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe and the superb, feline Karin Boyd, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (Public Theatre; starting Oct. 24.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a onetime petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 23.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 24, tentative.)

Nothing in Common—Tom Hanks is like an updated version of the cocky reporter heroes of thirties movies, but the script puts him in a mawkish situation. After thirty-six unhappy years, his unworldly housewife mother (Eva Marie Saint) leaves his garment-salesman father (Jackie Gleason), and the son is thrust into the grownup role of being a mainstay to each of them. He discovers that he has a bond with his sour, self-centered father, once a wizard at selling, who loses his job and is losing his sight, too. The movie is "Death of a Salesman" as a sitcom, with the father's misery used as a lesson to the swinging Yuppie son. Directed by Garry Marshall, from a script by Rick Podell and Michael Preminger. With Hector Elizondo, Barry Corbin, Bess Armstrong, Sela Ward, and Conrad Janis and the Unlisted Jazz Band. (9/8/86) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through Oct. 23.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated, and the one who got her pregnant on her eighteenth birthday—knowing that he won't go on to have the singing career he talks about, that he'll go into his father's business and turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. (It's perfectly clear what Peggy Sue will do because, of course, if she doesn't marry Charlie her children will never be born.) The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? And the picture answers it the way Hollywood movies used to, by showing us that as teen-agers Peggy Sue and Charlie were physically attracted to each other—as if that meant that they were destined to live together forever, in the best of all possible worlds. The script, by Jerry Leichtling and Arlene Sarner, lacks the mechanical ingenuity of a "Back to the Future," yet the characters are almost as superficial, and Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, Kevin J. O'Connor, Catherine Hicks, Joan Allen, Don Murray, Maureen O'Sullivan, Sofia Coppola, Leon Ames, and John Carradine. (10/20/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. National Twin.)



A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Embassy.)

She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

STAND BY ME—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 24.)

TOP GUN—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Oct. 23.)

TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Iron-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most appealing early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 30.)

TRUE STORIES—This first feature directed by David Byrne, of Talking Heads, is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. Byrne, the narrator and observer, introduces us to the townspeople who are about to take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial with their own "Celebration of Specialness." Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A., and the movie is about banality and eccentricity and consumerism—it's about the manners and mores of the shopping mall, where fashion shows are staged and miming contests are held to see who is best at lip-synching to records. In his polite, formal, and slightly ghostly matter-of-fact way, Byrne is trying for something large scale; a postmodern "Nashville." Byrne sets up the material for satirical sequences, yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. The picture's tone is often insecure, but, working with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen (a respect for pared-down plainness), and after a rather shaky opening the characters themselves begin to engage us—especially John Goodman as the big, friendly bachelor with a "Wife Wanted" sign on his lawn, who gets to sing the film's anthem, "People Like Us." Jo Harvey Allen is terrific as a crackpot liar and Tito Larriva's high-speed dancing has a comic dazzle. Singing "Papa Legba," Roebuck (Pops) Staples has a juicy richness about him; when he's onscreen a viewer can be completely happy. Also with Swoosie Kurtz, Spalding Gray, Annie McEnroe, and Alix Elias. The nine songs by Byrne are conceived as rock or country, Tex-Mex or gospel, depending on which character sings them. The Heads provide the instrumental work, and can be heard now and then on the words; it's their voices that the lip-synchers weave and sway to. The script is by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky. (10/20/86) (Sutton. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Metro Cinema; starting Oct. 24.)

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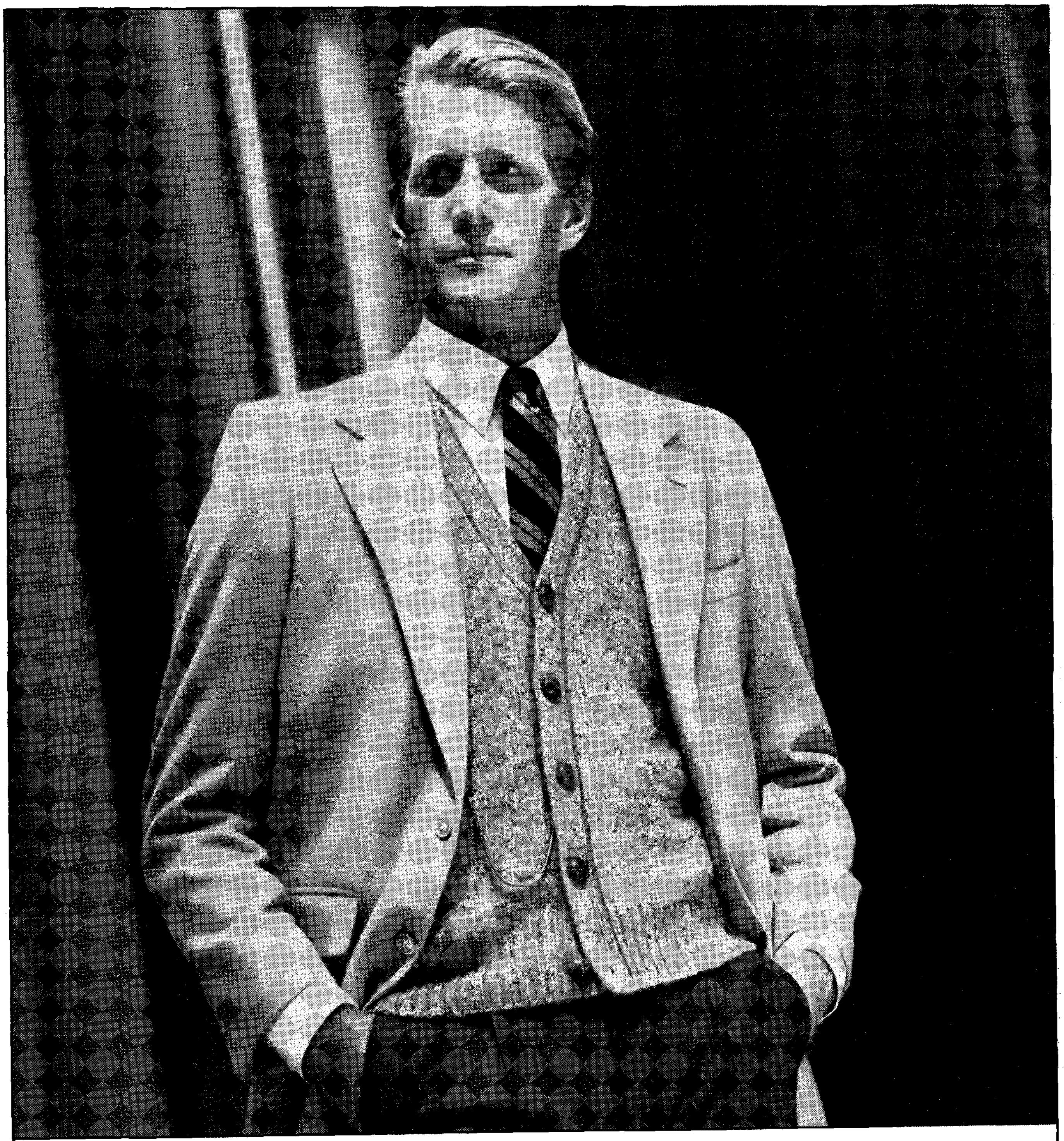

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S sometimes said that now that President Reagan is nearing the end of his constitutionally allowable time in office he is turning his thoughts to "history," and that when he does this he is possessed by a desire to conclude an arms-control agreement, which will constitute his "legacy" as President. If so, the negotiations started in Reykjavik may yet come to fruition. But this line of speculation, whether it is accurate or not, raises at least two questions. The first is what inspired the President's actions up to the point where history became his inspiration. What is the opposite of history? Is it the present? Did the present not require an arms-control agreement? Does history have some motive, or some wisdom, that we who are alive today lack? One interpretation might be that up to now the President was acting out of political expediency but now, facing no reëlection campaign, he finds himself free to follow his conscience. The trouble with that argument is that the President shows no sign that his militantly anti-Soviet convictions are anything but sincere, and in the past it is they, it seems, that have tempted him away from the expedient, practical course. The second question is why the message that history delivers when the President lends his ear to it is that he should conclude an arms-control agreement. That this is the message he hears seems to be generally conceded, even by those who wish that he would stand up to the Russians, and reject any concessions to them in order to secure an agreement. The question, though, is why if it is right *right now* to stand up to the Russians history wouldn't find it right, too. Of course, when it comes to the issue of nuclear arms, and to this issue alone, history does have a special interest, for in the matter of this one issue history itself is at stake. If President Reagan wants to have a place in history, he must see to it that there is a history in which he or anyone at all can have a place. When he hears the voice of history asking him to reach an agreement with the Russians on nuclear arms, he hears it pleading for its life.

• •

A Little Band

IN the rehearsal studio on lower Broadway, the windows were all pushed wide open, yet the atmosphere was close.

"*Bang!*" went the assistant stage manager, to denote the sound of a twelve-bore shotgun going off.

"Misha! Sasha!"—the voices of the characters, greeting and seeking. Entrances and exits from the dacha porch. A garden lit by sun in one act, by moon in the next. Women mad with midsummer's love for a scoundrel. Men in love and drunk to boot.

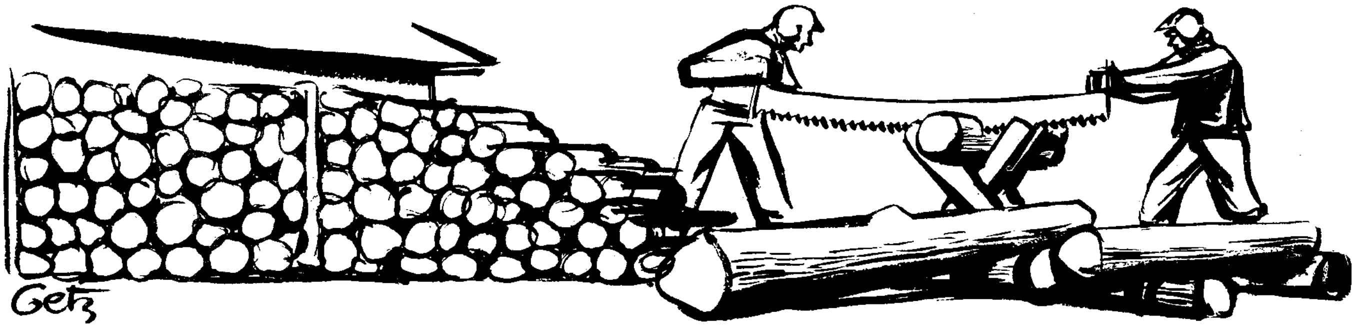
"We are *surrounded* by life!" declared Kathryn Walker as Anna Petrovna, wearing muslin skirts over bluejeans, and swishing her riding crop in the air.

Chekhov wrote the play "Platonov" when he was either in or barely out of his teens—no one knows exactly. Michael Frayn, the British playwright, has retitled the piece "Wild Honey" and reworked it into a swiftish tragicomedy, a sort of prerevolutionary "Noises Off." With Ian McKellen as the rascally Platonov, it was a hit at London's National Theatre two years ago; still with McKellen, but with an otherwise American cast, the play will open on Broadway (after a Los Angeles run) at the end of the year.

In the studio, McKellen was moving nimbly around the makeshift set in high-top sneakers, his face flickering with a thousand shifts of mood beneath a romantic mop of hair or, from time to time, a Chico Marx-style hat. "What God do you serve? What are you doing with your life?" he asked, shaking his head with puzzlement, and then, after glancing for a cue at the young woman on book, ran through the two big questions again, their order reversed.

"*Tshhh—tshhh—tshhh,*" went the A.S.M., pretending to be a train. "*Woo-oo, woo-oo!*"

Rueful, wheedling, breast-beating,



sly-smiling, morose, McKellen played Platonov to the hilt. ("It's such a *juicy* part," he told us later. "One of the greatest comic parts ever written.") One of the doting women began to cry, and Platonov, too, burst into tears. McKellen took an invisible handkerchief from an invisible pocket, seemed to blow his nose, then folded up the handkerchief and tucked it back in the pocket.

Christopher Morahan, the director, also directed the play at the National. He is a tall Englishman with a pink-and-white complexion and silvery hair and mustache, who was wearing a pink shirt. In front of a map of Russia pinned up on the wall, he sat unwaveringly watchful, like some czarist censor, with his yellow pencil in his hand.

"Hello, my darlings. Hello, my dears," he said soothingly when the runthrough was over and the members of the cast had drawn their chairs around him in a ring. A big blue book of notes lay open on his knee. Over the next fifteen minutes or so, he would touch a knuckle to his mustache for a bit, then look piercingly through his spectacles at the actors, kind yet firm.

"Kim, dear, your scene was very nice on the whole," he said to Kim Cattrall. "Just one or two notes."

"Shouldn't I be out in the garden at that point?" asked McKellen, who was wearing an undershirt and was tilting back with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Everybody, remember those Russian 'o's," Morahan said, and there was an obedient chant of "Sofya, Petrovna, Platonov," with due attention to the Russian "o"s.

"I thought the business with the flower cluttered your scene with Ian a bit," the director told Kathryn Walker. He listened to her response, then took his pencil to the list of notes and drew a line through the business with the flower.

A man with a walk-on part as a serf was leafing through the *Post*. There was a rumble from the open windows.

"Thunder?" said Morahan, in a stagy way. "I think there's going to be a storm!"

With a final "All right, my dears?" he dismissed the American actors for the day.

Morahan's distinguished career displays equal mastery of the theatre and of television. As his "Wild Honey" was winning awards on the stage, his series "The Jewel in the Crown" was winning awards on TV. "A director's job is to create a framework for people to do good work," he said modestly. "Eventually, it is the actors who have to *do* it. We can help them get there quicker."

We said we were always bowled over by the high standard of acting in British television drama.

"It's because British actors are more connected to good theatre," said McKellen, who had also stayed behind. "There are very few people in England who have done only television. Christopher's cast for 'The Jewel in the Crown' all learned how to act in the theatre."

"England is so small," Morahan said. "People can work in the theatre at night and do television by day. And theatre in America doesn't have the same bag of classics to dip into. Audiences in England want to see Shakespeare again and again. If you took away all the old plays from the British stage, things would look very different. Not only Shakespeare but the Jacobeans."

"Not to mention the moderns," said McKellen. "Ibsen. Strindberg. Chekhov. Shaw."

"Kleist," said Morahan. "What was that Kleist you were in?"

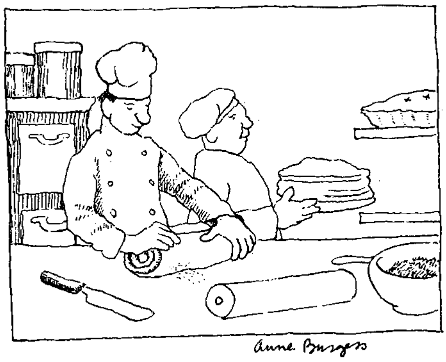
"Wedekind," said McKellen. "I've never done Kleist."

"Your character kept jingling his change in his pocket."

"I'm always doing that."

"I can't see any reason not to be optimistic about the theatre," Morahan went on. "Plays will continue to be written, and we must do our best to present them as well as we can. Movies and home video make huge demands; we can't expect things to stay the same. But the theatre is still a very intoxicating place. It's the business of going into a large room for an *event*."

From outside the open windows came the sound of dripping rain. McKellen leaned forward in his chair. "The actors and the audience are all there together—the theatre is like a home," he said, his face beaming. "They even call the auditorium a 'house.' In a crucial moment, everyone in the theatre is part of a little band of brothers and sisters. Life's on a human scale. That's very comforting—especially in a big city like this."



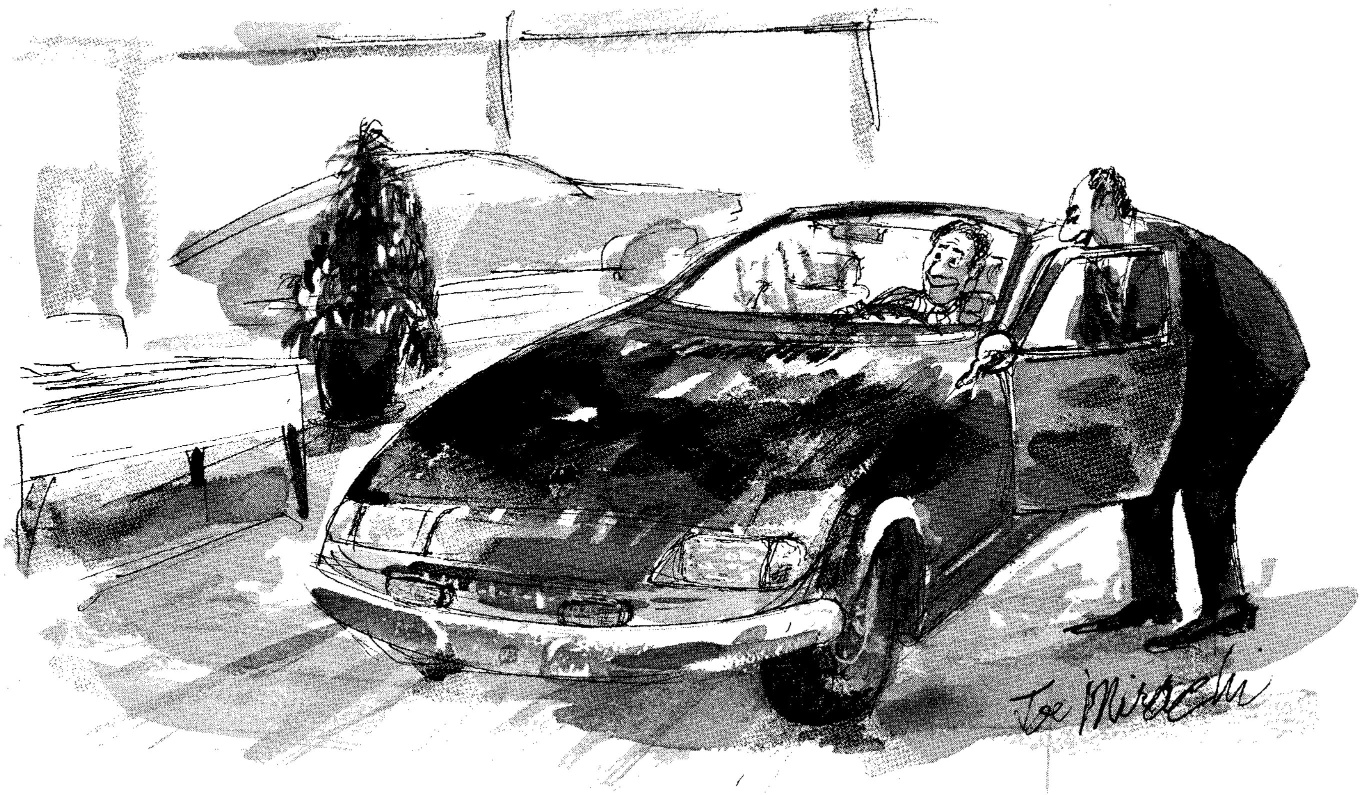
Mr. Caruso and Miss Brass

Julius Caruso, of the Julius Caruso hair salon, and Barbara Brass, of Barbara Brass Communications, met at his salon—it's on the ground floor of the Carlton House, on East Sixty-second Street—to conduct a photography session. Miss Brass is a striking green-eyed redhead in her thirties, and her legs are very long. Mr. Caruso is a stocky, gray-haired, contented-looking man in his sixties; he likes to talk a lot. Miss Brass talks almost non-stop herself, and is given to bursts of infectious laughter which sound like the whoops of a flying goose. She grew up in Canada, on one of the Thousand Islands, in the middle of the St. Lawrence River. The home of her parents was the island's only house. "I once asked my father why we didn't have a telephone, and he said there wasn't anyone he particularly felt like speaking to," she says.

Mr. Caruso and Miss Brass meet as client and press agent nowadays; originally, they met socially, on the yacht of their friend Vinnie. Like Vinnie, Mr. Caruso owns a large boat; he moors it at the Seventy-ninth Street Basin. "Mine is bigger," Mr. Caruso says. "Sixty foot. Mrs. Caruso and I run it all alone. Only thing is, she gets sick—has to take Dramamine all the time."

Miss Brass was bustling about the salon instructing the photographer and choreographing an early-morning sort of atmosphere. There was a prominent clock that read eight-thirty, though it was now two-thirty in the afternoon. Her efforts would result in a press release promoting Julius's Clipper, Mr. Caruso's new twenty-five-dollar cut-and-blow-dry, coffee-croissant-and-newspaper service, which was aimed at businesswomen on their way to work.

"The girls from Wall Street, the girl attorneys, it was a struggle for



"Who says you can't buy happiness!"

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them to get up here on their lunch hour," Mr. Caruso said, in the protective tone he uses in speaking of the female sex—especially his clients ("If they want a dramatic new color, they're on the verge of divorce; I can always tell," he says), his wife (she's in the better end of the dress business, like Vinnie, come to that), and his two daughters, Aleta and Aurora (born on August 1st, their mother's birthday, thirty-two and twenty-five years ago), who work with their father at the salon. "One is dark and one is light," Mr. Caruso said of his daughters. "I named the boat after Aleta. She's the brunette; she's on the desk. How long have they worked here? Ever since they could walk, and hold a broom. They used to sweep the floors. That's what I did at my father's place when I was a kid—sweep floors. In Washington Heights, that was, where I grew up. When he sold that salon, he sold me with the business. They wanted a Caruso in the place for a year, so when my parents and my brother moved downtown to Tudor City I was the hostage they left behind. I was already winning prizes; I was seventeen, eighteen then."

Miss Brass had induced some of her women friends and office assistants to play the parts of matutinal working girls. They sat perched in a line of salon chairs, a mirrored wall reflecting heads slick and wet or wrapped in pink towel turbans or obediently bent beneath the shears of Mr. Caruso and staff.

"May I just put this croissant in front of you? A cup of coffee?" Miss Brass asked her freshly shampooed friend Libby, who had come along good-naturedly. She was on the point of having her baby and had nothing to do but wait.

Libby picked up a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* from a stack that appeared to have been ironed, and made believe she was reading it while the camera clicked away. "My mother has five dollars on the baby coming tomorrow," she said from behind the paper, setting the stock reports rustling with a little shake. "I've been in a frenzy of cleaning, and I walked five miles yesterday."

"Get the rest of those croissants up front!" Miss Brass was saying in an authoritative voice. She consulted the photographer as she pushed some potted chrysanthemums along the counter in front of the line of chairs. "How about the plant? Can you read the plant? Julius! Julius! Get out more of your hair-care products. Get that VO5 out of sight."

Miss Brass has been known to speak a trifle dismissively of less energetic types. "That woman hasn't got an entrepreneurial bone in her *body*," she will say, with a sigh. She had brought to today's appointment the clippings that were the fruit of last week's P.R. coup: attracting the New York media to a completely empty field in Croton-on-Hudson (the site selected for some condominiums to be built by a real-estate-developer client) by the ceremonial burial of a hundred-year time capsule filled with mementos, including a miniature Statue of Liberty and a Mets baseball cap.

"Anyone can come up with good ideas," Mr. Caruso says. "Barbara's a follow-through girl."

Having checked that the camera would include her, Miss Brass settled at a little table for a manicure. While she was tethered by one hand to the manicurist, with the fingertips of the other dabbling in a yellow plastic bowl, she went on giving instructions, and monitoring the scene with flashes of the green eyes. Libby had sprouted a little crop of rollers, like mushrooms, on the very top of her head; some of them were pink and some of them were blue. She already knew that her baby was a girl, because she had had an amniocentesis.

"They recommended it because I'm over thirty-five," she said. "I'm still the third youngest in our Lamaze class."

"My mother was a *lot* more than thirty-five when I was born," Miss Brass said, from her post across the aisle. "My mother and my older sister were pregnant at the same time."

Young Aurora Caruso came flouncing up. "I can't wait any longer. I've got a board meeting in half an hour," she said, pointing angrily at her wristwatch, then cracking a grin.

"Throw that woman out!" Mr. Caruso said, grinning in turn, and reaching out to pinch his daughter's cheek. He stooped to get a sight line in the mirror on the head he was scheduled to work on next. "Your hair is cockeyed," he told the head's owner, tapping her cheerily on the shoulder with the tip of his shears. "Who cut it last? O.K., O.K., I won't ask." After flashing and snipping the blades in the air a couple of times, he settled down to work. "I'm very famous," he said. "I've always got publicity."

Mr. Caruso has a bottomless store of tales of ladies with Galanos dresses, Palm Beach houses, chauffeurs to ferry their wigs. The Sixty-second Street site is new for him; he made his reputation and remained for thirty-two years in a town house on Fifty-fifth Street between Madison and Park. "I had my salon on the first and second floors, my duplex on the third and fourth, and my daughters on the fifth," he said. "These people, they came to me, they offered me five million. Now, of course, I think I should have asked for more." He waved his comb at the ceiling, in the direction of the Carlton House. "Mrs. Caruso and I live here now; we're very happy. All she wants to do is sell dresses. That Gloria Steinem, you know her? She's another of my clients. You don't know my wife, Aurora. She's a very unusual woman. She says, 'Gloria Steinem, who's that?' I try to tell her a little about women's liberation. She says, 'But that's what I've been doing for twenty years.' "

Miss Brass's assistants, with new coiffures, were packing up to leave.

"Laura, can you just look in the attaché case and check that the real-estate piece is there?" Miss Brass said as she took her turn in Mr. Caruso's chair.

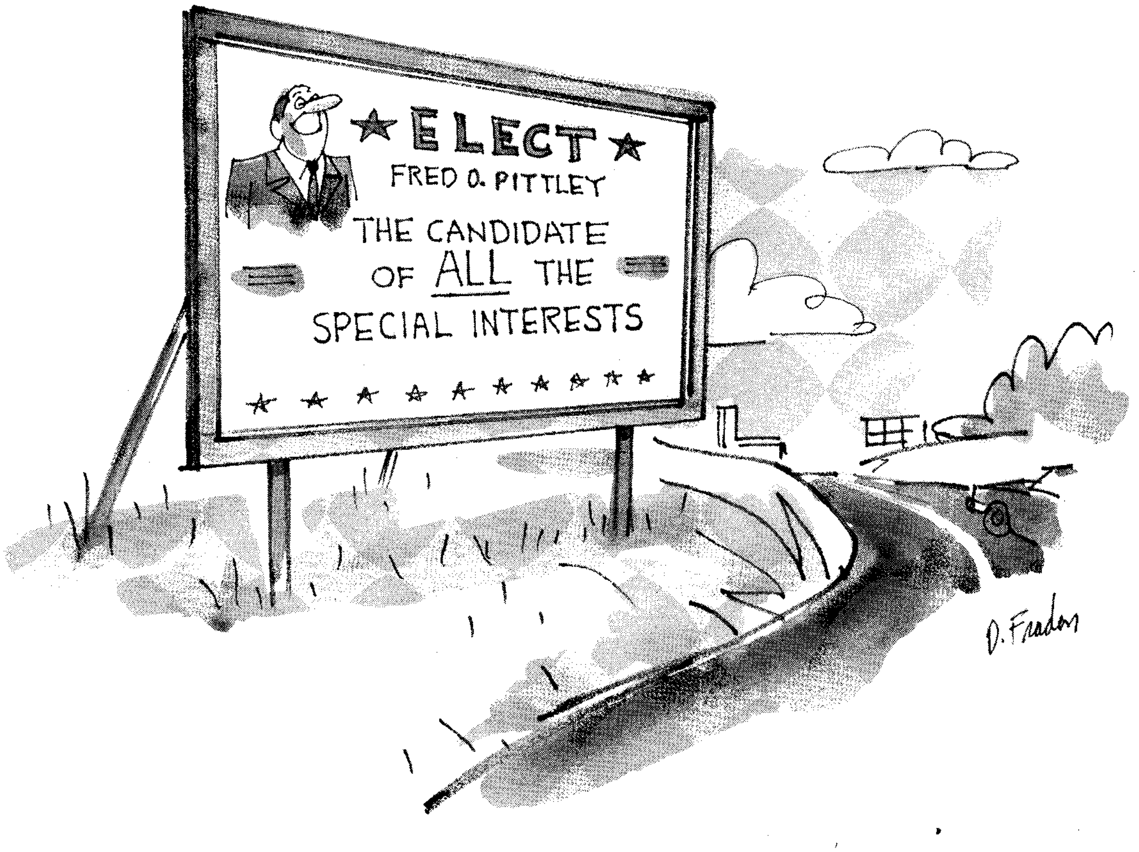
Libby, sitting two chairs away, looked at her head in the mirror from various angles and fluffed her new curls. She did a half turn on her chair and climbed heavily and clumsily to the ground. She straightened and stood surveying the reflection of her whole person with a kind of weary pride. "I think I'll go home now," she said, slowly smoothing at her belly with cupped hands. "Time for a little nap."

No. 1

A FRIEND writes:

Even though more than forty members of the University of Miami football team have ended up in some official scrape or other since last spring (thirty-four for using someone else's credit-card number to make fifty-five hundred dollars' worth of long-distance calls), the Hurricanes have won seven without a loss and lead the national gridiron polls. I was in Miami early this month, on the day before the Hurricanes were to face the Huskies, of Northern Illinois (at 0–5 and leading America in fumbles with twenty-seven, a not too formidable opponent), so I decided to drop by the campus for a pep rally. The gathering, held in a hot spot called the Rathskeller, featured sousaphones, drums, some other instruments you couldn't hear, a drum major, and cheerleaders. All the cheerleaders were pretty, of course, but everyone—everyone—would have picked out one girl, near the middle of the front line, as the prettiest. She was so pretty. But she maybe knew it, and seemed reluctant to put her pom-poms in front of her, where they'd queer the view, so her dancing was a little off. Anyway, the crowd kept shouting "Go 'Canes!" and the next day they goed, 34–0. The score, though, was something of a moral triumph for the Huskies, considering that Miami had run up 28 against mighty Oklahoma the week before.

A few days later, back in New York, I was standing in the lobby of the Mobil Building chatting with Nigel Mansell, who currently leads the season standings in Formula One race-car driving. A Briton, with a broad mustache and the politely con-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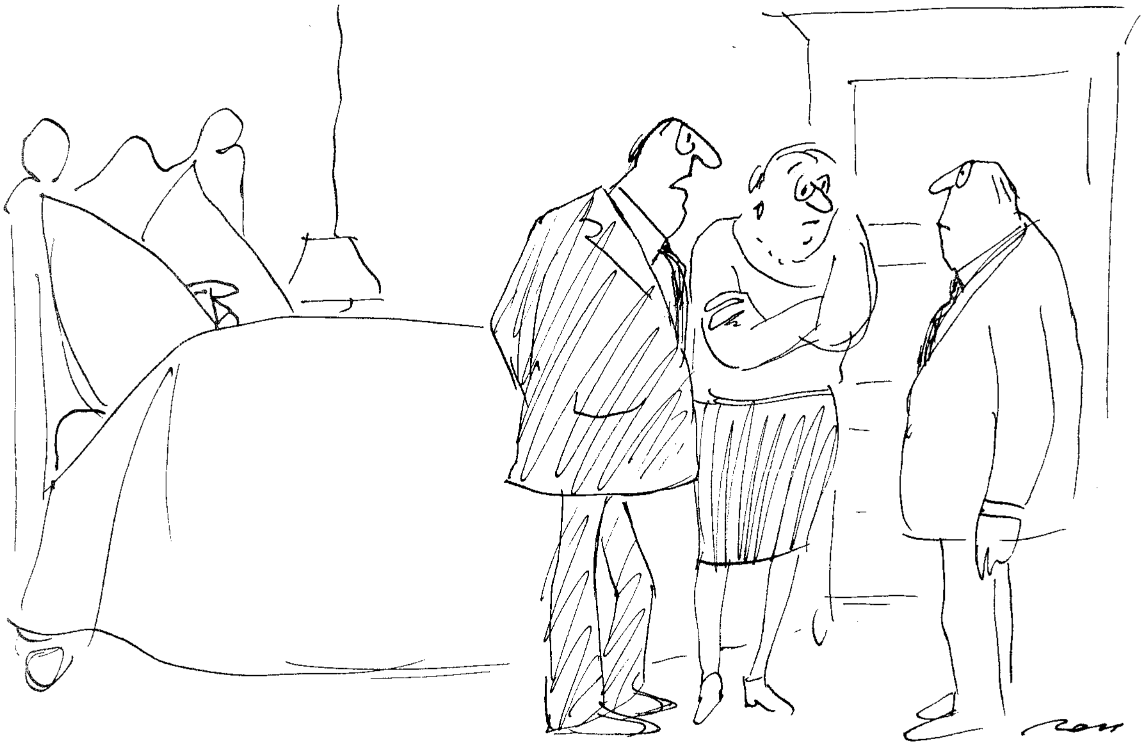
fident bearing of a military cadet, Mr. Mansell said that he enjoyed leading the world, of course, but that in some respects coming from behind in the last race of the year would be the best way to win the championship. "Less pressure that way," he said. Earlier, in a press conference, he'd talked about his contract hassles (he doubted Ferrari would sue him), and about how he had lost two kilos the previous week by exercising with the trainer of the Austrian ski team, whom he had flown to his home, on the Isle of Man, and about the switch, beginning with the 1987 season, from turbocharged engines back to "normally aspirated" models, and about his great sponsors, especially Mobil Oil, which had brewed him such a fine synthetic mixture that he'd wanted to keep it secret, while Mobil had been eager to publicize it—it wasn't a real fight, though. A television reporter asked Mr. Mansell what he thought about when someone passed him: Did he see the driver in his mind, or just the machine? Mr. Mansell said, after a moment's thought, "When someone passes me, I just hope he's had to turn up his boost pressure so he's using fuel at a greater rate."



"His last words were 'Let's go Mets.'"

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And a few days after *that* (I was on a travel jag) I found myself pitching and yawing along a rocky ranching road in northern Arizona. If you have a tremendous atlas, you might be able to see the road running east-west maybe fifteen miles south of the rim of the Grand Canyon. The track goes past nothing but cows, and you have to open several gates along the way, and it looks and feels as if it had been specially constructed by highly paid experts for a Jeep commercial.

That afternoon, big clouds collected in the sky to the north. You couldn't see the Canyon, but you could tell just where it lay, because, well before the horizon, the clouds were being pulled down into it, their bottoms cut off from view beneath the lip. This picture stretched out to both ends of my view, and it looked exactly the way the edge of the world would look if there were an edge of the world. Not a soul was in sight, and no sound—not even a wind—disturbed the tableau; the clouds simply wandered over the distant edge and, sucked by some current, fell in.

I hadn't yet seen the Canyon. The rocky track finally turned into paved road, with a long line of tourists driving toward the national park on the south rim. I edged out onto a promontory at a place called Desert View, where a great bend allows a simultaneous look northeast in the direction of Glen Canyon Dam and west toward the widest section of the Canyon. This particular afternoon kicked and screamed for Ansel Adams. To the west, puffy white clouds were turning soft tawny on the bottom as the sun fell. Its last direct rays still lit a few high knobs and buttes straight ahead to the north, showing every detail of their markings, while most of the lower cliffs subsided into reddish dark. And farther away, maybe twenty miles up the river, great black clouds poured rain: a curtain so dark in its center that you couldn't see past it, and so sheer on the edges that it seemed mere scrim. It was too rich, and I turned away eventually, retreating to the gift store to buy inadequate postcards—postcards that seemed to be of a different place altogether. But before I got back in the car I returned to the edge for another stare, and there, to the northeast, above the spot where the Little Colorado flows in, two thick vertical rainbows rose into the clouds. The western one diffused into a mist of rose and green as I watched, but the one to the east stayed in focus, its bands of color as clearly separated one from the next as if a child had drawn them.

Within a day or so of that moment, I was dangling my feet in the waters of Oak Creek, near Sedona, Arizona, which is two hours' drive south of the Grand Canyon. The Grand Canyon is the Red Sox *and* the Mets. Oak Creek is a modest, nontriumphal ravine—if it went up against the Grand it would trail 34–0 halfway through the first quarter. Still, the creek has cut the sandstone into a chute good for sliding, and trees and some lush grass grow right to its edge. I lay there in the grass with my feet in the water and looked across the creek to a red rock wall rising perhaps forty feet from the sand on the other bank. The sun spread across the many four-inch and five-inch ledges carved by the stream over long time, and it occupied my whole attention.

STEALING TIME

LET'S not go, I say, even though I do not really mean this. Kate says that she was in a good mood all morning but the closer she got to my house, no offense, the more depressed she got. We say, what's new? I tell her about the night before at the bar—Jay and Allie, blah, blah, Jim and Lynette, blah, blah, how Jim said the kids broke the bed. She tells me how Josie wrote her birthday list in purple crayon.

We go to the bathroom together—an old habit. I comb my hair, looking over her shoulder while she puts on lipstick. Let's go before we lose our nerve, we say—we'll go and get it over with and we won't have to go again for a long time. I put on my scarf, she puts on her gloves, and we go out to the car. You drive, she says. No, you, I say, and she does.

As she starts the car, I move the foil-wrapped pot of begonias out of the way. Pink, damp, they scent the car. She says what else then, and I tell her about the fight at the bar last night. There were four women sitting at the table two tables over from where I was sitting with Jim and Lynette, and one of them was fat, and one was fat and ugly, and one was fat, ugly, and mean. And the fourth? Kate asks. The fourth was average-looking—not fat, not mean. And I tell her how I had noticed them before the fight because they talked loud and because they went out on forays into the bar, looking for someone to dance with or to buy them a drink, and then coming back in between songs or drinks to compare notes. One of them said, "I had to ask three guys before I found a son of a bitch who was game." Her name was Marcella and she was the one who got into the fight just before the bar closed. She accused someone at another table of looking at her in a certain unpleasing way; the looker accused Marcella of dropping cigarette ash in her drink; then they fought and then Marcella accused her of breaking her glasses. The police were called because the bouncer (who was really the bar owner's mother-in-law) felt unequal to the task. When we left, there were two police cars and fifteen or twenty people in the parking lot, but no action. "She started it, let her finish it," Marcella was saying to one of the policemen.

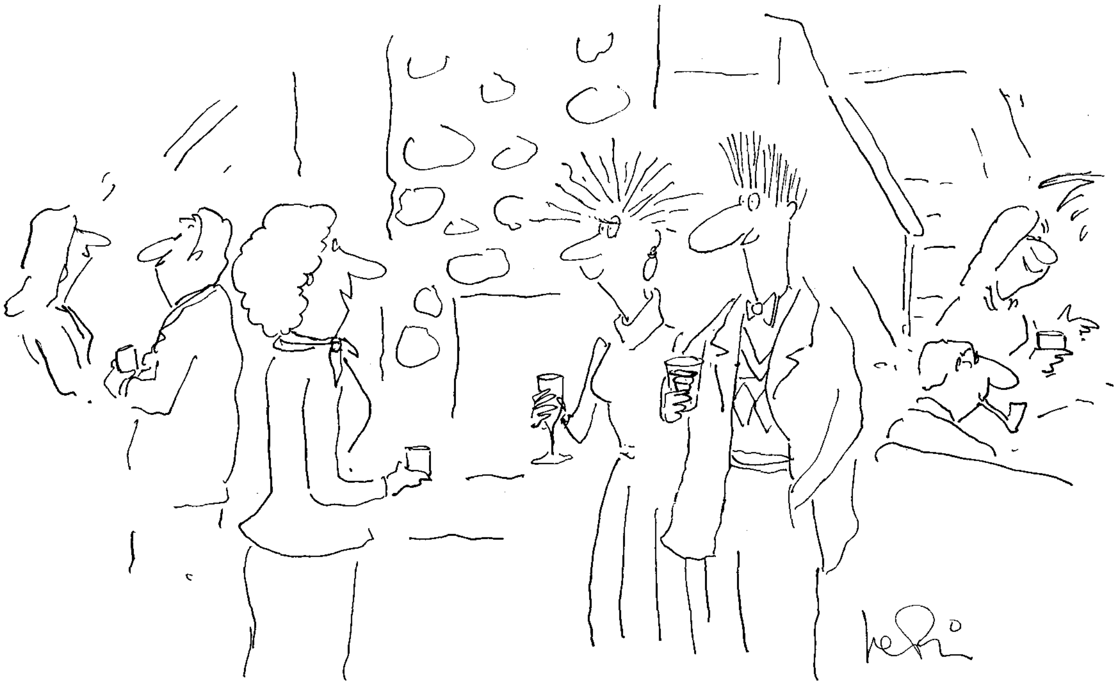
It's a dumb story, but we laugh hard enough to make our stomachs hurt, and it takes us all the way to the hospital.

Parking. The pedestrian bridge has a sign that says "Pedestrians Only. No Vehicles" and we discuss the possibility of a chase scene and the problem posed for vehicles by the steps, the difficulties of turning a car to the right or the left at the bottom, where the steps give way to a narrow driveway. It can't be done, we decide. At the hospital desk, we ask for Aunt Ren. The receptionist wears perfect fuchsia lipstick that just misses the points of her upper lip; it's laid on thick, with a chiselled edge, vivid purple against brown. She gives us cards and complicated directions: south, D-Ward, North Corridor, desk on left. Did you get that? Kate says. No, I say.

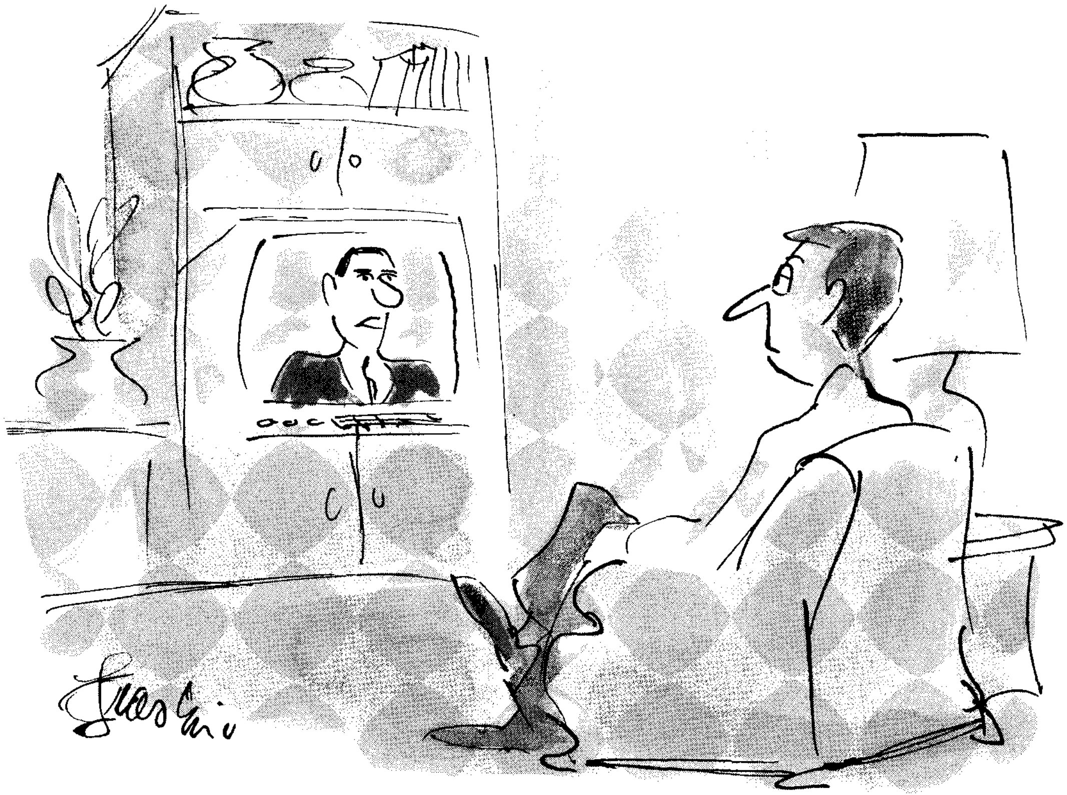
We are looking into a mirror wall while we wait for the elevator. We see with relief that we look good—no older, our hair is O.K. Upstairs, there is a twisting way through doors and corridors to the A-Wing and a big open room that looks out over the city. We are here.

Our cousin, Graham, is sitting there with Aunt Ren, his mother. She is blue and white—blue dress, white hair, pale skin. He is golden—tan, blondish hair, gold-and-white shirt, tan slacks, gold watch. She cries when we come in. She cries when Kate opens up the pot of begonias. It's the stroke, Graham says. We know. We talk: about his house; his wife, Laura; his son's wedding; how Laura must buy a dress. Laura will come tomorrow. Laura understands Aunt Ren better than he does, he says. It is like charades. Graham has things to say about kids today, real estate, American cars. I say how my daughter wants a phone, a car, to move out. I say my twenty-year high-school reunion will be this year, ha ha. I did not get to my tenth, because I was in a bad mood. Graham occasionally talks as if Aunt Ren is not there, but it is hard not to. She tries to tell us about something that looks like climbing a rope? A ladder? She does this several times and is frustrated when we don't know what she means. Graham takes his opportunity and leaves. We say what a handsome son he is, and she looks over her shoulder with difficulty to watch him all the way out the door.

She makes it plain somehow that she wants to go back to her room;



"So, Andrea tells me you two have been away recharging your batteries."



“In local news: On Columbus Avenue today, a new cuisine mysteriously sprang up, flourished for a few hours, then just as mysteriously disappeared.”

she walks with difficulty, leaning on our arms. She knows where her room is. Her roommate, Stella, is there, lying in bed, younger and more alert than Aunt Ren. The TV is on, showing a pro-bowling tournament; the room is full of sun. We help Aunt Ren into the wheelchair. She is heavy, hard to move. I look out the window. We’re on the eighth floor, and you can see out across the city. I say that you should be able to see Holy Sacrament from here but you can’t. Holy Sacrament, I explain to Stella—our old parish.

Leaning against the hospital-room windowsill in the sun, we eat chocolates. Aunt Ren says something to Stella, who understands her, although we cannot. Stella answers that the nurse didn’t come, that she herself has been in bed since two o’clock, and that her arm is caught underneath her.

“Is it still?” I ask. “Maybe I could fix it.” And I do: I pull it out.

“It’s paralyzed,” Stella says.

“Where shall I put it?” I say.

She asks me to put it on her chest, crossed with the other arm. “Here,” she says, “where I can keep ahold of it.”

Kate makes a place for the begonias among the dozen or so other plants and flower arrangements. I read the cards to Aunt Ren that are taped up on the wall. I read out the hospital-activities calendar—movies, bingo, a magician. (Aunt Ren wrinkles her face to express distaste, and I have a sudden picture of a young man, skinny in a sweatshirt, doing tricks with ties and balloons and bunches of cloth flowers for a group of old people in wheelchairs, in bathrobes and slippers.) I look at her chart and feel bad when I see the part about bladder and bowel control, even though all the marks are positive. I see the announcements on the wall about therapy. I guess then what she was talking about before, with the in-and-out motions of her hands: occupational therapy, baskets, clay. There is a card on the wall that says “Restraint in wheelchair.” We say we must leave.

“Why, why?” Aunt Ren says at once.

“Here are the words she can say,” Stella tells us now, suddenly chatty. “She can say ‘nothing,’ ‘oh, my God,’ ‘yes,’ ‘no,’ ‘what,’ ‘why,’ ‘same.’ ”

“Nothing,” Aunt Ren says after Stella. “Nothing, nothing.”

When we leave, we hear them talking together. She wants to tell Stella, is telling her somehow, that we are her nieces, the daughters of her sister Victoria. That we used to live upstairs from her long ago, that she looked after me when my mother was delivering my sister, that she braided my hair, and that I had Cheerios for breakfast.

On the way out, we see no nurse or attendant. The desk is deserted. I think we could go and look at the records, read the patients’ mail, steal the microscopes, the centrifuge, whatever—all left in unlocked, doors-open rooms. In the hospital, the sun is everywhere, shining through the modern sheets of glass onto the red, blue, or orange vinyl seats of the modern stackable chairs; in one of the waiting rooms, a nurse, the only one we have seen, leans against the glass looking at the city. By the elevator there is a canvas laundry receptacle filled with sheets; we imagine blood.

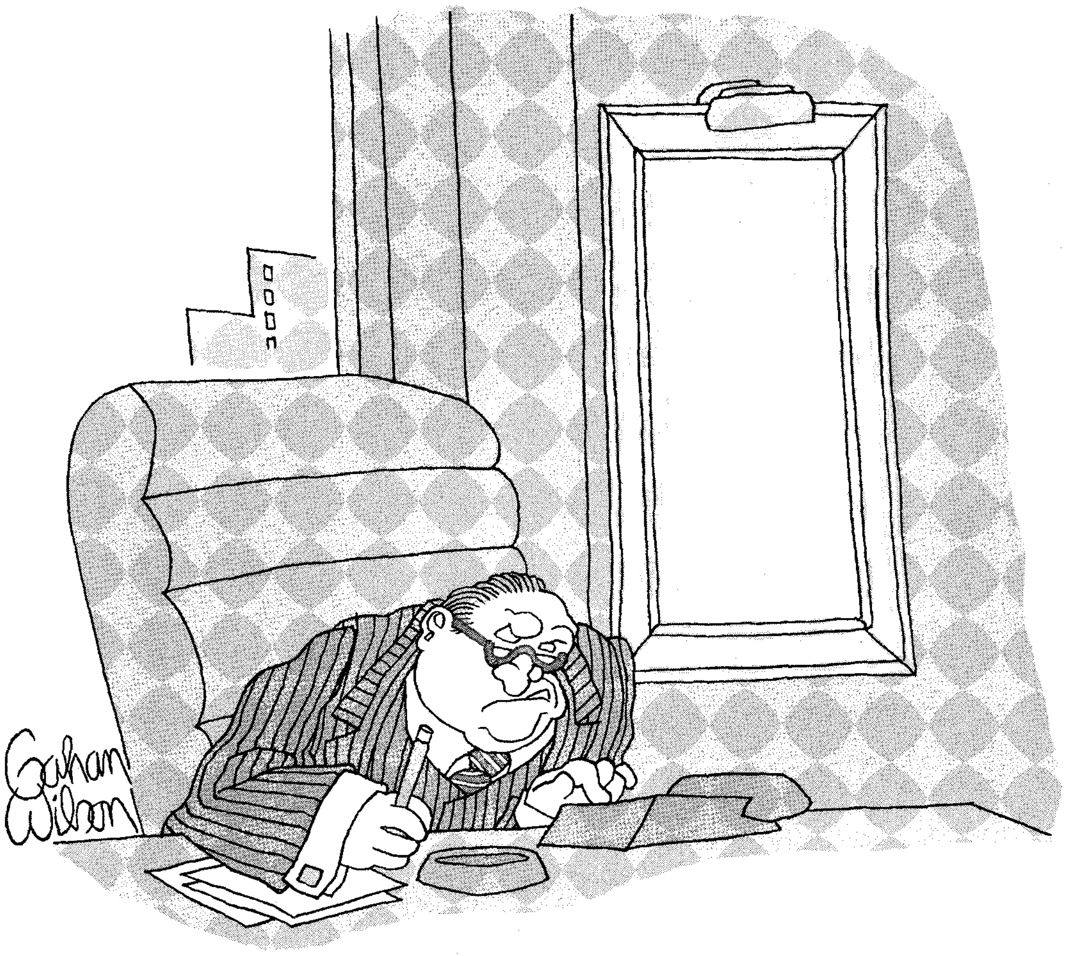
NOT so bad, we say on the way out. The electronic box that is supposed to show our parking fee shows only the broken outlines of the numbers; we take on faith the attendant’s announcement that we owe seventy cents. We wait at the traffic light. “Let’s go see Holy Sacrament,” I say.

“You only say that because I’m driving,” Kate says. But she gets into the right lane and we drive down Trowbridge. Children playing in the street scatter in front of us. We come to the crossing where we used to turn onto Trowbridge from Thirty-fifth—where the crossing guard, an older boy, once threatened to report me to the principal because I crossed not at the corner.

“It’s so narrow,” Kate says.

“We were little,” I say.

The church, the parking lot that was the boys’ playground, the nuns’



"Miss Soames, reach out and touch a Horace Parker, of Humbolt, Morris, Parker & Brown."

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house, the priest's house, where I went only twice—once when I was sick, once to see Monsignor Ryan lying dead, in state. I ask Kate if she saw that, too.

"Yes," Kate says. "Mother took me to see him. Can you believe she did that?"

"Yes," I say, although I don't know why.

We turn a corner and here we are at Carol Makowski's store, where we were not allowed to go; my friend DeeDee's house. Left on Fulton: Grandma's house, the fire station.

"Sometimes I hated to go to Grandma's house for lunch," Kate says.

"I still dream about Grandma's back yard," I say. And now I remember the trees, and the gate to the alley, and the stained-glass window at the top of the stairs. We loved the alley because it was brick, empty—secret, like a hidden path. We used to go down it from Grandma's to Aunt Ren's; down to movies at the Orpheum; down to the Dairy Dell, with its green, cool marble fountain; down to our old street, our old house, which looks the same, except it is blue.

There is a car in the driveway. We park in front, pointed the wrong way. "How did they ever move away?" Kate says. I say that was their generation's thing—to move away, to move up, out. "Ours is different," I say, but I am not sure; I am trying this out.

Kate looks gloomy. I tell her how Mother told the kids stories about our old neighbor, Anna Jarosz, whose house—former house—we are facing. How her husband broke a garage windowpane by accident and when he was upset she said, "What is it—a window? It's nothing. Watch," and she broke all the other panes in the window: bing, bing, bing. How she made her first husband give her the money to come back to America when he tricked her into going to Yugoslavia to live. "It was so primitive, you wouldn't believe it if I tell you—water from a well in the middle of the village, and what they did to make sure the girls were pure." Here she would lower her voice so that all I could hear was "a bloody sheet . . ."

Kate starts the car. "I'm going to the mall," she says.

Are you going to Mother's on Sunday?

Will we have lunch with Lynette or will we make an excuse?

The kids are of course impossible.

When we get to my street there is a police car on the corner, and as we drive around it we see a group of people looking at a car that is trapped inside the green chain-link fence around the yard of the corner house. The car, which is pointed out toward the street, has smashed head on into the telephone pole on the corner. It is impossible at first to see how this might have happened, although the torn-up sod marks where it drove across the lawn, and petals from a torn rosebush litter the exposed earth. It is as if the car had materialized from another dimension—a crushing force released from some time warp. The car is a big-finned, shiny-chrome fifties job. As we drive up to my house, my husband comes walking toward us, and all up and down the street people are standing on their porches or coming down their front walks or peering from behind their screen doors, with their arms hugged across their chests.

"I'm sorry we're late," I say.

"Did that just happen?" Kate says, pointing at the corner.

"I don't know," he says. "I was just tired of staying inside. I wanted to see the sun." —MARY GRIMM

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WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Washington Post*]

Newly created position in our consulting/civil engineering firm requires individual with 5+ yrs. experience in financial/business analysis. Candidate should possess ability to stop emerging business opportunities in engineering and related technology fields.

DUE CAPPUCCINI

On their first night in the house Anna's uncle asked Michael, with Anna serving as interpreter, if he believed in "the sanctity of marriage." Uncle Enzo was rather small and stern-looking, and after he asked the question his eyes seemed to glitter in amused expectation. Michael fumbled his way through a vague and swirling answer, which he then heard translated into Anna's lilting, beautiful Italian. The uncle nodded in response but did not seem entirely satisfied, and he was about to ask another question when his two children appeared—a pair of angelic boys in what looked like their Sunday best—and mercifully ended the inquisition. Michael and Anna finished their coffee and dessert, thanked Anna's aunt, and slipped into their own part of the house—an unused wing that, Anna had explained bitterly, her uncle intended to renovate and rent out for income. It was not until later that the strangeness of the question began to irritate Michael.

"What does he mean, anyway, 'the sanctity of marriage'?"

"Don't listen to him," said Anna. "I told you he's an idiot."

"I know that, but what does he mean? That God comes down and touches you and tells you to get married? Or that you never get divorced even though you hate each other's guts, or that you never look at your secretary's bottom? And are you supposed to dress your kids up like birthday cakes and parade them through the square after dinner so everyone can see how perfect you are?"

"Come on," Anna said, and laughed. "Like birthday cakes? They didn't look like that."

"They did! Did you see them? You'd think the Pope was coming."

"That's just them," Anna said defensively. "That's just here. I keep telling you. It's not New York. There's nothing wrong with it."

"I know. It's fine. But he doesn't have to start cross-examining me the minute I show up with his niece. I hadn't even finished my pasta and he starts interrogating me about my morals."

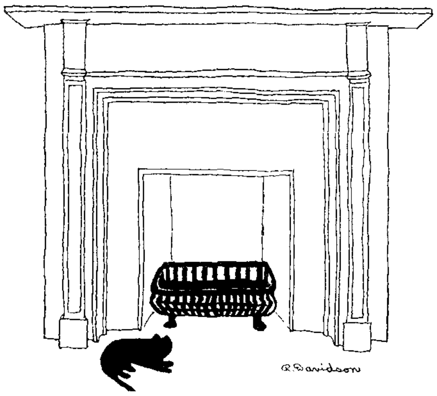
"That's just him, I told you. He's a jerk. Penzo—that's what we used to call him when we were little. We had a rabbit named that. That's what he is, really. A little, stupid rabbit."

"I agree," said Michael.

But the next night, after dinner, it was Anna's aunt who did the talking. While Michael sat sipping his coffee, trying not to reach for another pastry, and Uncle Penzo sat staring at his wife with that same look of expectation, Anna and her aunt started in on a long, deliberate conversation, to which Michael listened calmly, as if he understood. He had no idea what they were saying, but he could tell it was something important, and he could tell by her tone of voice that Anna was growing increasingly agitated. Their voices slowly swelled in the tiny, overheated room, and Penzo continued to sit, still and wordless, until the whole fragile structure of civility suddenly collapsed. Like two thunderclouds filled with rain, Anna and her aunt stood up and began to unleash torrents of anger onto each other, their arms gesturing, carving shapes in midair, their voices filling the room with desperate strains of outrage and incomprehension. Anna stalked away, turned, ran at her aunt, and stopped just short of collision. The children cowered behind a half-open door, and Uncle Penzo remained silent, even when Anna turned her attention to him, a string of words flowing from her mouth in a wonderful ornate scroll of loathing and contempt. When her speech was finished, she rushed the aunt once more, turned, and strode powerfully out of the room. Michael sat for a moment longer and then, realizing his allegiances were elsewhere, downed the last of his coffee, said, "*Scusi*," and followed her.

"Come on," she said, pulling on her coat. "Let's get out of here."

Together, they walked in silence down the ancient stone staircase of the house, out through the heavy wooden door, and into the hushed streets of the town. They turned left, then right, and followed a narrow alley to the cool, gray spaces by the river, where a few old men fished in the murky twilight. Insects skittered along the top of the water, and a few teen-agers on motorbikes loitered by a signpost and made faint hissing sounds to Anna as they passed.



"*Cretino. Imbecille*," Anna said, loud enough for them to hear, slapping one hand against an upraised arm in a classic Italian salute of disrespect. The boys pointed and laughed.

"Sh-h-h," Michael said. "They'll take it out on me. And what was that all about, anyway? What were you and your aunt fighting about?"

"Did you see the way he just sat there, without opening his little, disgusting mouth? He made her say it because he's too much of a coward to say it himself. That's the way he always is. My grandmother hated him for it. If she could see what he's done to her house she'd turn over in her grave. I hate him," she concluded bitterly.

"I know that, but what were you fighting about? I don't speak the language, remember?"

"They don't want us to stay there. They said we can't stay together, because we're not married. They want me to sleep with the children."

"What did you say?"

"I told her it was just as much my parents' house as it was hers. My granny left it to both families, and we're going to stay there as long as we want. It's none of their business where we sleep, and we're going to stay until we want to leave. Penzo just sat there like a little worm. Did you see him? He always makes her do the talking."

"Maybe it was her idea."

"Are you kidding? She's not like that. He made her do it. I know him. 'For the sake of the children,' she told me! That's sick. They're the ones who are corrupting the children with their sick ideas."

Down by the river, the fishermen were packing up their things, and bats, or birds—blurs in the half-light—were swooping over the murky water.

"Wow. I've never seen anything like that before," Michael said, shaking his head.

"Like what?"

"Like two grown women trying to tear each other's head off." He reached out and touched her broad, strong back, still damp from her exertions.

"Welcome to Italy," Anna said

softly, and then slowly, surely, started to cry.

AUTUMN FIRESTORM

The season steps up,
repeating its catechism inside the leaves.
The dogwoods spell out their beads,
Wind zithers a Kyrie eleison over the power lines:
Sunday, humped up in majesty,
the new trench for the gas main
Thrums like a healing scar
Across the street, rock and roll
Wah-wahs from off the roof next door to Sylvia's house
just down the block:

The days peel back, maples kick in their afterburners,
We harry our sins
and expiations around the purgatorial strip
We're subject to, eyes sewn shut,
Rocks on our backs,
escaping smoke or rising out of the flame,
Hoping the angel's sword
unsullied our ashed foreheads,
Hoping the way up is not the way down,
Autumn firestorm in the trees,
autumn under our feet . . .

—Charles Wright

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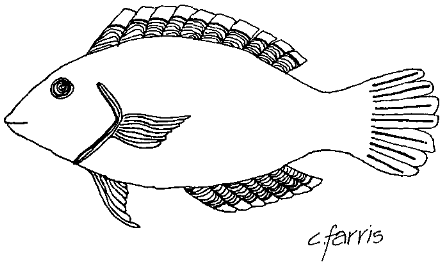
In fact, they had been in Italy for weeks. They had arrived almost a month before, on a hot summer morning, at a quiet underused airport outside Rome. And there, groggy with sleeplessness and the odd unreality of being in a strange place, Michael was moved by a powerful medley of first impressions: the hazy, undulating line of distant, bluish mountains; the dusty red of flowers that lined the airport drive; the happy, agitated twitter of Italian birds; the burned, sweet smell of the ancient umber earth. Everything seemed old.

With their few bags, they made their way through customs, walked down the drive, and held out their arms at the first passing car. It stopped, and they found themselves rolling through the lovely Italian landscape, filled with pine trees shaped like hats, distant aqueducts, and crumbling reddish ruins that seemed to crowd the narrow road. They swept past the Colosseum and veered into the center of town, where the driver dropped them off at the railroad station.

They took a train to Rimini, and later that afternoon they boarded another train, which carried them up over rugged, stony mountains, through sun-baked cities and crumbling towns, and left them at a small seaside resort on the Adriatic. There they spent a happy week with Anna's other relatives—on her father's side—flopping in the warm, salty Mediterranean waves, playing Ping-Pong, eating enormous peaches that grew on a slender, overladen tree in the back yard. It was a sandy little town filled with the scent of pine trees, and with rotund vacationing Germans and pretty brown-skinned girls in bikinis who glided around town like circus performers, standing up on the backs of other people's bicycles. In the middle of town there was a sandy square with a kiosk that reminded Michael of an illustration in his old high-school French book: a mustachioed man with a cane forever buying a copy of the morning paper.

Then they took off on a haphazard tour of the country: up to Verona, over to Padua, and then—hitchiking—on to Venice. They didn't have much money, or felt as if they didn't, and so usually slept out-of-doors—in small, secluded parks, or under pine trees, or on grassy verges not far from the road. In Venice, they slept in a stone square near the train station, along with other travellers, and in the morning they were wakened by policemen prodding everyone awake with nightsticks before the tourists arrived. Anna looked up from her sleeping bag and said, "*Due cappuccini e brioches, per favore?*," but the policeman didn't even smile.

It turned out that neither of them was the camping type, and they were both more needy of sheets and beds than they had imagined. And after a week of sleepless, flea-bitten nights and of days spent stumbling around with their backpacks they were exhausted. At a little dusty train station in the middle of nowhere, they got into a fight, and decided to take the train south and spend the rest of their time in the town where Anna had spent much of her childhood. There, at least, they would have a place to sleep—a base from which they could make excursions to the surrounding towns and countryside. On their way, they stopped in Florence, Rome, and Naples, before taking a little bouncy bus the final hour to their destination. Anna's family on her mother's side had lived here for generations. Anna had been closest to her grandmother, but she had died several years before, and Anna's grandfather had never really recovered from the time he had spent in a prison camp during the First World War. He lived in a small room on the second floor, and on their first day Michael had seen him from the street—a small, grinning man with no teeth, waving down from the window as though he were still held captive. Anna later tried to visit him, but he didn't even remember her name.



After the scene with her aunt, Anna locked the connecting door to their part of the house and vowed not to leave until it was time to go back to New York. The thought of resuming their wanderings was not appealing to Michael, either, and the presence of a bed, a roof, a place to spend their nights and days outweighed the pressures of social and familial disapproval. The following morning, Anna's aunt slipped a short, cool note under the door, saying that Anna had left some laundry in the kitchen and could pick it up later that afternoon, when the family was out.

PATENT
ATTORNEY

In the days that followed, now and then they would hear the voices of Penzo and his wife through the wall, or catch glimpses of the family through the window as they were going out for a walk, and one evening they ran into one of the boys, Beppe, at the stationery store, buying some pencils for school. Anna crouched down and tried to talk with him, but he seemed to be acting under orders not to associate with her, and he looked relieved when she finally kissed him on the cheek and sent him on his way.

"That bitch," Anna said. "She won't even let me talk to my own cousin."

From the store, they turned in the other direction and walked down into the main square of town. Everyone was out on the streets—young married couples, children on their bicycles, clumps of old men in black, talking and gesturing and leaning back in their chairs against the crumbling walls of the church. The younger men, sitting on their motorcycles or leaning against signposts, whistled or hissed or murmured soft, suggestive remarks to Anna as she passed. Even the older men sometimes stopped in their tracks and stared at her, as if it were their obligation, or male duty, to do so. Now and then, Michael would stop and stare defiantly back at them.

"Stop!" Anna said firmly. "That's what they want."

"Can't they see you're with someone?" Michael asked, annoyed. "What if you were married? They stare at people's wives?"

"They can tell we're not married. And they can tell you're not from here. That's why they whistle."

"How can they tell I'm not from here?" Michael asked, looking down at his clothes. "I look Italian."

Anna laughed—a single loud monosyllable of mirth. "Ha! You look like you just walked out of a comic book, with your freckles and old tennis shoes. You look like Jughead or Popeye."

"Thanks a lot. Do I make fun of you in New York?"

"No, why would you? Beauty is universal," she said, and laughed again. Michael tried to think of a retort but couldn't: it was true. In New York, she looked as if she belonged, too.

From the square they walked down to the river, where there were fewer people and where the last pale light of day lingered on the broad, smooth expanse of water. They sat on a bench until nightfall, when the air turned cool and still, and tiny, invisible bugs began to bite at Anna's legs and arms. Then, to their surprise, the moon appeared—an enormous, swollen ball rising up through the trees. Michael had never seen the moon so large or such a color—an eerie reddish yellow, like an exotic ripening fruit.

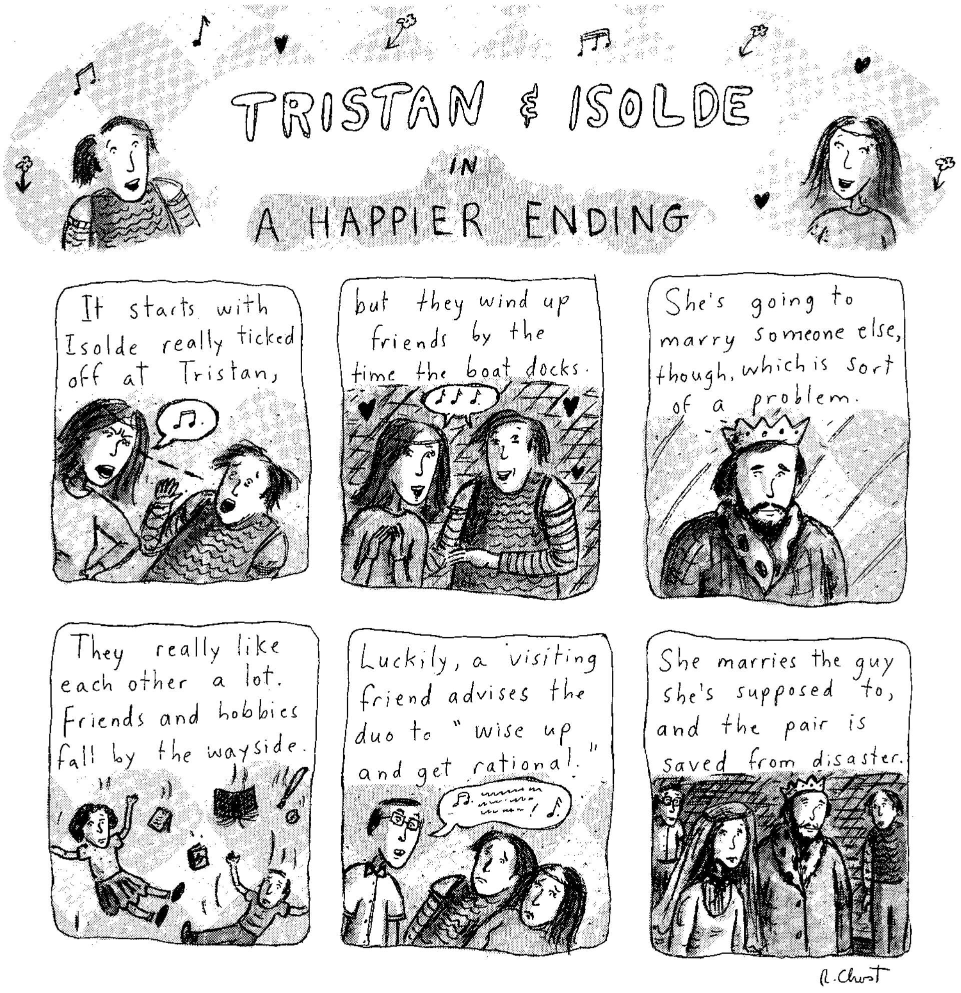
"Wow," Michael said softly. "Why is it so large?"

"It's pregnant—that's what my grandmother used to tell us," Anna said, and with that they stood and made their way back toward the house.

IN their travels around town, they would now and then run into people Anna knew. The woman in the bakery went into a long reminiscence about how she knew Anna when Anna was only as tall as a loaf of bread and used to come in with her grandmother. And in the stationery store a plump, homely girl took a few minutes studying Anna's smiling face before collapsing onto her shoulder with a long, happy wail—"Annnnnaaaa!" Already, word of Anna's fight with her aunt had sifted down to the ears of the girl in the stationery store, who listened closely as Anna recounted her own version of the story, and nodded sympathetically when it was over. But Anna was not convinced.

"She's just like the rest of them," she said to Michael when they left. "I could tell by the way she kept nodding, like a puppet. They all start screwing when they're fourteen, out in the hayfields, but if your boyfriend spends the night, forget it—you're the village whore. It's O.K. for the men, but if a girl gets pregnant nobody will marry her. In Sicily they cut a chicken's head off over the bed the day after the wedding just in case, so everyone thinks the bride's a virgin. If she isn't, the man might divorce her, even though he's been with half her sisters."

In the house next to Anna's, there was an old woman with a pleasant wrinkled face, and when Anna and Michael came in from the town she would often be sitting out on the street, in front of her door, and they would stop and talk with her. "*Americano, sì?*" she said once, smiling up at Michael, rolling the word around in her mouth like a grape, to see how it tasted. She had been best friends with Anna's grandmother but was a widow now, and always dressed in black. "*Americano!*" she repeated, and she was still nodding when they stepped through the old wooden door into the house.


TRISTAN & ISOLDE
IN
A HAPPIER ENDING
It starts with Isolde really ticked off at Tristan,
but they wind up friends by the time the boat docks.
She's going to marry someone else, though, which is sort of a problem.
They really like each other a lot. Friends and hobbies fall by the wayside.
Luckily, a visiting friend advises the duo to "wise up and get rational."
She marries the guy she's supposed to, and the pair is saved from disaster.
R. Chast

One morning Michael woke to a strange rumble, like an earthquake gathering force, through which he discerned the steady clump of a horse's hooves. "What's that?" he said, sitting up in bed. Anna stirred beside him, then climbed over him and went to the window, naked. It saddened him to notice that the tan she had carefully worked on at the seaside was already beginning to fade to a dull, New York gray.

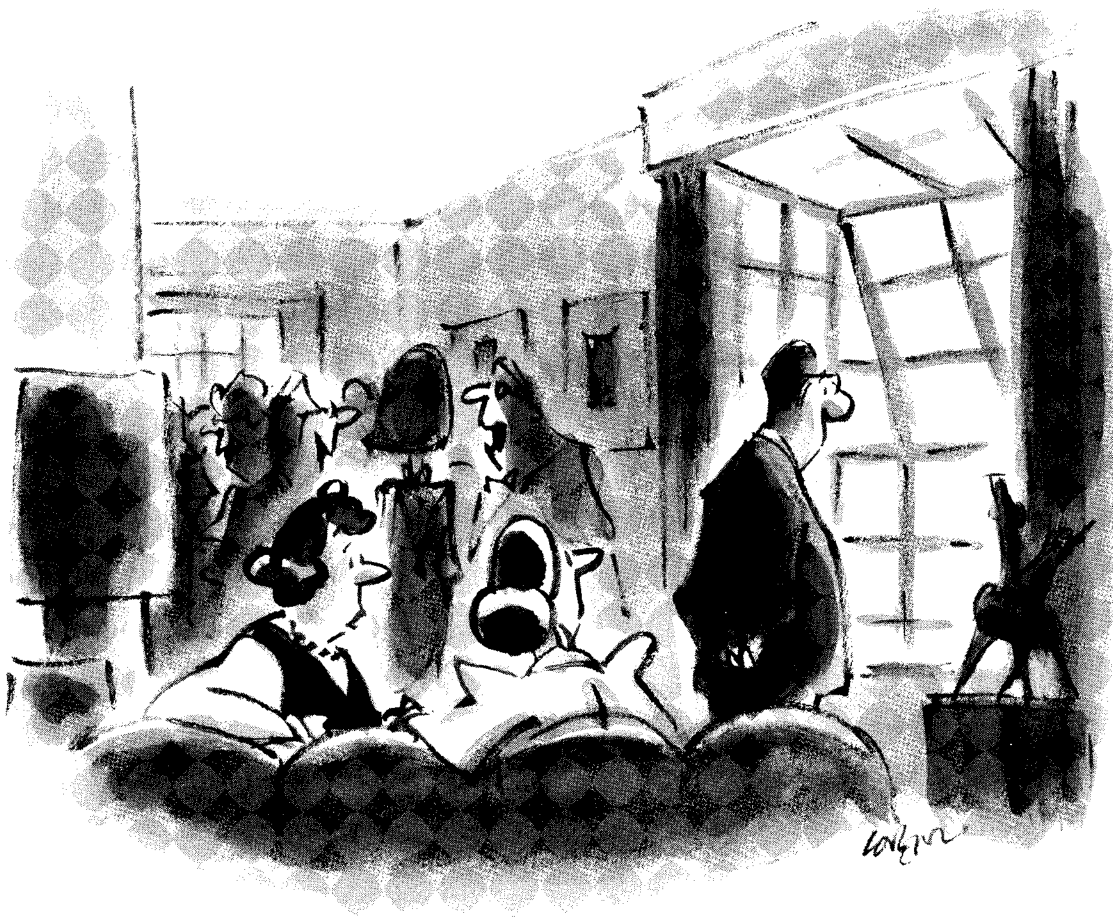
"Oh, it's the fruit seller!" she said happily. "Look, quick." Michael moved to the window, and there below, on the cobbled streets, was an ancient, grizzled horse in harness, pulling a long, flat cart laden with vegetables and fruit; an old man in a battered hat was holding the reins.

"Oh, I wish I had a basket," Anna said in a voice that sounded like a little girl's. "You lower it on a rope with your money, and he puts in the fruit and you raise it back up. That's how my granny used to buy her things. I didn't know he was around anymore."

Anna yelled something down and made a gesture of apology. The old man smiled, waved, snapped the reins. The horse stepped forward and, with another rumble, all the fruit and vegetables went rolling down the street.

"Next time," Anna said wistfully.

Cut off from the family, they were obliged to find their own breakfast, and usually they would go to one of the small cafés off the main square of town. There they would order two cappuccinos and a couple of pastries and sit in the cool blue shade, looking out through the window as the town slowly came to life. An old bald man brought them their coffee and then went about his business with the enormous steaming machines. At a nearby table a couple of elderly men would begin their morning game of dominoes, and a younger man in a blue uniform would come in, down a cup of espresso as though it were medicine, and go out. It was a relief for Michael and Anna to be out of the house, where they were not welcome, and off the streets, where the boys whistled



"I'm worried. He's lost interest in absolutely everything except the Stamford Mall."

• •

and old women murmured and their husbands stood around in little clumps staring at Anna. In the café, at least, they were alone.

A few blocks away, halfway between the river and the main part of town, there was another square—old and beautiful, surrounded by a stone colonnade and red tiled roofs—which in the mornings would fill up with carts and horses as the farmers from the countryside brought in their fruits and vegetables for market. On their way back from breakfast, Anna and Michael would stop there and buy food for the day—bread and mozzarella cheese made from buffalo milk, bags of grapes and olives and peaches. From the square, they cut back through a narrow alley to the house and went in through the Romanesque arch that spanned the front door. The arch, and the house itself, Anna reported casually, dated from the second half of the fifteen-hundreds—a fact that amazed and moved Michael more than all the monuments he had seen in Rome. Once inside, they would spend the morning in their pleasant, old-fashioned room, still decorated as it had been when Anna was a child: antique furniture, lace curtains, old faded photographs of Anna's grandparents when they were young. There were several windows looking out through the thick stone walls onto the alley below, and through them they could hear people from the surrounding buildings, the clink of pots and pans, a barking dog, footsteps, a passing bicycle.

"There used to be a lemon tree here," Anna said once. "The lemons would come right in the window, and when I was little I used to sit there knitting or sewing or peeling potatoes for Granny. Everything was filled with lemon smell. But then my granny died, and that stupid little jerk married my auntie and cut down the tree—'to let in the light,' he said. I could kill him."

"How come she married him if he's such an idiot?"

"Because there was no one else. She was getting desperate. She was thirty-five, and in this town that's like being a hundred. Everyone kept asking her when she was getting married, and so when that little worm came around she had no choice. Then she got pregnant, so they got married."

"*She* got pregnant before she was married, and she's telling you not to sleep with your boyfriend?"

"Of course," Anna said. "It's like that. Why do you think I got so mad? That's why we were fighting. She told me my granny would roll over in her grave if she knew my boyfriend slept here. I didn't want to say it, but then I got so mad I couldn't help it: I told her to leave my granny out of it, and then I asked her how come Beppe was born only four months after they were married, if she was so perfect. Why do you think Penzo just sat there as if he had eaten a frog? I'm surprised he could even make her pregnant."

They would spend the rest of the morning in this dark, quiet room—Michael reading, or writing letters home, Anna washing clothes or drawing or taking a bath and then lying, clean and white and naked, in the pale light that fell through the window. Strangely, it was in this novel state of exile that Michael got the first, distant taste—like an unfamiliar fragrance—of what it must feel like to be married. For the first time since he had met her, almost two years before, they spent all of their time together.

At noon, after the horn from the bicycle factory—the main industrial edifice of the town—sounded, discharging its workers for siesta, they would get dressed and go out again into the now deserted streets. The little stone square, filled with hundreds of people only an hour before, was now empty—the shopwindows boarded up, the carts and men and animals gone—and on the cobblestones were the only clues that there had been a market that day: a brown leaf of lettuce, a squashed grape, a dirty olive, a fishskin drying in the sun. A flock of pigeons was always there, picking crumbs from the ground where the bread cart had been, or sitting on the fountain, basking in the heat of the early-autumn sun. When Michael and Anna appeared at the far end of the square, the pigeons leapt up, and, with the sound of laundry flapping in the wind, wheeled once, twice, above them and then settled into the chinks and gaps and shadows of the red tiled roofs. In these hot midday hours, released from its usual inhabitants, the town became Michael and Anna's own.

They would pass through the sunbaked square, pause by the fountain, then continue across to the river. From inside the shuttered houses they would hear the sounds of domestic life—the tinkling of forks and knives, muffled voices, a crying child, the sonorous drone of a TV. They would drift along with a pleasant sensation of truancy, of being in a place where they did not belong. Now and then, they would come upon an old woman sitting in the shade of her front door, and as they passed they could feel the heat of her questioning, disapproving gaze on their backs.

They would follow the river until it became too hot, and turn back into the relative cool of the streets and walk until they reached their end—a shady vacant lot that gave way to the dusty green fields that surrounded the town. They would pause and look out, then turn and walk back through the meandering streets toward home. By the time they reached the main square the town would be stirring back to life—workers in blue uniforms drifting toward the factory, schoolchildren waiting for the stationery store to reopen so they could buy their penny candy, the old men unlocking their cafés, letting Michael and Anna in for another cappuccino.

WEDNESDAY

Gray rainwater lay on the grass in the late afternoon.
The carp lay on the bottom, resting, while dusk took shape
in the form of the first stirrings of his hunger,
and the trees, shorter and heavier, breathed heavily upward.
Into this sodden, nourishing afternoon I emerged,
partway toward a paycheck, halfway toward the weekend,
carrying the last mail and holding above still puddles
the books of noble ideas. Through the fervent branches,
carried by momentary breezes of local origin,
the palpable Sublime flickered as motes on broad leaves,
while the Higher Good and the Greater Good contended
as sap on the bark of the maples, and even I
was enabled to witness the truly Existential where it loitered
famously in the shadows as if waiting for the moon.
All this I saw in the late afternoon in the company of no one.

And of course I went back to work the next morning. Like you,
like anyone, like the rumored angels of high office,
like the demon foremen, the bedevilled janitors, like you,
I returned to my job—but now there was a match-head in my thoughts.
In its light, the morning increasingly flamed through the window
and, lit by nothing but mind-light, I saw that the horizon
was an idea of the eye, gilded from within, and the sun
the fiery consolation of our nighttimes, coming far.
Within this expectant air, which had waited the night indoors,
carried by—who knows?—the rhythmic jarring of brain tissue
by footsteps, by colors visible to closed eyes, by a music
in my head, knowledge gathered that could not last the day,
love and error were shaken as if by the eye of a storm,
and it would not be until quitting that such a man
might drop his arms, that he had held up all day since the dew.

—Marvin Bell

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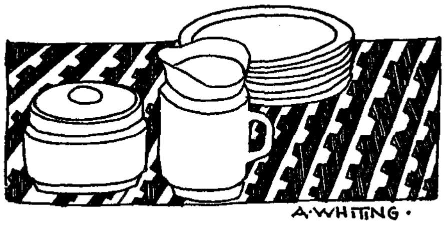
ONE afternoon on their way home they stopped to visit a friendly, progressive priest Anna had known since childhood. He was a handsome young man in glasses, who moonlighted as a poet—"spiritual poems," he clarified. In his book-filled office at the back of the church, he greeted them warmly, and then listened as Anna recounted the story of her fight with her aunt and the ensuing estrangement from the family. He advised her not to worry and explained to Michael in broken English that the town was rather an old-fashioned one, and that he shouldn't take it personally. "It will pass," he reassured them. "It will pass." He thanked them for coming, encouraged them to visit again, and gave Anna a long, affectionate hug, which—to Michael, at least—did not seem entirely priestly.

"Just because you put on a black robe desn't mean you don't have feelings," Anna said afterward.

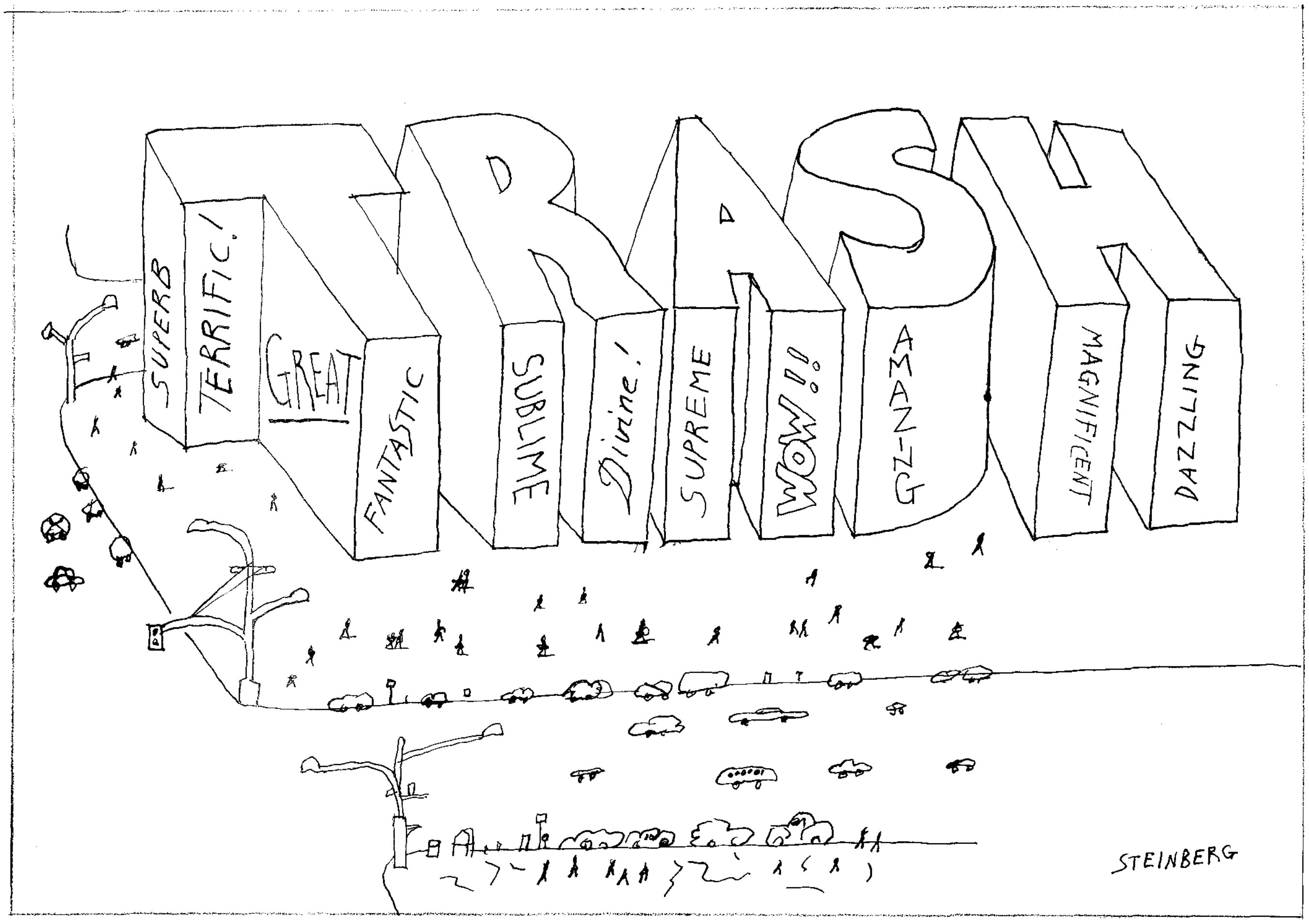
"Yeah, but it doesn't mean you have to hug your female parishioners when they come for moral guidance, either. Maybe he *should* have been a poet."

"Maybe you should have been a priest," Anna suggested, "if you have such high morals."



Michael groped for a retort but couldn't find one.

But after their visit with the priest it seemed to him that people no longer stared at them with the same curiosity as before. Perhaps they had grown accustomed to the sight of them, or perhaps it was because Michael had assumed a more aggressive stance, and now tightly held Anna's arm as they walked, the way he had seen the men in town walk with their wives. He had also begun to dress more conservatively, forsaking jeans and shorts for his one pair of good pants, and Anna had begun to wear skirts and sandals instead of pants and sneakers. As a joke, Anna sometimes switched a big gaudy ring she had bought at a SoHo flea market to the ring finger of her left hand, and whenever anyone stared at them she would make the ring more visible, and smile the contented sardonic smile of matrimony. In the evenings, they began to walk more slowly, and no longer sought the privacy of the river but paraded straight



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through the main square of town. One night they saw Anna's aunt and uncle and the two children—all dressed in white, like a flock of angels—eating ice-cream cones. Neither they nor Anna nor Michael gave a sign of recognition, but on the way back across the square, as families and stray couples began to trickle home and the murmur of night began to replace the bustle of evening, Michael saw the family again, and this time he looked over at the aunt, who, seeing him, smiled the strange, enigmatic smile of a Madonna he had seen in the local museum.

When they arrived back at the old stone doorway, the woman from next door was sitting out in her chair, and they were obliged to stop and talk with her. Michael stood on the street and distractedly listened, looking off to where some small children were playing with a mangy dog, and through the texture of their conversation—like the distant, incomprehensible sound of a babbling stream—he could make out only two words that he knew: "*Due cappuccini, due cappuccini!*" the old woman kept saying excitedly, waving two fingers in the air as if in illustration. Her old eyes opened wide, and she looked up at Michael with a wry, crooked smile.

Anna laughed halfheartedly and rolled her eyes at Michael and then toward the door. "*Due cappuccini!*" the woman repeated. Anna said good night and led Michael up the stairs and into the house.

"Jesus Christ," she said when they were inside. "Did you hear all that? '*Due cappuccini, due cappuccini!*' Old bag. Why doesn't she leave us alone?"

"Why? What did she say?"

"She said that the old man from the café, the bald one, is her son-in-law. Every morning we come in, he told her. '*Due cappuccini, due cappuccini.*' Every morning it's the same."

"So? What's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong with *us* that we have to go out? What's wrong with our family? Can't they make cappuccino at home? Good girls don't go out for breakfast. Good girls don't have breakfast with their boyfriends. That's what she was telling me: she has her eye on us. She knows what happened, but she doesn't want to say it, so she comes up with that stupid story about cappuccino. And all the old men in town have been talking about us."

"Why don't they mind their own business?"

"It *is* their business," Anna said simply. "They live here."

THE idea came to Michael in the undulating folds of darkness, in the fuzzy place between a sleepy thought and a thoughtless dream—a memory of home, or a premonition of things to come. It was all a pleasant blur—a strangely vivid dream, in which his own mother and father, long divorced and living in different states, were helping him shingle, with bundles of hay, the side of a barn he somehow owned. And then there was a blissful childhood memory, distilled into the euphoric contours of a dream—the delicious, conflicting impulses of escape and capture as he swept across the lush green grass of the schoolyard, just beyond the plump, pretty hands of desperate Louise Martin. His knees went weak and buckled beneath him, and he rolled onto the cool grass, laughing, and let himself be captured. And then he was in the café with Anna as the first light of morning fell in through the window. The old man at the coffee machine pretended not to notice, and when they left would not let them pay. "Good customers, good customers," he said, in English, and waved them out the door. Then they were in the priest's study—Anna in her best dress, Michael in a suit and tie he had somehow borrowed from Uncle Penzo. The priest smiled broadly, hugged Anna, shook Michael's hand, and led them down through a smooth stone corridor to a small, sunlit garden, where a straw-hatted old man worked among the flowers. The man was asked to be a witness, and he smiled and dropped his trowel. Then they all disappeared into the cool, vaulted reaches of the church.

Michael woke to a distant rumble, but before he had even opened his eyes he could feel Anna leaping up beside him, crawling over him, making her way to the corner of the room and the basket, to which, several days before, she had tied a long piece of string. Naked still, she ran to the window, exposing only her head, so that her breasts, visible to Michael, hung from her torso like strange and wonderful fruit. She yelled something down to the street, and the rumbling stopped. She put some money in the basket and carefully lowered it down, like a fisherman letting out line.

"*Ah, due pesche, quattro mele, e un grappolo d'uva,*" she shouted, and a moment later she raised her basket with her catch—apples and grapes and peaches and a few pieces of change. "*Grazie, grazie,*" she yelled down, and waved. As the cart rumbled away, she took a bite of one of the peaches and, as if tasting part of her own past, closed her eyes and smiled.

Michael sat sleepily up on the edge of the bed. "Shall we go out for breakfast now?"

"What? Why?" Anna asked, almost hurt. "Aren't we staying here? That's why I bought the fruit."

"What about coffee?"

"We can have it here. Yesterday I found an old machine of Granny's and a hot plate in the closet. I bought some coffee and milk at the store. It was going to be a surprise," she said, pulling her nightgown on over her head.

Michael subsided onto the edge of the bed and, initially regretting they were not to sit in the café that morning, silently acquiesced. In her new role as cappuccino-maker, Anna went about her business with renewed energy, murmuring to herself as she worked, like a child playing with dolls. "*Due cappuccini. . . . Un momento, per favore.*" He had seldom seen her look so happy.

"I had an interesting dream last night," Michael said softly, but she didn't seem to hear him.

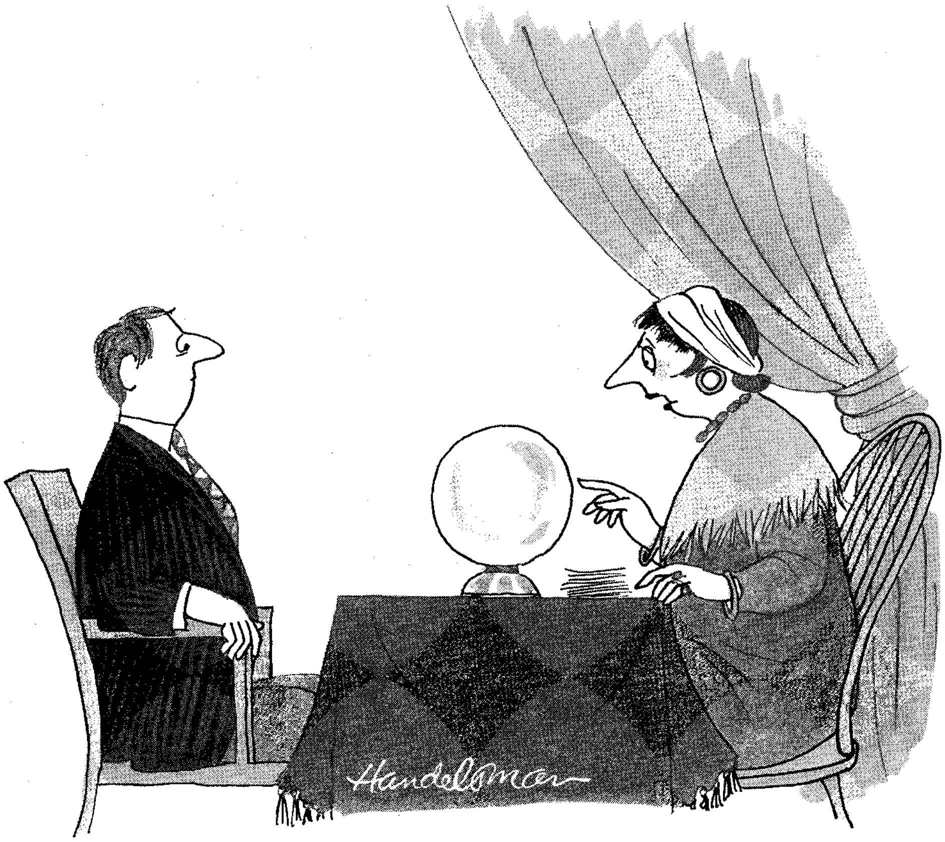
"It's stuck, it's stuck," Anna said desperately, struggling with the machine. "I can't get the top off."

Michael took up the grimy old device, banged it once on the floor, and twisted it open.

"*Grazie,*" Anna said, her happiness restored. "What dream?"

What dream? The question sounded as if it had come from someplace far away, and now seemed of little consequence. Anna, absorbed in her task, did not ask again, and Michael did not answer but sat in a pleasant, sleepy stupor, consumed by the domestic sounds that now enveloped him: the clinking of the coffeepot, the running water, the rustle of her nightgown as she passed, the slap of her bare feet on the cool stone tiles. And then the old machine began to hiss and sputter and make impatient sounds of escaping steam, filling the room with a rich, powerful smell that evoked for Michael some vague and irretrievable memory from his childhood. And then a plate of fruit, transformed into patterns of color, appeared on the table beside him, and in the endearing gesture of a waitress Anna leaned forward and poured him a cup of coffee. As she did so, the flimsy cloth of her nightgown fell away, briefly revealing to him the mysterious and beautiful contours of her bare, pale breasts. His fondness for her merged with gratitude and desire, and for once his feelings for Anna seemed justified, if only because they were having breakfast at home.

—David Updike



"This is very mysterious. I can't seem to pick up anything at all about you, but I see 'Ivan the Terrible' coming to the Thalia."

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

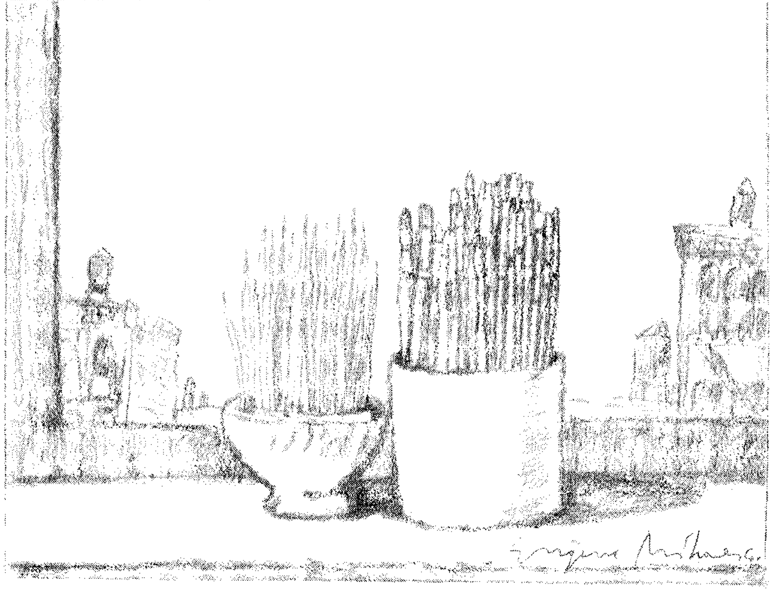
[*From the Waterville (Maine) Morning Sentinel*]

Jack Quinn, who identified himself as Illinois Knighthawk of the KKK, exhorted Saturday's crowd to vote for white candidates.

"The white people in Chicago have lost faith in the politics of Chicago," he said. "All white people should vote for a white candidate regardless of race."

PROFILES

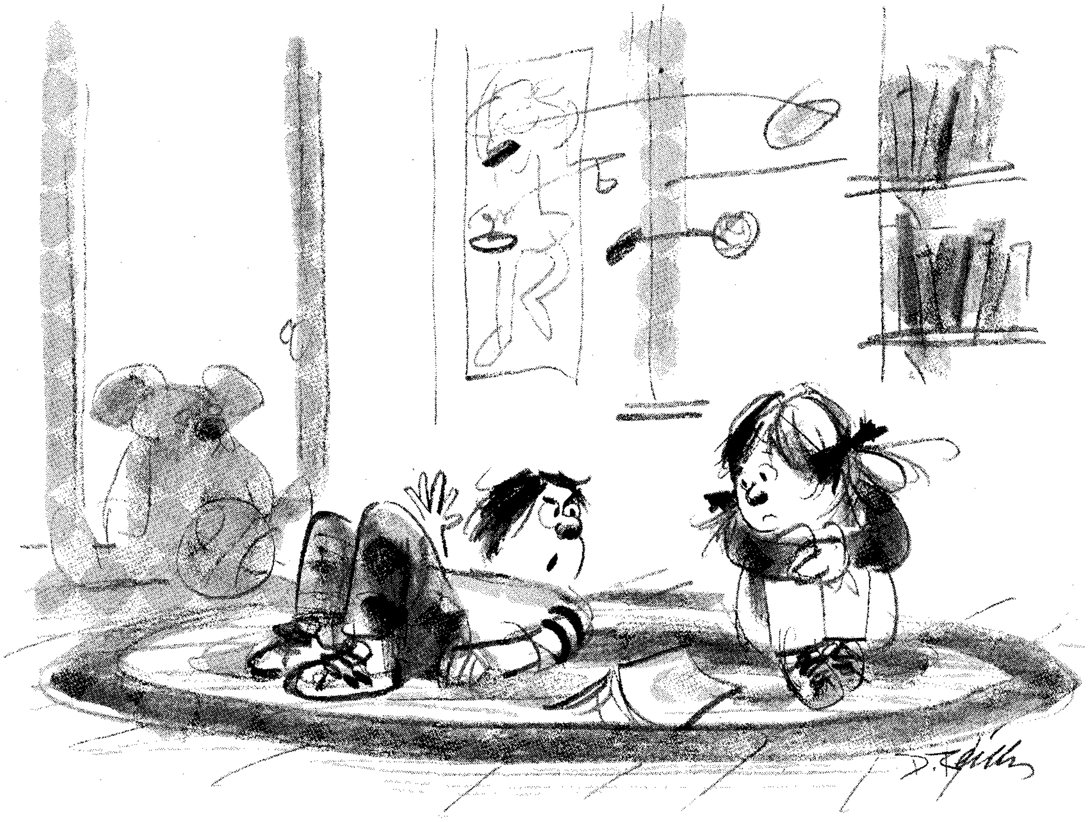
A GIRL OF THE ZEITGEIST—II



ONE April afternoon, I deliberately arrive late at the upper-West Side apartment of the artist Lucas Samaras, where I am meeting Ingrid Sischy, the editor of the monthly magazine *Artforum*, and Amy Baker Sandback, the magazine's president. I want to make sure that I am not the first to arrive: I have never met Samaras, but his mysterious, aggressive work—menacing black boxes lined with pins, strange objects made of bright-colored yarns, fantastic pieces of painted furniture, photographs of his own leering face and contorted naked body—though it has a sort of creepy fascination, has made me instinctively feel that this is not a man I want to be alone with. I am late, but the others are even later, and I am met at the door by a tall, thin, dour man in his forties with a graying beard, who ushers me into the apartment with a resigned air and motions for me to sit on a sofa whose cushion is a tangle of colored yarns encased in a plastic cover. The place is like an enchanter's workshop, filled with rolls of sparkling metallic fabrics, collections of broken wineglasses, jars of rhinestones, long sticks to which plastic brides and grooms are affixed, sinister clay figures, a wall of necklaces, a weirdly shaped handmade table and chairs, all bearing the Samaras signature. But the place is also like one of those shabby, harshly orderly apartments inhabited by old women from Balkan countries; it lacks only the embroidered cloths and the religious kitsch to complete its authoritative dissociation from middle-class taste and fashion. When Samaras tells me that he is from Macedonia—he came here as a boy of eleven—I think, Of course, where else? He stares at me expressionlessly but not unkindly, and we fall into talk. I almost immediately realize that the dire persona that emerges from his work and the actual person who is Lucas Samaras bear the sort of relationship to each other that a lion bears to a house cat. Where the work glints with menace, irony, and disdain, the man is merely acerbic, willful, and a little needling. He says of Sischy that she is unique among editors he has known. "All the others are interested in power—they play power games. If they are women, they use their femininity to gain power. Ingrid is not interested in power."

Sischy and Sandback arrive with a vague, unrepentant story about a distrait taxi-driver. Sandback is a woman in her forties—a calm, soft-spoken, somewhat mysterious woman, with the air of a natural consoler about her, though at present she herself is in need of consolation, because of a new, profoundly regretted punk haircut. Both women are very animated with Samaras. I am struck by the change in Sischy's demeanor—how much lighter she is here. With me, she has always been rather serious and subdued. Now there is a lot of banter and laughter and kidding. The purpose of the visit is to make a selection from among Samaras's new acrylic paintings for an eight-page spread in the Summer issue of *Artforum*. The new paintings are a large collective portrait of the art world—a taxonomy of the dealers, curators, collectors, critics, artists, artists' wives, and failed artists who inhabit it. The paintings are all on thirty-six-by-twenty-four-inch canvas boards, and all are horribly grinning skulls. The groups are distinguished from one another largely by color and style of brushstrokes, so that each is unpleasant in a slightly different way. The dealer skulls, for example, are done in slashing, sketchy, bright colors on a black background, the critics are done in a bleary gray-and-white, and the collectors are in thick, vividly colored strokes and have been given *two* mouths. During the two hours it takes to make the selection and agree on how to lay out the spread, Samaras serves tea and coffee and offers expensive chocolates; when Sischy says no to the chocolates because she is on a diet, he brings out three grapefruits, deftly peels them, cuts them into artful slices, and serves them in bowls with spoons, all with the sad, ironic air of one doing an avant-garde performance piece that may be beyond the grasp of the audience. The joshing and kidding continue as Samaras, Sischy, and Sandback regard the paintings that Samaras has spread out, though there is a tension beneath the surface. Sischy and Sandback will do everything to please the artist, up to a point, and Samaras, for whom it is extremely advantageous to be shown in *Artforum*, knows he must gauge where that point is and not push beyond it. However, as the afternoon wears on, the sense of cautious negotiation gives way to a rhythm of work, to a tide of interest in the task at hand, into which all three are drawn—and into which even I, who have no vested interest in the project whatever and was initially rather repelled by the paintings, now find myself drawn.

AT Samaras's, Sischy behaves as if she had all the time in the world to spend on the project, but in fact she is almost calamitously behind schedule. There are only eight days left



"For Pete's sake, can't we talk about something besides 'Winnie-the-Pooh'?"

• •

before the Summer issue of the magazine goes to the printer, and some of the writing that is going to appear in it has yet to be committed to paper. Thomas McEvilley, a contributing editor, has not yet finished a piece on Conceptual art, and Rene Ricard, a poet and a regular contributor, is still working on an article about an unknown figurative painter named Bill Rice, whose chief subject is homosexual black men. The unconventional art criticism of Ricard has been the cause of much of the grumbling among the older art-world intelligentsia about the new *Artforum's* lack of seriousness. Here is an example of it, from Ricard's first contribution to the magazine—entitled "Not About Julian Schnabel"—in the Summer, 1981, issue:

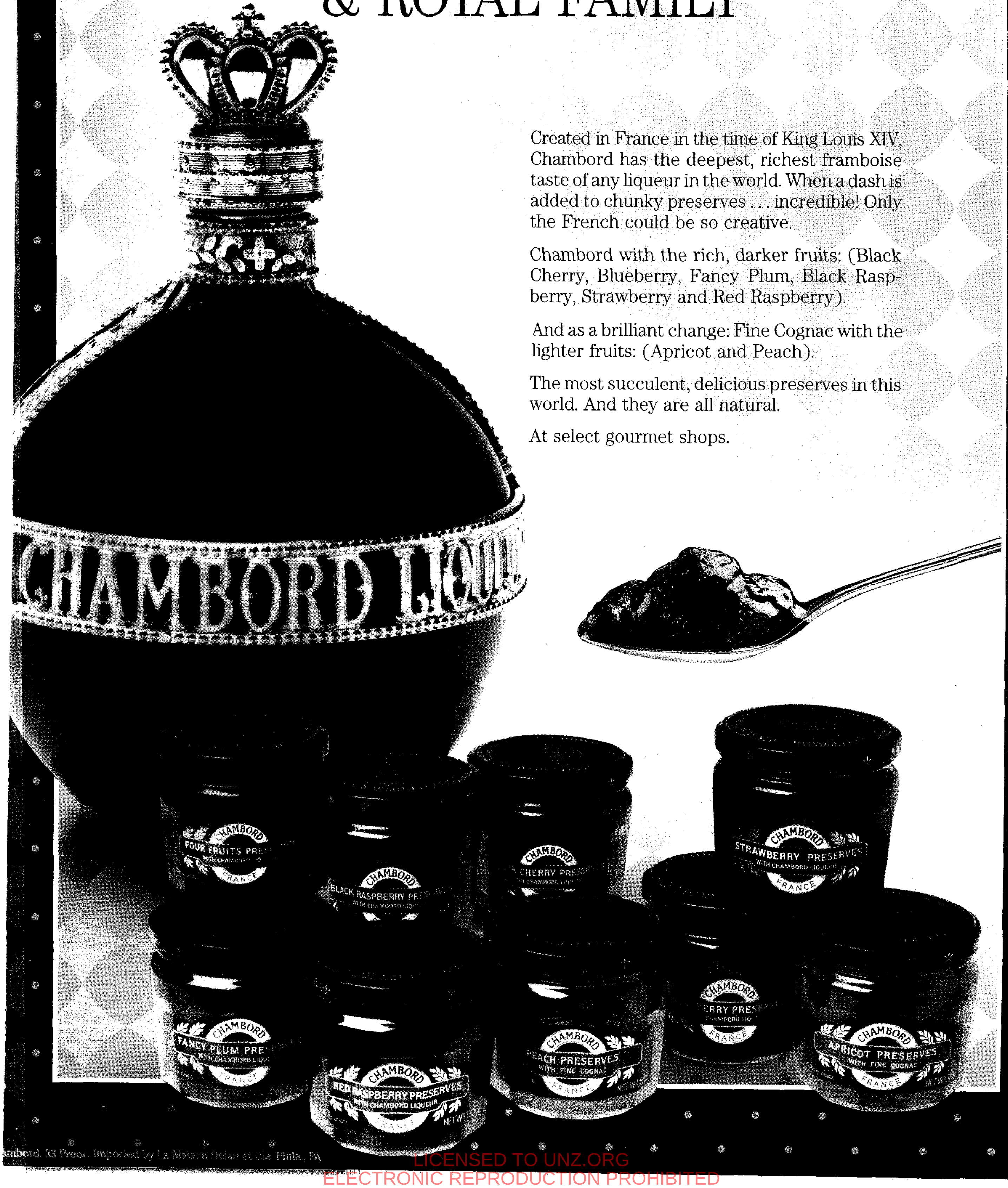
> When I wrote about Julian Schnabel's last show at the Mary Boone Gallery for *Art in America,* I became so embroiled in a distasteful episode with the gallery concerning my request for an exclusive on the picture I wanted to use as an illustration that I vowed never to cover any painter represented by that gallery. I ignored Stephen Mueller's last show there and I really wanted to write about it. Now Julian has ascended to Leo Castelli—though he's splitting the bill with Boone—and I can leave personal feelings out of the picture, where they belong. Anyway, my responsibility is not to the painter, the dealer, or myself; it is to the pictures.
>
> Nor was this the only treachery perpetrated by a dealer. I wanted to know how much a drawing Brice Marden had given me was worth. That very day, the person I'd asked (not at his current gallery) told Brice's best friend that I was selling his drawing. Next time I saw Brice the first thing he said was, "I hear you're selling my drawing!" As a point of fact I'd never part with it. I just wanted to know how much it was worth. For someone of my generation the possession of a Marden drawing is a big thing. I call it my de Kooning, and I *have* a de Kooning.

Ricard is thirty-nine years old, has published a book of poems that inevitably bring the verse of Frank O'Hara to mind in their emotional immediacy (though their descriptions of very rough homosexual sex are beyond anything O'Hara dared or cared to render), and at an early age was a member of Andy Warhol's Factory. He lives in a very bad, brutish tenement on East Twelfth Street, in an apartment that he keeps in a condition of aggressive squalor and disorder. He has no telephone, and it is unclear what he does to support himself. It is not his writing. Sischy has spoken to me about the gross financial inequalities of today's art world between the artists who have made it and the ones who haven't. "As for those of us who work in a reporting or critical way, our lives are a sort of joke in comparison to what we're dealing with," she added. "I'm lucky. I happen to live with someone who owns her own house. I'm in comfortable circumstances. But I know that most of our writers have nothing, and when I took this job I made it clear that I hoped to reach a point where writing about art would be taken seriously enough so that maybe we could provide some income for the writer. Our fee is now up to eight hundred dollars for a piece—and a writer may work for a year or more to earn it. So whenever I'm out with a writer the least I can do is make sure that there's a decent meal. It's crazy, but that's the level it's on."

For the past three days, Sischy has been going to Ricard's place in the evenings to work with him on his piece about Bill Rice, staying until two or three in the morning and somehow getting it out of him. On the day it is finished, I join her and Ricard for dinner at an East Village restaurant called Evelyne's. Ricard has brought along a friend named George Condo, an agreeable and short young artist, who is wearing a white shirt and a red crew-neck sweater under a dark suit that is two or three sizes too big for him, to indicate that he is not an Ivy League college student but an artist. Condo does luridly expressionistic paintings of heads on long necks, which are enjoying a vogue in Europe. Ricard is dressed in a gray sweatshirt over jeans; he is thin and wiry, his brow is deeply lined, his eyes are frightened, and his mouth is petulant. His voice is high-pitched, and in it there is spite, self-pity, self-parody, seduction, false innocence, anxiety. As he talks, he gesticulates wildly and reaches out to touch and stroke you. He dominates the conversation, but,

ALL NATURAL
CHAMBORD
FRANCE

CHAMBORD FROM FRANCE & ROYAL FAMILY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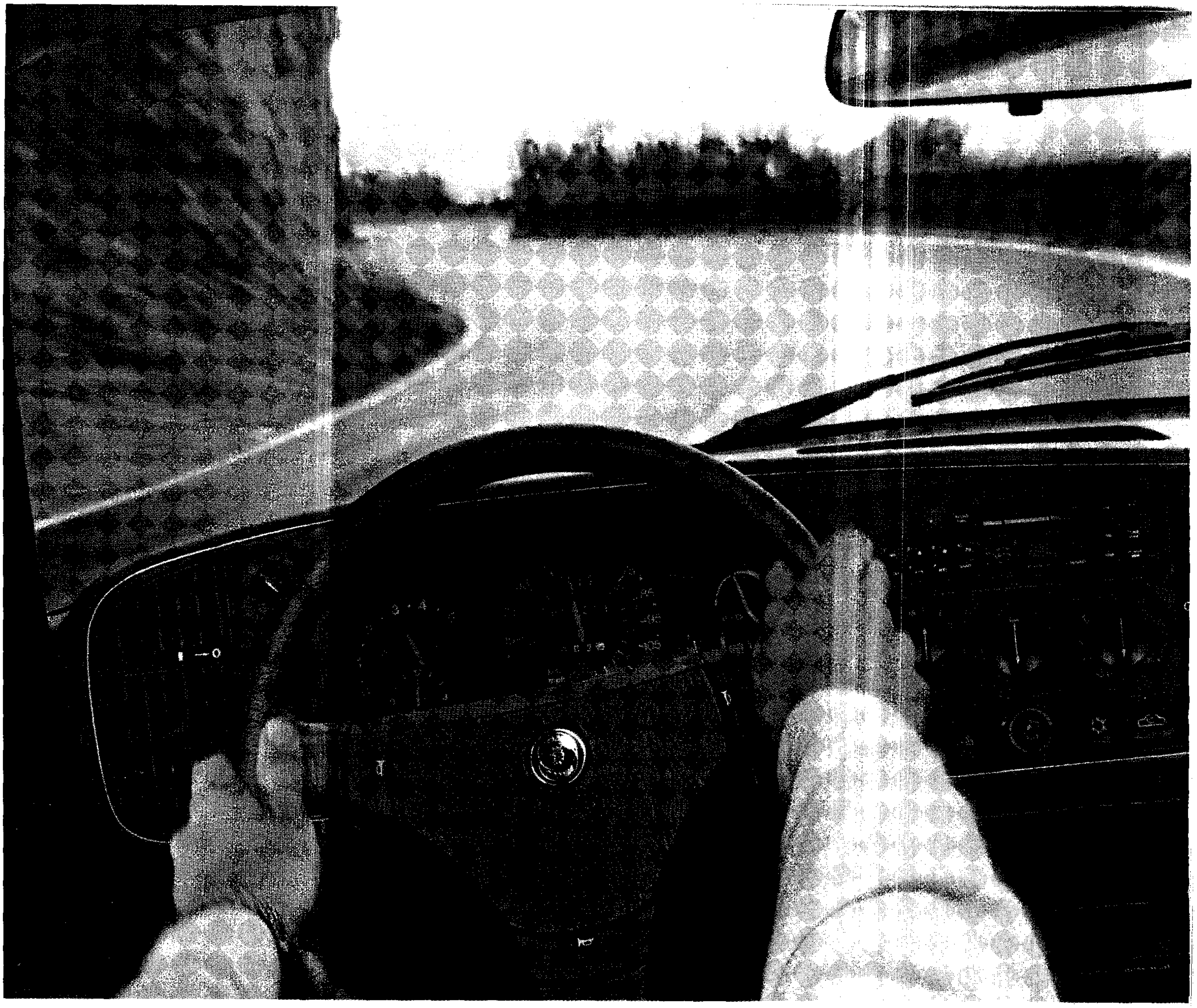

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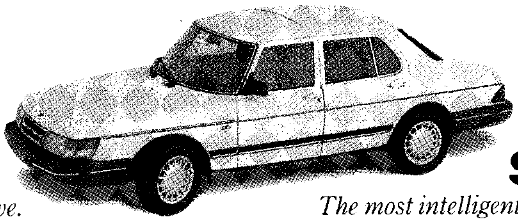

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unlike most people who are nakedly interested in themselves, he is also aware of what is going on with others, though in a specialized way. Certain things capture his interest: he comments on people's looks and clothes and mannerisms. When a woman at the next table takes out a compact and puts on lipstick, he says, "That's my favorite gesture in the world. I love it. It's so twenties. Isn't it the twenties?" A beautiful and elegant young woman wearing a pristine white linen suit, whom Ricard knows (and, bafflingly, introduces as "someone I was engaged to eight years ago"), joins our table, as does, when he arrives, the good-looking man—a curator of a small museum in Colorado—she has been waiting for at the bar. After introductions are made, the curator asks Sischy what she does. She replies, "I work in the editorial department of *Artforum* magazine." After the curator and the young woman have left for the Danceteria discothèque, Ricard turns exasperatedly on Sischy and says, "Why did you say that to him?" He does a mincing parody of Sischy saying "I work in the editorial department of *Artforum* magazine," and goes on, "Why didn't you say, 'I am Ingrid Sischy, *the editor* of *Artforum* magazine. I'm this big deal. I'm this powerful person. I'm the whole thing'? Telling him 'I work in the editorial department'! Come *on!*" Sischy quietly glares at Ricard, like the older sister of a child who is doing something embarrassing.

The dinner arrives, which Ricard eats hungrily. He tells, as if for the first time, the story he told in "Not About Julian Schnabel" concerning the "exclusive" he lost at the hands of Mary Boone. He says that everyone he has ever written about has become a millionaire. "That's why everybody wants a Rene Ricard writeup," he explains. "It's like magic." Sischy looks pained. Condo politely suppresses a yawn. Ricard goes on to tell about an auction in New Jersey the previous day where two Picabias went for two hundred and three hundred dollars, respectively. "You made me miss that auction," he says to Sischy accusingly, and then, to me, "She made me stay here and work on my piece." I ask Sischy if it is true about the Picabias. She replies, "Whatever Rene says is true." But I remember a poem of his about malevolence—a litany of such acts of bad faith as

I've advised people to get haircuts that made them
Look a mess, and poked fun behind their backs.
I've convinced writers to destroy their best work.
I've thrown people out of their own apartments
I've sublet, and never paid the rent.
I've conned young girls into giving me heirlooms to pawn.
I tease people who stutter. I like to talk dirty in front
Of old women.
I've talked nouveau-riches people into letting me throw
A party and then invited derelicts into their home,
Leaving it in shambles.

The last line is "I made a lot of this up, but a lot of it is true."

During coffee, the conversation turns to Henry James, because Ricard has paraphrased a line from "The Portrait of a Lady" in the Bill Rice piece but cannot remember where in the novel it appears. Nor does he care. But Sischy is adamant about finding the line, so the paraphrase can be checked, and though I don't recognize the allusion, I offer to look for it in my copy of the novel at home. Condo politely yawns again. Ricard says that he admires James, but feels constrained to add, "*I* would never write fiction. It's lying." Sischy listens but does not join in the conversation. She once told me that she wasn't bookish. "Everyone I've ever been close to and loved and lived with has been a person who reads all the time," she said. "It would be very nice if I could say the same about myself. But the truth is I've never in my life been a reader." Among the things that she had not read, she astonishingly confessed, was the old *Artforum* itself. Until she became editor, seven years ago, she would buy the magazine but not read it. "Even now, if I wasn't forced to edit them I probably wouldn't read some of the things we publish," she said. This confession followed a confession of my own about finding much of the magazine unreadable. Sischy was sympathetic. "It's always been a

"Does anything need my imprimatur?"

• •

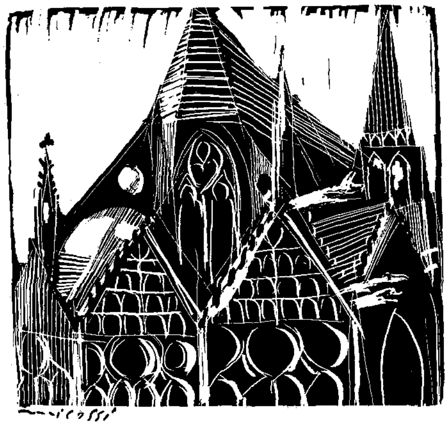
problem, this troublesome writing we print," she said. "The bigger question is: How does one write about art? That's what the magazine has been struggling with—probably quite disastrously, in the end—for twenty-two years. How does one write about something that is basically mute? Any cliché about *Artforum* is always about its problem with writing. That is probably why I was brought in as editor—because I found much of *Artforum* unreadable myself. I never used to read the magazine, and when I look back I must have been mad to take on the job of editing this thing I couldn't read. It was like a penance for all those years of not reading it. And I still have the problem, which may be why the magazine is so damn nervous inside itself. That's why you see so many different kinds of writing in it. An object lesson I keep before me *all* the time is that of my mother, who picks up *Artforum*, who is completely brilliant, sophisticated, and complex, who wants to understand—and then *closes* it."

THERE is one contributor to the Summer issue about whom Sischy can feel easy, whose article will come in exactly on time, will not require all-night editing, and will never be anything less than a piece of workmanlike prose. This is Carter Ratcliff, who, like Ricard, is identified as a poet at the end of his articles in *Artforum* but is as far from the flamboyant Ricard as one can get. Ratcliff is cool, detached, impassive, reserved, rational, elliptical, grudgingly kind, pale—a sort of Alan Ladd of art criticism. He has written about art for over fifteen years, has published five book-length critical studies, five monographs, and two books of verse, and has taught modern art and criticism at Pratt, the School of Visual Arts, and Hunter. He is forty-five years old. His loft, on Beaver Street, is as clear and clean and uncluttered as the man. When I visit it, a few days after the dinner with Ricard, it has the appearance of a place that someone has just moved into and hasn't furnished yet, but Ratcliff mentions that he and his wife have lived there for a year. There is a new, highly polished light wood floor, two off-white sofas facing each other across a pale wood coffee table, a dining table and chairs at a remove, and nothing else. Ratcliff's study, filled with books and papers, looks more inhabited. Ratcliff offers no refreshment, and we sit and talk, facing each other on the two sofas.

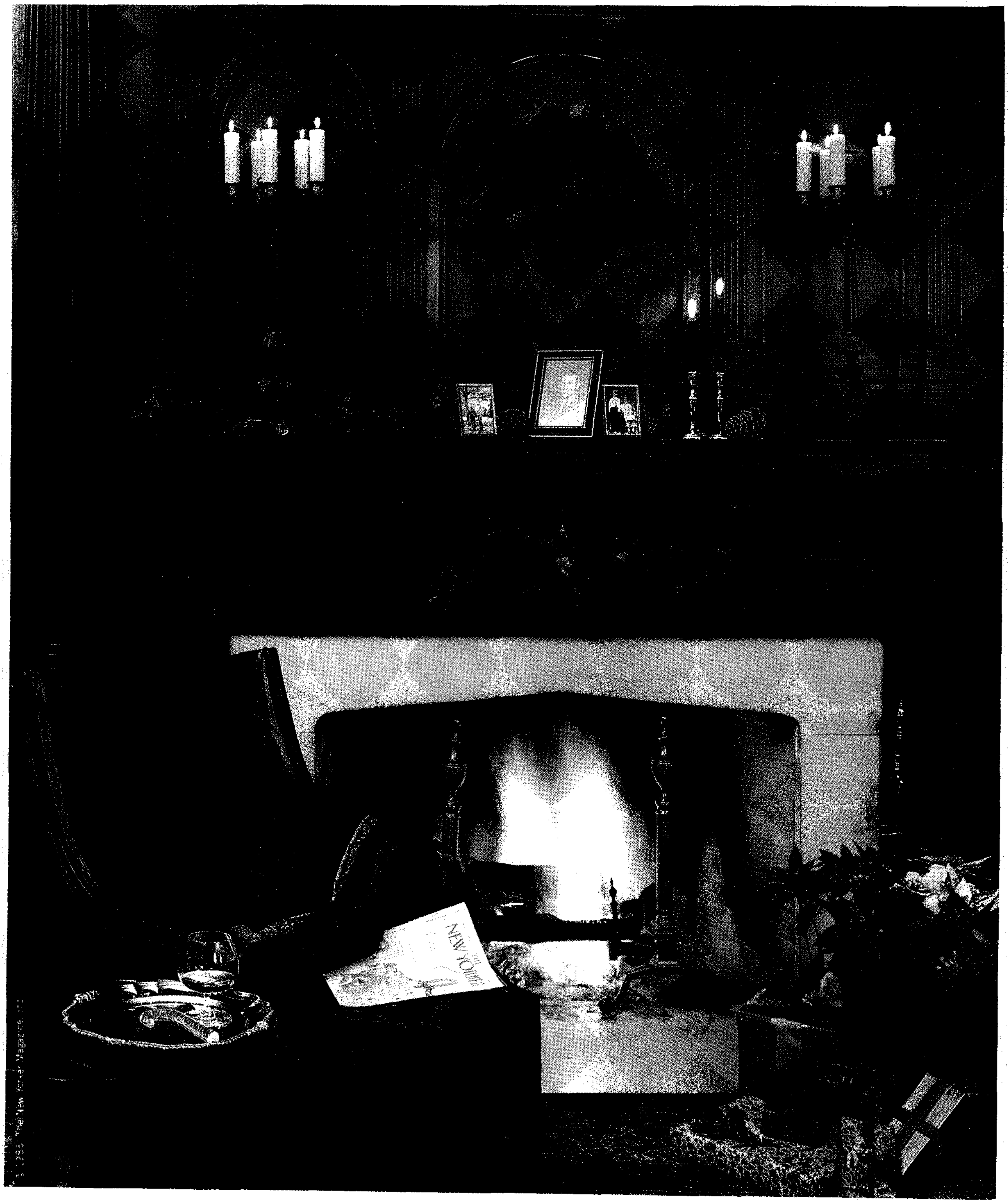
Ratcliff writes for *Art in America* as well as for *Artforum*, and I ask him whether there is any difference in the way he writes for each. He says, "Yes. My tone for *Artforum* is less formal. At *Art in America*, there is an ideal of responsible, properly organized, moderately political writing with a moderate tone—a kind of standard essay style that has survived into the present and that Ingrid simply isn't interested in. I find it annoying sometimes, but its influence isn't all bad. I think, for example, that the Frank Stella piece I wrote for *Art in America* was far more convincing than the piece I did on Andy Warhol for *Artforum*, because I took more care to argue points in the Stella piece, whereas in the Warhol piece I felt freer to simply make assertions, or argue from an attitude, or have prejudices—as opposed to substantiating everything in a responsible manner. I'm not sure that in a collection of my pieces one could tell which article was written for which magazine. Maybe one could. But when I'm writing for *Artforum* I feel free to write in a way that is more direct and more responsible to what I feel and less responsible to some standard of rationality."

I ask, "Does this sense of permission to write more freely and less responsibly come from Ingrid directly, or do you get it from reading people like Ricard in the magazine and feeling, Well, if they can write like that so can I?"

"Both are true," Ratcliff says. "Just from reading the magazine, one gets the sense that Ingrid is encouraging individual voices. But, also, when Ingrid is talking over a project with you, or going over a text, often what she wants you to leave out is art-historical substantiation of a point, or an extended description. I'm fascinated by that absurdity—trying to describe what a painting is like. Both the description of art and the invocation of historical evidence are a kind of striving for proof: not direct proof but an attempt to impart an air of scientific rationality to one's writing—you know, all the apparatus of sounding as though you knew what you were talking about. But Ingrid is not interested in that. She's interested in an assertion of a point of view and in a tone of voice and in one's feeling about things. When we were going over the Warhol piece, I remember her saying it was too smooth. She was afraid that people wouldn't get the point. What she wanted to do in the editing was to leave things out and have it be a little choppier—to sort of wake up the reader, to have him make more leaps. I think she sees art writing as something declamatory and gestural; her ideal is not that of the well-wrought essay. She has a feeling that art-world readers need to be jolted, that they're not literary readers. I don't think she sees this as a fault on the part of art-world readers or writers. It's just that that's the way it is—it's basically a visual world, with visual concerns. Her own orientation is visual, and that strongly affects her idea of what is acceptable as a piece of writing. In a certain way, I think that Rene Ricard is the writer closest to Ingrid's vision of the magazine. I think she feels that *Artforum's* function is to be on the spot when something newly pertinent pops up, and I think she feels that you can't, on the spot, come up with a considered argument about anything new. You can only say things that point in interesting ways. You can only strike illuminating postures in the vicinity of things. The sorts of things that she's interested in are not yet subjects for the responsible treatment they will eventually get in other magazines. She feels that *Art in America* is the magazine that stands off a little to the side and tries to get a rational view of things, while *Artforum* is more on the spot. She feels that it's not a problem if something sounds silly—that *Artforum* is a place where this kind of risk can be taken, where this kind of irresponsibility is possible. When everything is new and in flux, the writing should reflect that. It's not that she cultivates irrationality for its own sake; it's that she tries to deal with things very intensely and fully, still leaving them in their immediate state.



"I don't do that myself, so it's presumably not the only thing she's interested in. But it's what is at the center of the magazine. Rene Ricard and Edit deAk [another unconventional



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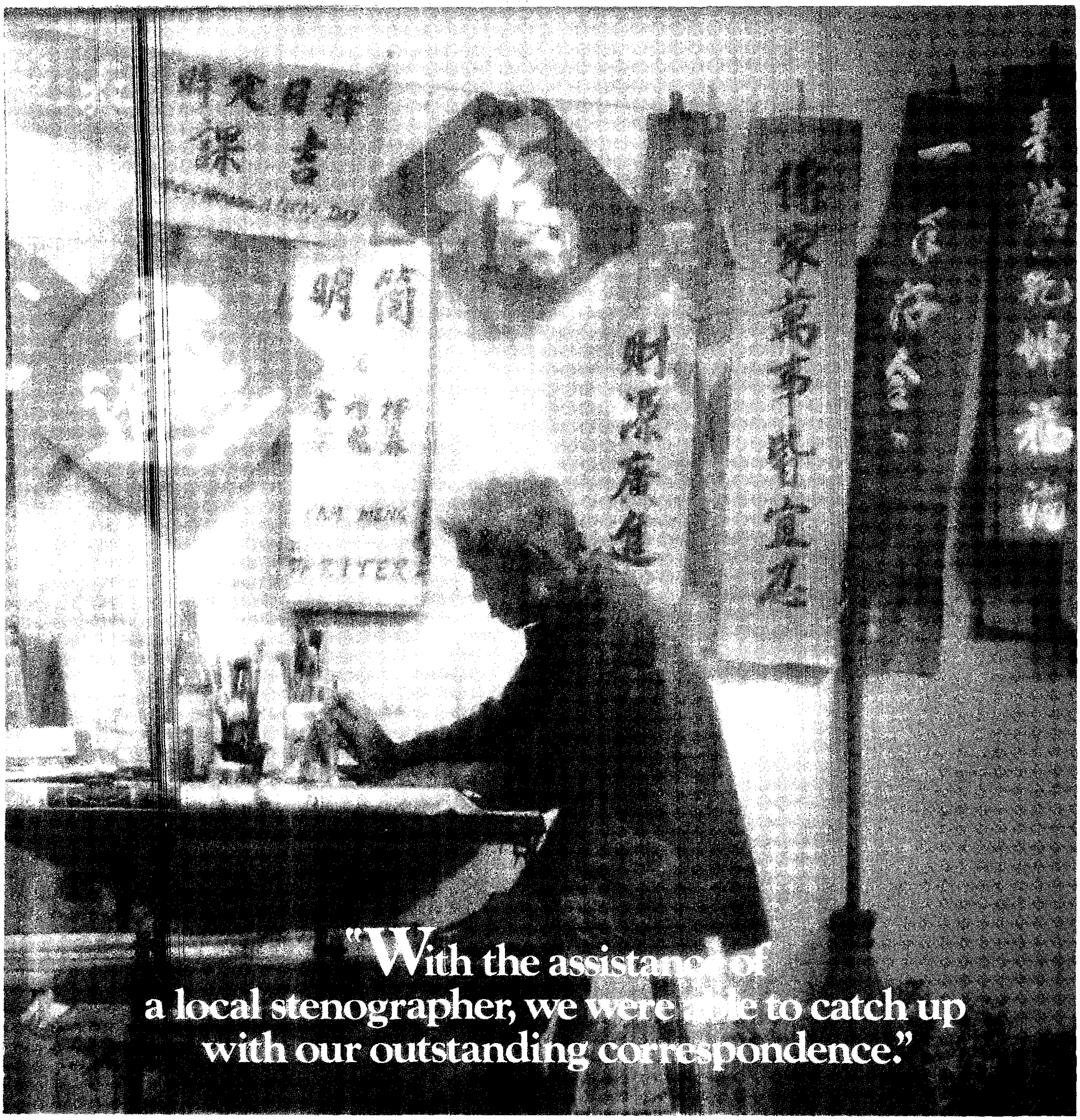
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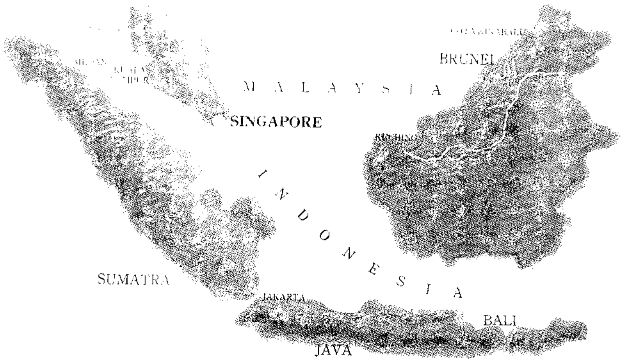
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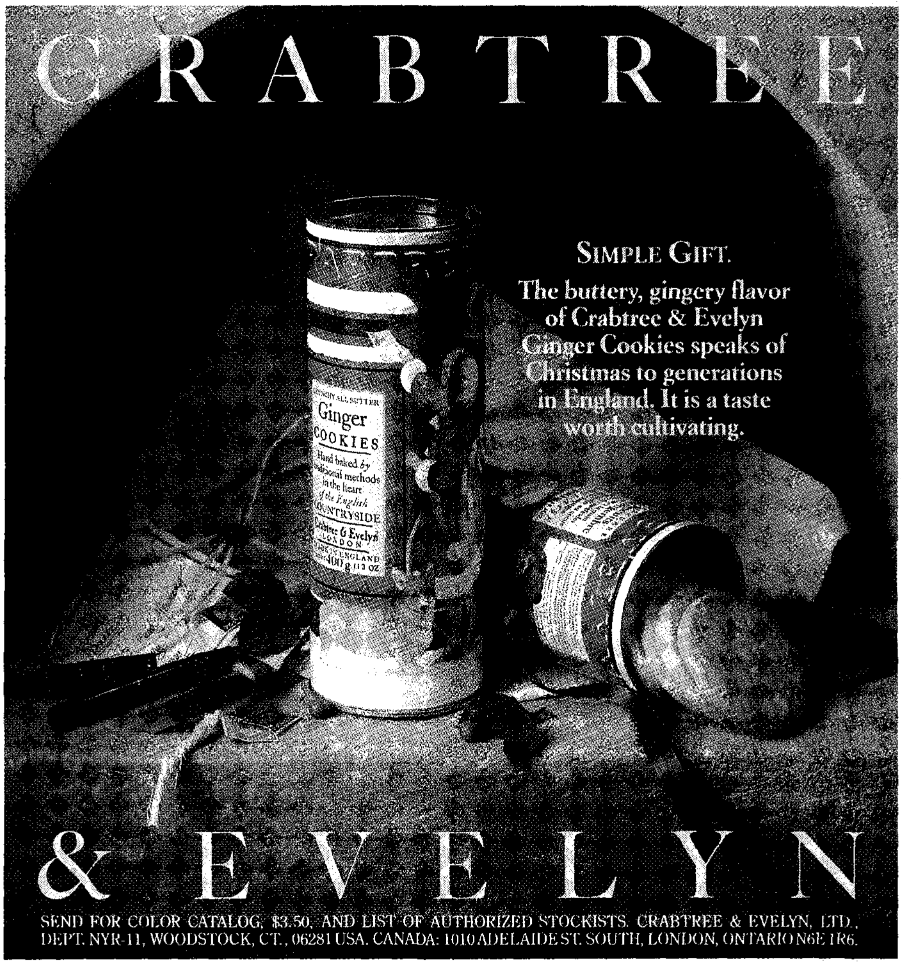
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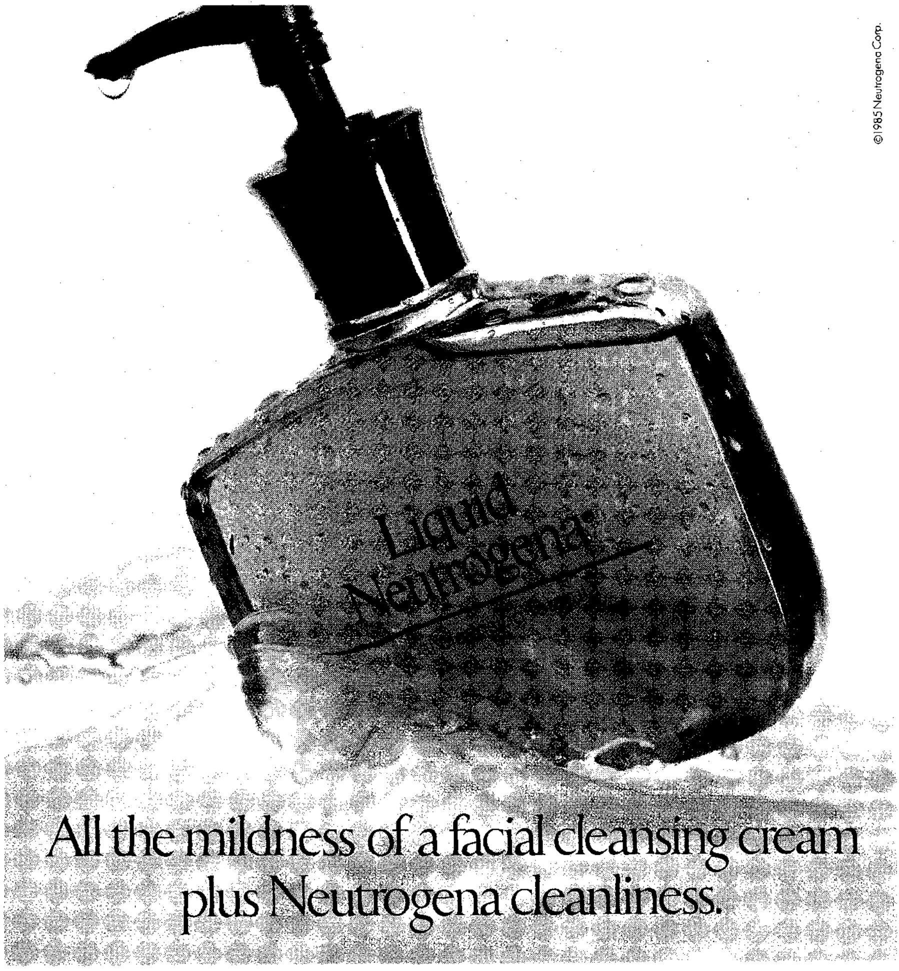

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critic and a contributing editor of *Artforum*, now on leave of absence] really keep track of the art world. They *really know what's going on*. There are other people who keep obsessive track of that world, but only within the framework of that tiny world itself, and they're very boring. Rene Ricard and Edit deAk, in their strange ways, are connected to many other worlds as well—a bewildering variety of them, especially in Ricard's case—and that's where their criticality comes in: from being outside. Ricard lives in a very strange world, with all kinds of very strange people. He is an ex-Warhol person, and his world is one I don't know very much about. He seems to have a strong art-historical background. And also—it's all very eccentric—he is involved with the side of the art world that has to do with collecting. All his personalities are available at once, so you get this strange refraction. What holds it all together, it seems, is the sort of ecstatic, fanlike involvement he has with one thing or another from moment to moment, so that his obsessions kind of recapitulate the whole art world. He's impossible, he's hopeless. He is someone who is always connected to someone else. There used to be Warhol; now there's Ingrid."

"He's supposed to be an important figure in the art world," I say. "But I find his significance elusive."

"Yes, very. Because you can't ever find the center of a Rene Ricard article. I'm not sure I know what he's talking about a lot of the time. He's this kind of gestural presence—the spirit of the new painting. And it's not just a question of someone coming along and saying that the new painting is great, because others have done that, and they don't occupy Ricard's position. These gestures he makes in the vicinity of the new painting seem to reflect something about it, seem to illuminate it in some way. He's a kind of messenger figure: he's bringing us news about the new painting, assuring us of its significance, or at least making a very strong claim for it. I think he's important, because if there hadn't been this irrational love that he, and maybe deAk, expressed for the new painting—and by 'irrational' I mean a love based not on argument and sober judgment but just on this really flamboyant embrace—then people's suspicions that the new painting is empty and calculating and manipulative might be stronger. I am almost swayed by Rene Ricard. I don't know him, and I don't pay all that much attention to him. But I do pause at the spectacle of his mad love for this new painting. I don't quite see it—I mean, I think that in many ways Schnabel's painting is banal and predictable—but the presence of Rene Ricard calls my judgment into question in some way.

"The other thing I think is important about Ricard is that he represents a kind of sordidness that it's important for the art world to believe that it is still capable of. The art world is supposed to be alienated, to be on the periphery—and it's not. In fact, it's very much integrated into the mainstream of culture. It's not that most people like art; rather, it's that the art world has found a secure place in ordinary life—which goes against all the avant-garde's claims to being adventurous and in opposition. At a time when artists bring in architects to design their lofts, a flaky character like Ricard is very important. He makes it more believable that art is odd and weird and challenging."

Thomas Lawson is another of Sischy's more dependable and quiet writers—personally quiet, that is. His writing is tough, sharp, hard-hitting, very cold-eyed. In the November, 1984, issue of *Artforum*, Lawson published a short article ironically entitled "Hilton Kramer: An Appreciation," which had nothing good to say about Kramer. In one of its milder passages, Lawson wrote:

> Kramer and the *Times* were a formidable combination. There, on a regular basis, he could press the authority of his opinions on those who were unable or unwilling to think for themselves; there his forceful mediocrity found its most congenial home.

Earlier, in a piece published in the October, 1981, issue of *Artforum*, entitled "Last Exit: Painting," Lawson had not scrupled to attack a fellow-contributor to *Artforum:*

> Rene Ricard, writing in these pages on Julian Schnabel, has offered petulant self-advertisement in the name of a reactionary expressionism, an endless celebration of the author's importance as a champion of the debasement of art to kitsch, fearful that anything more demanding might be no fun. The writing was mostly frivolous, but noisy, and must be considered a serious apologia for a certain anti-intellectual elite.

Lawson is a calm, fresh-faced, somewhat burly thirty-five-year-old Scotsman with a very level gaze, who came to New York in 1975 to pursue a career as an artist. During a conversation with him, I ask how he got into art criticism, and he replies, "Desperation. When I first arrived here, there was apparently no space for younger artists. There was a real doctrinaire thing going on. Every gallery was selling and every magazine was covering something called Post-Minimalism. Post-Minimalism was very systematic and black and low-performance, which was fine, but it was the only game in town. I began to meet other younger artists who had also just arrived and were also dissatisfied; the connective tissue between us was an interest in mass media. We felt that TV and the movies and advertising presented a problem and a challenge to visual artists that these Post-Minimalists were avoiding. What we did, first of all, was to perversely deny ourselves originality of any kind—and this denial runs the gamut of all young artists working today. Even artists who are not directly involved in appropriating mass-media imagery—Julian Schnabel, for instance—refuse to accept the idea that you have to invent. There is something melancholy about our work. If Pop Art represented a kind of optimistic acceptance of mass culture,

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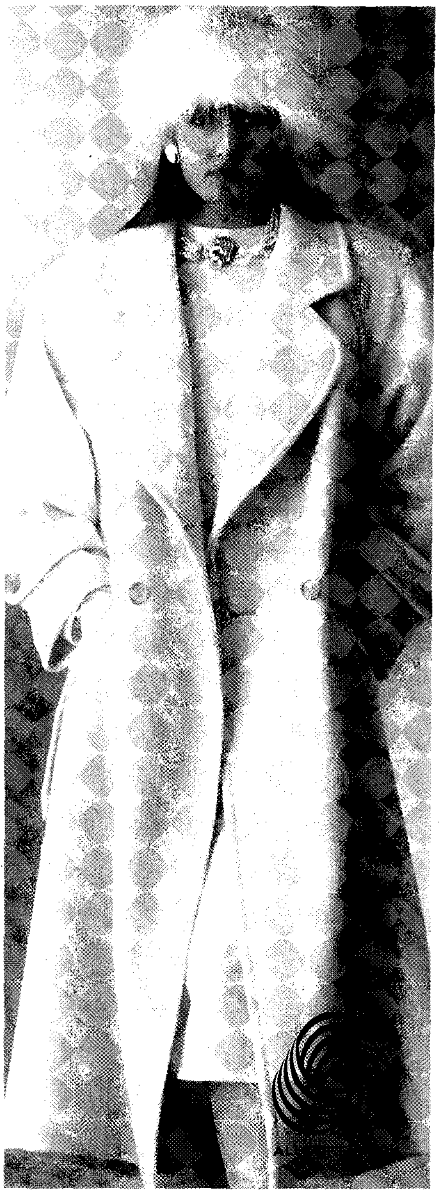

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ours is a kind of melancholic acceptance. We never had coherence as a movement. For some reason, this generation has a particularly high incidence of extreme individualism and of paranoia about one's peers. So there has never been much of a group. This all took place after 'the death of painting.' We had all been schooled in the idea that painting was finished, and the second perverse thing we did was to decide to paint. Since there's a deadness to mass-media imagery, there was a fittingness to our decision to work in a medium that we didn't have all that much conviction about. But, interestingly, once you start working in it you become more and more convinced by it. All these years later, painting actually seems interesting in itself, rather than a mere perverse challenge.

"Anyway, I started writing reviews for *Art in America* because I was so irritated with the situation. And soon I got a little name for myself as someone who could write quite acerbically about older art, who would throw a negative light on what was being shown, and who was something of a participant-champion of the new art. But then I had a falling out with *Art in America*, though not to the point of exchanging words. David Salle and Cindy Sherman had shows that I desperately wanted to write about but wasn't allowed to, and I began to feel used, I began to feel like a hired gun. I'm really quite good at cutting away the pretensions that accrue around a body of work, and I had done this to some established artists, which was obviously what they liked at *Art in America*. But it wasn't exactly what I wanted to base a career on. My whole intention had been to be more constructive, and suddenly, with these two shows I wanted to do, I found myself being denied the opportunity. There had been a misperception at *Art in America* of my relations with Sherman and Salle—with whom I was neither friendly nor unfriendly. I do have sympathy for their work—I don't see anything wrong with that. I'm an advocate of partisan criticism. Most art writing is from an insider point of view; there is very little that has an Olympian distance. I remember once reading something about Harold Schonberg, the music critic of the *Times*—about a deadly, life-denying thing he did. He forbade himself any personal contact with musicians, on the ground that it might influence his judgment. He wouldn't even let his wife, who was a musician, have anything to do with them. Apart from the horror of that on the human level, I think it's just crazy. You learn so much by knowing what in fact musicians and artists are actually thinking about and talking about, instead of pretending to drop in from the sky."

Of his work with Sischy, Lawson says, "She's almost chameleonlike. When I talk to her, we appear to be in complete agreement. But then an issue of *Artforum* comes out and—" Lawson gestures his feeling of betrayal. He goes on to describe a strange evening he once spent at the old *Artforum* office, on Mulberry Street (it recently moved to Bleecker Street), working with Sischy late into the night on an article about to go to press, and being acutely conscious of the presence of Rene Ricard in another room. Sischy was like a doctor going back and forth between patients in cubicles. "She would spend half an hour with me, and be extremely helpful and sympathetic, and then she'd get up and say, 'I have to go and see how Rene is doing,' and presumably she'd be equally helpful and sympathetic to him," Lawson says. "There was no communication between Rene and me. We can barely talk to each other anyway, we're so opposed in our opinions and our life styles. But Ingrid could move back and forth between us all night with ease. The Feast of San Gennaro was going on that night, and all that fairground noise outside—the firecrackers and the hawkers and the venders—only accentuated the feeling of unreality which that night with Rene had for me."

For the past seven years, Lawson has been publishing a small art magazine of his own, called *Real Life*, with grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts, which reflects, in its unpretentious format and its radical critical content, the no-frills avant-gardism of its editor. The following excerpt from an interview by Rex Reason with Peter Nagy and Alan Belcher, the directors of the Nature Morte Gallery, in the East Village, gives some sense of *Real Life's* tone:

RR: You guys are so modern. What do you look for in an object? What qualities?

AB: Right now we like either black, white, or gray, or generic color.

PN: We're pretty anti-color.

RR: By generic you mean red as "red" rather than modulations of it?

AB: Yeah.

PN: So many people bring us slides that are just like Salle, Basquiat, or Roberto Juarez. These poor kids are out there going to the galleries and they say, "This is what I have to do to have a show." So they run home and paint them. We don't want that—we want stuff we've never seen in a gallery before.

RR: And what do you think is the best art? What influenced the shaping of your taste?

AB: Right now, we like pretty classic late modern stuff: Pop Art, Paolozzi, Indiana for logos, Duchamp, Manzoni, Beuys, Klein. Scarpitta's a favorite of mine.

PN: We think Op Art is highly underrated. Bridget Riley. That's corporate psychedelia, the orgasm of modernism.

AB: We started the gallery because we really just wanted to get our voices in.

PN: And chose the name "Nature Morte" for its Fifties-jazz, pseudo-continental appeal. Ersatz European. Franco-American Chef Boy-ar-dee.

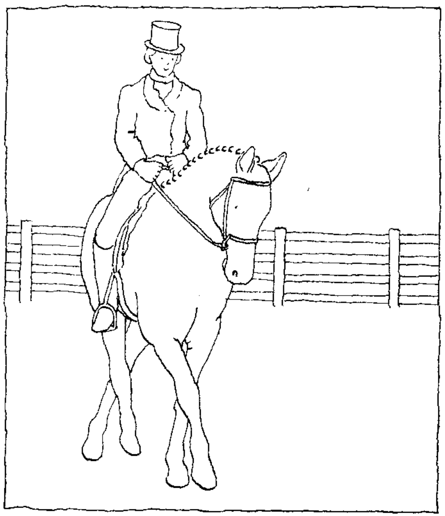
AB: We wanted to be the Leper Gallery.

PN: But then I thought of the Wallet Gallery.

AFTER her three nights of ministering to Ricard at his place on Twelfth Street, Sischy begins a similar series of vigils with Thomas McEvilley at his place, on Clinton Street, near Houston. I attend one of these sessions, which begins in the late afternoon and goes on until two or three in the morning. (I do not last the course.) McEvilley is a thin, bearded man of forty-seven, harried-looking but cheerful, who wears old corduroys during the day and in the evening often appears in a dashing white suit that he bought in a secondhand-clothing store. As I look around his place, I am struck by its peculiar combination of poverty and electronics, which speaks of our coming predicament with a kind of satiric authority. The apartment is a former ground-floor shop, and McEvilley has painted over the show window jutting out into the street, both for privacy and in order to have more wall space for books: the tiny room is entirely lined with books in cheap commercial cases. It has a lairlike aspect. There is an orange shag rug on the floor, and the furniture is four chairs of the sort you see thrown out on the street. But on a huge desk near the ex-window is a word processor; classical music is playing from an advanced stereo system; and there is an electric coffeemaker on a rickety side table, in which McEvilley's girlfriend, Maura Sheehan, prepared an odd herbal drink before leaving for her studio—an identical space across the hall—where she is painting classical Greek-vase motifs on cracked automobile windshields.

McEvilley, as he once told me, sort of drifted into art criticism. He is a classicist by training (he has a Ph.D. in Greek and Latin) and some years ago shifted from the Classics Department of the University of St. Thomas to the Art and Art History Department of Rice University, in Houston, to which he actually commutes from New York during part of the school year. His controversial critique of the Museum of Modern Art's big primitivism show appeared in the November, 1984, issue of *Artforum;* before that he had done pieces on the Conceptual artists Yves Klein, Marina Abramović and Ulay, and James Lee Byars, as well as an article called "Art in the Dark," about extreme types of performance artists, among them people who subject themselves to very unpleasant ordeals, such as spending five days and nights in a two-by-three-foot locker without food, or sitting on a shelf in a gallery for twenty-two days. McEvilley said that he had dabbled in the genre himself, "but strictly as ordeal, not in an art context." He told me that he had spent a year sleeping only four hours a night—a notion he had got from Buddhist monks—and that he had also experimented with fasting, vegetarianism, and meditation. However, one day he had caught himself feeling superior to other people because of these activities, and had decided to curb them.

McEvilley began writing for Sischy's *Artforum* in 1981. "In the seventies, I couldn't stand the magazine," McEvilley said. "It was promoting Minimal art in overwhelming doses, and it had forced reductionist art modes on everybody with its aggressive ideological stance. Its power was undeniable—everyone knew the term *Artforum* Mafia, and used it." (A disaffected member of the Family—Max Kozloff, the critic and editor, now turned photographer—once spoke to me in a similar vein about the old *Artforum*. "The magazine was looked upon with a kind of delirious bitterness," he said. "It solaced the readership to know that there were people of such self-confidence and commitment at the helm, rendering such zippy and righteous judgments right and left. But if you were an artist they were not interested in—and they were interested in a very few artists, about whom they wrote repeatedly—then you found this a repellent phenomenon. You were put off by this camarilla of kingmakers and bullyboys—or, as the case may be, bullywomen—who wrote in a hermetic language that they were partially inventing, and who took themselves with ultra-seriousness. They used to say that *Artforum* was like Listerine: it tasted terrible, but it was good for you.")



McEvilley went on to speak of Sischy's ideological suppleness. "She's very sensitive to the Frankfurt school's perspective on the social function of art, and she wants to maintain that perspective in the magazine. But she has gone far beyond what I see as the naïve hostility of the old regime to the art market—a hostility that I myself used to share, I should add. I came to the magazine with a poet's or a scholar's or a philosopher's antagonism to the market process. But Ingrid has pointed out to me very intelligently that in the past fifteen years, as the major New York museums have withdrawn from what is happening in art, serious dealers have become terribly important. They are the people who nurture contemporary art and bring it to us."

Now I sit in a corner of McEvilley's living room diligently jotting down snatches of the inscrutable dialogue going on between him and Sischy at the desk, punctuated by long silences while McEvilley works at the word processor.

"Is the idea that self-sameness is the only reality? I don't think so."

"Can I get rid of it?"

"Let's see. Later it becomes clear that . . . O.K., let's take the sentence out."

"O.K."

" 'Preëmptively.' What do you mean, 'preëmptively'?"

McEvilley goes to the word processor and unknots a sentence. Sischy looks it over. "It now reads as if Beuys is mad because Duchamp got there first."

The telephone rings. McEvilley picks it up and hands it to Sischy. It is Ricard. Sischy speaks to him in a motherly way. She explains, as if speaking to a child, that she is busy at the moment. "Rene, you *knew* I was going to be working with Tom." She listens to him talk at length, occasionally interjecting a "Great!" or a "Beautiful!" As soon as she can, she ends the conversation and returns to the manuscript.

"Is Rene O.K.?" McEvilley asks.

"Yes."

"I thought he looked a little freaked the other day."

"Maybe he didn't have enough sleep," Sischy says, with the dryness that I have come to recognize as her characteristic response to an invitation to be indiscreet.

A FEW days later, I run into Ricard himself at the recently opened Palladium discothèque. The place is the creation of the former owners of Studio 54, Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, who, after finishing jail sentences for tax evasion, hired the eminent advanced Japanese architect Arata Isozaki to turn the old Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street, into a state-of-the-art discothèque, and the result is now being hailed as an improbable triumph of architecture, art, and chic by the city's architecture critics, art critics, and arbiters of chic. The young artists who have done paintings on the walls and ceilings of the Palladium's various rooms and corridors—Francesco Clemente, Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf, and Jean-Michel Basquiat—are receiving renewed, wondering notice as nouveau-riche media stars from a press apparently still haunted by the idea of a revolutionary, marginal avant-garde; and the Palladium itself is being viewed as a kind of metaphor for the current state of art—the implosion of high and low culture into ever more grungily demotic and sleekly marketable forms. On this night, the Palladium has been turned over to a party for Keith Haring, and it is filled with beautifully and/or weirdly dressed people from the art world and its periphery. I come upon Ricard in a room that is apart from the discothèque proper, called the Mike Todd Room, which has a large bar, small marble-topped tables, and wire-back chairs, and is where the celebrities of the art world like to congregate. Ricard, resplendent in a white sharkskin suit, is sitting at one of the tables, in a state of high, almost incandescent excitement. As I glimpse him, I recall a passage, in a recent *Art in America* article on Watteau by the art historian Linda Nochlin, about the painting of the clown Gilles in the Louvre:

> You can see *Gilles* as a small, vague, white glow shining in the distance. As you draw nearer, the glow assumes a shape, a significance, and, finally, a vast authority. Grand in scale, looming in its frontal pose, half-sacred in its silky whiteness, it becomes the famous *Gilles,* Christ-like in his innocent exposure to the gibes of the crowd, the very prototype of the tragic clown, the clown with the broken heart, avatar of Pierrot Lunaire, *He Who Gets Slapped,* and Prince Myshkin—that whole galaxy of more or less holy fools whose existence has marked the art, literature, and film of the modern period.

Ricard beckons me to sit with him, gives orders for drinks to a passing waiter, and points out celebrities as they go by. "Isn't she *pretty,*" he says of Marisol. Of another well-known artist he says, "He's a closet queen," adding, "*I'm* no closet queen." The poet Allen Ginsberg pauses at the table to chat with Ricard, and after he leaves Ricard grumbles about what he took to be a piece of prospective *schnoring* on Ginsberg's part when he looked longingly at our drinks. Several times, I get up to leave, and each time Ricard clamps a hand on my arm. "So, what I was about to say," he begins, and I am obliged to stay. I ask him whether he has been writing poetry, and he replies, "The manuscript of my new poems is in Julian Schnabel's safe. If you want to read them, go to Julian's house, get the manuscript, strap it to your person, and have it Xeroxed." As Ricard speaks, he keeps scanning the crowd for people he knows. I counter-propose that Ricard himself go to Schnabel's house and get the poems out of the safe. "Or are you too busy?" "I have too much to do, and I have nothing to do," he replies. I laugh, and once again get up to leave, and once again I am prevented from doing so by Ricard's desperate clutch. I don't know why he wants me to stay—and I don't know why I do stay. I only know that I am drawn to this Factory-made Myshkin; he is an oddly familiar, possibly anachronistic figure. In his "Not About Julian Schnabel," Ricard wrote about a kind of line that "just gets tuckered out after a while," adding, "The beautiful charcoal smudges and style we can follow from Matisse through de Kooning to Rivers, Serra, and, in its ultimate decadence, to Susan Rothenberg are perfect illustrations." He went on, "Judy Rifka told me that when she was in art school all her teachers drew that way. That was the way you were taught, and no matter how lousy the drawing was it always looked pretty good, like 'art.' " The conventional bohemianism that Ricard embodies may be going the way of the art line he so tellingly describes.

I RECEIVE an acute sense of the newer bohemianism during two visits I pay to the artist Sherrie Levine—first, to her studio, in Little Italy, and then to her apartment, a few blocks away. The studio, on the second floor of a small, run-down commercial building, is a twelve-by-seven-foot room that has nothing in it but a table, four chairs, and a fan. If you know Levine's work, the studio is not a surprise but a kind of inevitability. She is a Conceptual artist, and the Conception for which she first became known, in the early eighties, is a series of twenty-one photographs entitled "After Walker Evans." The photographs bear an uncanny likeness to the famous Farm Security Administration photographs that Evans took of tenant-farmer families in Hale County, Alabama; in fact, they *are* those photographs. Levine wrote away for copies of the Evans photographs to the Library of Congress, which owns the negatives; had them recopied at a commercial lab; and then—following Duchamp—made them her own work simply by signing them. If Duchamp's signed urinals and snow shovels and bicycle wheels redefined art as whatever somebody designates as art, Levine absurdly extended the world of objects that are potential Readymades to include already designated works of art. "After Walker Evans" was succeeded by an "After J. M. W. Turner" series, which was exhibited in London in 1984; it consisted of twenty color reproductions of paintings by Turner which Levine had cut out of an art book, signed, and had matted and framed. When I visit Levine in her studio, she is engaged in a third technique of appropriation: she is tracing reproductions of drawings and paintings by Matisse, Schiele, Léger, and Morandi, and then adding washes of watercolor.

Levine is a pleasant, unmannered woman in her late thirties, with dark, wavy hair, wearing a denim shirt and a gathered skirt, who delivers difficult explanations of her work with such an air of directness and naturalness as to almost cause one to feel that what she is saying is self-evident. Distinguishing between the rephotographed works and the cutout works, she says, "I used to think that the cutout things were the more extreme, but now I think that the rephotographed things are more transgressional. They're more mine. Ultimately, though, all my work is a feminist statement. It deals with the difficulty of being a woman who is trying to create images that are not a product of the expectations of male desire, in a culture that is primarily a celebration of male desire. What I do is to come at the problem through the back door; I appropriate images of male desire as a way of not being co-opted by that desire. I appropriate only the great modern male masters, and I choose only works that I love and value."

We are talking in Levine's apartment, on the fifth floor of an untended tenement—a single long room of bare-boned plainness, where she lives alone, with her cat. There is a bathtub in the kitchen area, and the sparse furniture has a bleak, cast-off character. We sit at the far end of the room, near the windows, in an area of incongruous conventional decorativeness—at a pale wood table, on which a vase of flowers and a spread of bread and cheese and Granny apples has been pleasingly set out. The walls of the room are painted a dull gold. "When I moved in, I painted the walls this way, under the mistaken idea that it would make the place less depressing," Levine says. "It looks more depressing."

"I have heard your work described as melancholy, as a sort of depressed expression of the feeling that there is nothing left to do," I say.

"I wouldn't deny that there is a sadness in the work," Levine says, "though I don't think that's all there is."

"Do you feel that at another time you might have been doing work of your own instead of appropriating the work of others?"

"Or not working at all. I might have been raising babies. I don't have any feeling of destiny about doing this, but it's a choice I've made. I've been an artist since I was a very young child. My mother gave me crayons to keep me quiet. It was an activity that has always emotionally sustained me. I enjoy the solitude of it. There was a period in which I considered becoming a filmmaker—I was very tempted, because in some ways movies are my first love—but then I realized that the communal activity of filmmaking was very different from the solitary activity of making a painting."

"With the tracing and painting you're doing now, you seem to be working your way back into conventional artmaking."

"Well, I never thought that what I was doing was anything *but* that. That's the irony. I have always regarded my work as conventional art objects. They are always presented that way—matted and framed. I have never considered myself anything but a gallery artist. Several years ago, some friends of mine were in Holland, and they were really excited because they saw this show and thought it was my show, and then realized that it was a Walker Evans show. Or sometimes I'm looking through a magazine, and I think, Oh, great, they've reproduced an image of mine, only to see that it's a real Matisse, not one of my appropriations. When I first started doing the appropriative work, a lot of the criticism written about it—much of it in *October*—was based on ideas of the Frankfurt school of philosophy, but somehow I felt that these sociological explanations coming out of Marx were insufficient. I had the intuition that if I started reading psychoanalytic theory I might find more satisfying explanations. Appropriating art is not all that different from wanting to appropriate your father's wife or your mother's husband. It's the same psychological mechanism: the Freudian idea that desire is triangular—you desire what the other desires."

"Are you able to support yourself from your work?"

"For the past few years, I have been. But it's been a long time coming. I'm thirty-nine years old. Previously, I did waitressing, commercial art, some teaching. At that time, my support systems were critical rather than financial. *October* was the earliest of these systems." Levine goes to a ramshackle metal cabinet and brings out some Xeroxes of writings about her work which appeared in *October* and elsewhere, along with some statements that she wrote herself to accompany exhibitions of her work. The statements are stiff and portentous. When, later in the conversation, Levine remarks that she is attracted to the painters of the sublime but can't conceive of herself doing such work, because "I just can't take myself that seriously," I tell her of my sense of the discrepancy between herself and the forbidding writer of the statements, who seems able to take herself *very* seriously.

Levine says, "I know. Many people have said they were surprised when they met me—how different I was from the writer of those statements. The tone of those things isn't right. I guess I get intimidated when I'm faced with writing."

One of Levine's early statements—quoted in part by Douglas Crimp in a 1980 article in *October*—has an arrestingly different character:

> Since the door was only half closed, I got a jumbled view of my mother and father on the bed, one on top of the other. Mortified, hurt, horror-struck, I had the hateful sensation of having placed myself blindly and completely in unworthy hands. Instinctively and without effort, I divided myself, so to speak, into two persons, of whom one, the real, the genuine one, continued on her own account, while the other, a successful imitation of the first, was delegated to have relations with the world. My first self remains at a distance, impassive, ironical, and watching.

The surprise of this passage is followed by an even more astonishing revelation by Crimp: "Not only do we recognize this as a description of something we already know—the primal scene—but our recognition might extend even further, to the Moravia novel from which it has been lifted. For Levine's autobiographical statement is only a string of quotations pilfered from others."

Sherrie Levine's bleak little conceits have stirred the imaginations of some of the art world's most advanced thinkers. Rosalind Krauss, at the end of the extraordinary title essay of her book "The Originality of the Avant-Garde and Other Modernist Myths," in which she magisterially makes her way (with a few French litter-bearers) through the thicket of the discourse on originality set in motion by Walter Benjamin's essay "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," holds up Levine's purloined photographs as a kind of master trope of postmodernism. Another theorist—the critic Benjamin H. D. Buchloh—in an *Artforum* article entitled "Allegorical Procedures: Appropriation and Montage in Contemporary Art," compliments Levine on being "the strongest negation within the gallery framework of the re-emergent dominance of the art commodity," adding, "Her work, melancholic and complacent in defeat, threatens within its very structure, mode of operation, and status the current reaffirmation of individual expressive creativity and its implicit reaffirmation of private property and enterprise." Buchloh goes on to say, "Baudelaire was wrong when he argued that the poetical was necessarily alien to female nature since melancholy was outside the female emotional experience. Enter the female dandy, whose disdain has been sharpened by the experience of phallocratic oppression, and whose sense of resistance to domination is therefore more acute than that of her male colleagues, if they still exist."

Julian Schnabel is believed to be the richest artist working in New York today (there are waiting lists for his paintings), so I am not surprised to learn—when Sischy takes me on a visit to his studio on White Street—that this is only an auxiliary studio to the main one, on Twentieth Street. (There is a third studio at Schnabel's country place, on Long Island.) Schnabel is a large, broad-shouldered man of thirty-five, with a fresh, clear, ruddy face, a direct gaze, and a natural, simple, friendly manner that inclines toward good-natured kidding. A pretty blond assistant meets us at the door and ushers us into a vast two-story loft, where Schnabel, who is wearing dark baggy trousers and a dark turtleneck sweater, awaits us. He leads us to one of two enormous paintings that are hanging loosely from beams high up, and explains that it is painted on a tarpaulin from a truck that he came across on a trip to Mexico the previous year; the truck had broken down on the highway, and Schnabel bought the tarp from the driver for seventy dollars. "That's all I had on me—I would have given him more if I'd had it. I want you to look at those creases and folds, and at those patches." Schnabel adjusts lights to bring out the textures of the weather-worn brown tarp, on which he has painted, in broad strokes of white paint, a monstrous sort of primitive beast-man, with a leering face, an exposed rib cage, and a pair of clawlike extremities; at the top left, the letters "AZ" have been painted twice in red. In the late seventies, Schnabel began to attract notice with his "plate" paintings—he would affix a thick encrustation of crockery to the canvas before starting to paint—and the creased and patched tarpaulin is evidently another expression of his disinclination to start with a blank canvas (or, in Lawson's terms, to be original). An even more striking example of this refusal, which Schnabel shows us later at the main studio, is a series of paintings done on the stage sets of a Kabuki drama, which a friend sent him from Japan. These are six panels bearing delicately colored, stylized scenes of trees and flowers, over which, like a vandal, Schnabel has done brutish Expressionist drawings in thick, dark strokes. If Sherrie Levine's reverent little thefts are "transgressional," what are we to call Schnabel's rude violations? As Schnabel directs a strong young assistant to turn the heavy Kabuki sets this way and that, he keeps up a line of easy, agreeable, anecdotal patter about his work. What he says doesn't make too much sense; it isn't "hard," it's just talk—one has to say something to people who come to one's studio. Schnabel shows us an enormous amount of work—his output of the year—with the modestly pleased air of a successful entrepreneur. His energy and enterprise seem boundless; he tries all kinds of things in all kinds of figurative and abstract styles, and everything has a look of bigness and boldness and confidence. One work has a discrepant look of insignificance: it is a white shag rug on which a black-and-brown cross has been painted. I ask him about it, and he says something cheerfully vague about how the rug had been in a summer house he had rented, and had got stained, so he bought it from the owner.

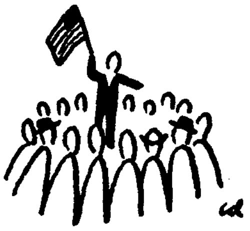
MEN
WORKING
IN
TREES
Albert Hubbell

I recall the first time I met Schnabel, at the opening of the Museum of Modern Art's show of international contemporary painting, to which I had gone with Sischy: she and I were standing before a Schnabel abstraction—done on cowhide, with a pair of antlers sticking out of it—when Schnabel himself appeared. Positioning himself behind Sischy, with his hands on her shoulders, he gazed fondly at his work and said, "I bet you're the only person at this opening who is having her back rubbed by the artist whose picture she is standing in front of." Now, in the studio, he talks about the "objectness" of his work. I ask him if he is using the word in the sense in which Michael Fried used it in his famous essay "Art and Objecthood," first published in *Artforum* in 1967. Fried's difficult, profound meditation on the threat to art posed by what he called literalism (more commonly called Minimalism) is a sort of culminating aria, sung from the ground with the knife in the chest, of the enterprise known as formalist art criticism. It is an extraordinary performance—written in the driest, densest, most disdainful language, and yet permeated by an almost hysterical emotionality. As Fried's argument develops, it becomes a kind of allegory of good and evil—good being modernist painting and sculpture, which seek to transcend or "defeat" their "objecthood" (the canvas and paint, or the stone, metal, or wood they are made of) and thus achieve the "presentness" of true art; and evil being literalist painting and sculpture, which embrace their objecthood and thus degenerate into the inartistic condition of "theatre." Schnabel says he doesn't know Fried's essay, and asks me what it is about. After I tell him, he nods, and says with devastating carelessness, "All that is the language of another generation. We don't use language like that today. We're a different generation. We're interested in different things."

Edit deAk lives on Wooster Street, in a loft (clearly not designed by an architect) with a shabby, functional, and only slightly, and rather haphazardly, funky appearance. She herself is a striking, good-looking woman of thirty-eight, with shoulder-length bright-red hair worn in bangs, who dresses in vivid, interesting clothes that have a sense of quotation marks around them. She speaks with an East European accent in a low, melodious voice, and as she speaks she has a trick of moving her stiffened right hand up and down, in a tender chopping gesture. She likes to play Nabokovian games with language (her speech and writing are filled with terms like "ego beaver" and "tour de farce"), though when she did gallery reviewing for *Artforum* in the seventies, she curbed her Pninisms and confined herself to straight, opaque Artspeak. But now, under Sischy's permissive reign, she denies herself very little and writes pieces entirely composed of epigrammatic, near-scrutable paragraphs, such as the following, which appeared in an article entitled "The Critic Sees Through the Cabbage Patch":

> In the contrast of scale, small imagery in large surroundings becomes all powerful when it is happening and speedily traversible when it is not. Tiny gland-sized figures, capable of being fondled, emphasize their secret porno charm as tiny emblems of hidden desires. Like makers of Oriental porn, the Italian telescopes, allures, and funnels with a sense of security in codes which give comfort like the reliable conventions of the geisha. The German closes up; shoved in your face is a violent eruption reflecting our Judeo-Christian body guilt. They just can't mix.
>
> Sandro Chia has spread his work too thick.
>
> Dial *Q* and *A* (like in Questions and Answers) for Quotation and Appropriation. Dial *T* for Terminal Terminology. Again the terms engender a limitation on thinking about the issues. "Quotation" is anchored as a quicky, and Appropriation as mere antics. These terms are not comprehensive enough to deal with the realm involved: it makes it all seem like a klatch of bourgeois plagiarisms. We should be contending with counterfeit gestalt (Gesamtkunstpatch, in cabbage-patch terms). Asking, where has the original of the whole world disappeared to? Has Rammellzee taken it to the Van Allen Belt?

During the seventies, deAk and Walter Robinson, an artist, co-edited a magazine named *Art-Rite*, a messy, impudent, sort of in-house organ of the New York avant-garde. Printed on newsprint, published irregularly, and run with an ironic sort of amateurism ("Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, and you don't even have to enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope to get them back," an editorial notice read), it observed the large and small movements of the advanced art scene of the seventies at a very close, somewhat blurring range. Although Sischy's *Artforum* is more formal, more professional, more like a real magazine than *Art-Rite* ever approached being, it has never entirely abjured the samizdat quality of *Art-Rite* and the other rakish little magazines of the period, such as *Heresies* and *Just Another Asshole*, whose spirit Sischy immediately recognized as her own. Attempting to characterize this spirit, and not doing too badly, Rene Ricard once remarked, "Ingrid put cheapness into *Artforum*." My own objective correlative for the special demotic strain that runs through Sischy's magazine is the cover of the Summer, 1981, issue, which she herself conceived. Other Sischy covers have made a bigger stir—for example, a famous cover featuring a sulky model wearing a remarkable long black evening dress (by the Japanese designer Issey Miyake) whose bodice was a kind of rattan cage—but this one shows Sischy putting the cheapness into *Artforum* in a particularly artful way. At first sight, it looks like a work by a post-modern Conceptualist; in fact, it is an arrangement of twelve blue-and-white paper takeout coffee containers. Eleven of them show a lumpish discus thrower posed beside a Doric column that supports a bowl containing the Olympic Flame; the twelfth container, centrally placed, is turned to show its other side, which bears the message "It's Our Pleasure to Serve You." Ricard's piece "Not About Julian Schnabel" appeared in that issue, and while Sischy was selecting the illustrations for it she was suddenly struck by the preposterous similarity between a Schnabel painting called "Blue Nude with Sword" and the picture on the coffee container she was drinking from; the cover was the result.



When I visit deAk in her loft, she brings out a bottle of wine and two glasses and says, "I always thought I did *Art-Rite* to defy the idea of art magazines. I spent the best years of my life doing it, for free. In my mind, it was a project to undermine art. Mine is an anarchistic, negative feeling. I don't believe in anything until it is proven—and I don't like proving. *Artforum* is a magazine that comes out every month. My mentality is not used to that. I spent my entire life not being anybody, defying schedules, not having a job. At a moment when you are what job you do, people are constantly saying to me 'Who are you?' and it's a question I can't answer."

Another of deAk's nonremunerative activities was serving on the board of Printed Matter, a publisher and distributor of avant-garde art books, which is where she met Sischy, then the director of the firm. "Ingrid sort of stabilized everything at Printed Matter," deAk recalls. "She got it out of chaos, out of the bowels of the board. There's no 'no' to her. When she was at Printed Matter, the two of us used to go and see if we could get corporate support for certain projects. I'll never forget the time when we went to the Xerox Corporation, in Rochester. I got up that morning to dress, and I was scared to death. I didn't know how you go in to see a corporation, so I put on the best dress I thought I had—all frills and shiny—and I looked like some kind of overdressed person who hadn't gone home the night before. As for Ingrid, she was wearing this badly cut three-piece man's blue suit. We were staying with Ingrid's parents, and when Ingrid's mother saw us coming down the stairs in the morning, ready to go on our executive trip, she just broke down laughing.

"Ingrid's father is one of the three doctors I've met whom I actually think of as a human being. He considers the totality of a person. The mother is brilliant, kind of filigreed, and fast, but with a soft edge, never stabbing. They're radical thinkers. Their ideology is really complex. They know so much. Their way of thinking is so much more contemporary than mine that I would have expected them to be weirdos, but they're not. They're completely regular people; they completely fit into society. They're exquisitely civilized.

"I had written for *Artforum* for four or five years before Ingrid came, so I knew the other regimes, and they were very different. Ingrid centered the whole operation on herself. The previous editor didn't. He was a very quiet person who sat at his desk, and the office was very quiet, and the manuscripts came in. He regarded the job as, sort of, 'O.K., here is my desk, and here comes a manuscript, and I'll take care of it.' When Ingrid got into the office, there was no desk left unturned. She checked everything. The smallest note didn't leave that office without her checking it. She was even friends with the night cleaner. But when I say that she centered the whole operation on herself I don't mean that she was building herself up. If you look at the jobs that Ingrid has had, they were always concerned with the projects of others. She's just the opposite of a hustler. She's not going to hold up a cue card and say, 'This is what I am.' She will not guide you to her. She will show you the irrigated areas of the Nile. Her achievement is like that of the Nile—the fertilization of a certain area of culture."

A WEEK after the Summer issue has gone to press, Sischy takes me to the fifth-floor studio—in a commercial walkup on Canal Street—of a pair of Russian-Jewish émigré artists named Alexander Melamid and Vitaly Komar, who collaborate on satiric paintings done in the style and employing the iconography of Socialist Realism. Melamid, a slight, thin, dark, quick man of around forty, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and jeans and running shoes, looks like any number of boyish New York Jewish or New York Italian men. Komar is fat, looks much older than Melamid but isn't, has a dark beard and small, cunning green eyes and red lips—a minor character out of Gogol, probably a horse trader.

The studio is bright, noisy from the traffic on Canal Street, and bare. Several large canvases are propped against a wall, their faces inward. (A year later, at a large SoHo gallery, I see them unveiled: brilliantly sharp-sighted pastiches of old, modernist, and last week's postmodernist paintings, with an occasional Stalin or Hitler thrown in as a kind of signature.) Komar and Melamid lead Sischy and me to a group of wooden chairs near the Canal Street window and bring a bottle of seltzer water and white plastic cups, and a basket of red apples that immediately evoke Mother Russia. After a minimal amount of desultory small talk, the two men abruptly plunge into a philosophical argument about the nature of time. Do we live in a space between past and future or are we perpetually in the past? Melamid argues that the present exists. No, Komar says, the present does not exist; there is only the past and the future. They argue back and forth, speaking very rapidly in accented English, and gesticulating vehemently. Then, like a pair of house cats aimlessly walking away from a fight, they simply stop arguing. Melamid shrugs and says, "We always argue like this." Komar smiles benignly. He speaks worse English than Melamid, who often corrects his pronunciation in a brotherly way.

Melamid tells us of the great discovery that he and Komar made in Russia before emigrating here, in 1978. While other Russian artists publicly did Socialist Realism and secretly worked in advanced modernist styles, he says, "it dawned on us that Socialist Realism could itself be a vehicle for avant-garde art." Komar tells of an American friend in Russia who brought them a can of Campbell's soup as a work of Conceptual art. "One day, there was nothing in the studio for a snack, so we ate the soup," he says. "It was not a bad snack." "It was bad," Melamid says. "It was not bad," Komar says. They start another animated debate, one that soon gets into art theory, the condition of art today, the situation of art in New York. As this argument, too, begins to peter out, Melamid sighs and says, "We sit here, and we talk, and I think, 'Where is *life* in all this? Life! Life!' We go at things obliquely, to the side," making a gesture of ineffectuality with his hand, "instead of straight, like this," pounding his fist into his palm. He continues, emotionally, "Last year, I woke up in a hotel room in Amsterdam. There was a woman in my bed. I looked in the mirror and saw that my eyebrows were gray. I saw that I was forty."

"You got that from Chekhov, you faker," I say to myself. I am no longer charmed by this pair. I find their performance tiresome, calculated. I look over at Sischy, who is enjoying herself, who thinks they are "great," and I ponder anew the question of authenticity that has been reverberating through the art world of the eighties. The feeling of mistrust that Komar and Melamid now arouse in me is the feeling that has been repeatedly expressed, within and without the art world, about the work of Julian Schnabel, David Salle, Francesco Clemente, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Keith Haring, Robert Longo, Cindy Sherman, and the other new stars who have emerged into prominence during the past five years. In a long poem, published in *The New York Review of Books* in March, 1984, that was modelled on Pope's "Dunciad" and entitled "The Sohoiad: or, The Masque of Art, A Satire in Heroic Couplets Drawn from Life," Robert Hughes, the art critic of *Time*, brought this feeling to a brilliant, splenetic apogee. Lashing out at artists, dealers, critics, curators, and collectors alike, he offered a vision of the contemporary art world as a Bosch-like inferno of greed, fraud, hype, and vacuity. After dispatching "Julian Snorkel," "Jean-Michel Basketcase," "David Silly," and "Keith Boring," among others (and treating Snorkel—"Poor SoHo's cynosure, the dealer's dream, Much wind, slight talent, and vast self-esteem"—with special savagery), Hughes went on to mordantly inquire:

L
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Who are the patrons whose indulgent glance
The painter craves, for whom the dealers dance?
Expunge, young Tyro, the excessive hope
Of gathering crumbs from *Humanist* or *Pope:*
No *condottiere* holds his exigent sway
Like MONTEFELTRO upon West Broadway—
Instead, mild stockbrokers with blow-dried hair
Stroll through the *soukh*, and passive snuff the air.
Who are the men for whom this culture burgeons?
Tanned regiments of well-shrunk *Dental* Surgeons . . .

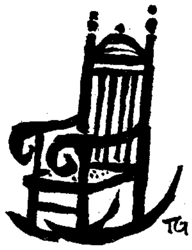
When I showed the poem to Sischy, she was not amused. "Forgive my lack of a sense of humor," she said, "but what I see in that poem is just another reinforcement of stereotypes about the art world. It's like a Tom Stoppard play, where you have an entire Broadway audience snickering about things they haven't understood. It makes outsiders feel clever about things they know nothing about. *The New York*

Review is a magazine I really respect—I respect its editors and I respect its audience—but this poem reflects the gap that exists between the serious literary audience and the serious art audience. Hughes' overwhelming message is that all of today's art is worthless, that the whole art world is a bunch of frauds and grotesques. I would agree with him that about half of what is being produced today is worthless, but I get worried when everything and everyone are lumped together and jeered at. That's too easy."

SISCHY's fascination with what's difficult sometimes leads her into incoherence and opacity, as in a recent special issue of *Artforum* called "the light issue." It was conceived (according to an editorial by Sischy and Edit deAk) as a response to "the failure of the recent spate of big international shows to intelligently meet the development of contemporary art, and . . . their tendency instead to carelessly throw all 'the names' together in an expensive but cheap hanging spectacle of so-called international pluralism." The alternative it offered its readers was a survey of international art (the issue had no articles and was made up entirely of reproductions of paintings and photographs, some of them created specially for the issue), based on the common denominator of light. The issue left its readers utterly mystified. Since light, perforce, is the common denominator of *all* visual art, something other than the mere statement of this truism must have been intended—something less obvious and more particular to contemporary art—but to this day no one knows what it was. The light issue included, among other works, photographs by Joel Meyerowitz of moonlit water, ink-and-watercolor drawings by Agnes Martin of horizontal bands and lines; a Neo-Expressionist painting by Enzo Cucchi of a piano playing itself on a vast white plain; a cryptic five-panel figurative work by Komar and Melamid; a fold-out four-page spread by Francesco Clemente showing a pair of monstrous creatures emitting a sort of white gas from their posteriors; a photograph by Weegee of lightning in Manhattan; photographs of a set from Paul Schrader's film "Mishima;" a photograph of a starving African child vomiting. These were followed by a page of "shadow captions," whose explanatory texts only deepened the enigma of what all these works were doing together and what they were saying about light. The caption for Clemente's contribution, for example, read:

> The pink raybow of light dawns on you as the ribbon of the wrapping unfolds the tales of light about never being able to see all light at once. You can only get the heads and tails of this if you reshuffle the wrapping to cover the adjoining body of the riddle getting an ellipse of the senses; you have to have blindness to have insight.

The light issue has become a famous, interesting failure of Sischy's—people in the art community talk about it indulgently, as if speaking of the endearing foibles of a beloved, brilliant child. Sischy herself has no regrets about it, and of all the issues she has produced it may be the one that most tellingly elucidates the character of her editorship. Its mysterious amorphousness is akin to her own boundless and restless energy. She is the Ariel of the art world, darting hither and yon, seeming to alight everywhere at once, causing peculiar things to happen, seeing connections that others cannot see, and working as if under orders from some Prospero of postmodernism, for whose Gesamtkunstpatchwork of end-of-the-century consciousness she is diligently gathering material from every corner of the globe as well as from every cranny of the East Village. Sischy not only travels to the big international art expositions, such as the Venice Biennale and the Kassel Documenta, but will impulsively get on a plane to check out a show in London or Paris that she thinks the magazine might want to review. She will spend a week in Spain or Italy recruiting reviewers and writers; she will fly out of town to give a talk at a museum or a university; she will journey to Japan on an exploratory mission for some possible future inscrutable special issue. While in New York, she tries to see as many as possible of the fifty or sixty gallery and museum shows that open every month, to attend as many openings and after-opening parties as possible, and to pay as many studio visits as she can.



During this ceaseless activity, Sischy remains unhurried, relaxed, and strangely detached. "In a world where all kinds of people—from editors to curators to collectors to dealers—want control, where control is of the essence, she doesn't seem to want it," the critic Donald Kuspit observes to me over a drink at a bar near Gramercy Park. Kuspit is a fifty-one-year-old professor of art history at Stony Brook who has been writing art criticism of a dense prolixity for *Art in America*, *Arts*, and *Art Criticism*, as well as for *Artforum*, for the past dozen years. He goes on, "She's not looking to be the Archimedes of the art world, with a lever that can move it. I think one of the things she realizes is that that whole way of thinking is obsolete. She's smart. There's a kind of canniness to her, what Hegel calls 'the cunning of reason'—insofar as there *is* reason in the art world. Frankly, I think the art world would be a terrible place without her. It would be a macabre place. Even as it is, it's a dreadful place. The megalomania that is rampant among artists is unbelievable, and so is the self-importance. Bankers must be the same, but the cry for attention from artists—the ruthlessness of their sense of what is due them—is extraordinary. When I first moved to art criticism, which was a natural extension of my work with Adorno in critical philosophy, I had a great need to concretize the importance of art. Now I go through bouts of wondering whether art isn't just a matter of fashion and glamour. The artists are getting younger by the minute, and, increasingly, anything with a little flip to it gets visibility. It used to be that when art was made, people would be unsure of its value until—slowly, through all kinds of critical discourse and debate—the art would acquire cultural significance. And *only then* would people arrive with money and say, 'I want that.' Now—and I think this started with Pop Art—there's money waiting like a big blotter to blot up art, so that the slightest bit of inkiness is sponged up. That's a very hard thing to keep a distance from. Ingrid walks around it. She doesn't let her magazine serve as a little subservient blotter for whatever powers there may be. She is fearless. Nobody owns her, yet she doesn't give offense because of that. I'm not saying that the editors of the other art magazines are owned, but somehow this free-spiritedness seems a more vivid part of Ingrid—almost as if she doesn't want to be owned even by herself."

DURING the year that Sischy and I have been meeting for interviews, she has been unsparingly frank about herself. She has confessed to me her feelings of self-doubt and inadequacy, she has told me stories of rejection and mortification, she has consistently judged herself severely. At the same time, she has not been altogether uncritical of me. I have not lived up to her expectations as an interlocutor. She fears that I do not understand her. As I ponder this tension between us, a story that she told me early in our acquaintance comes back to me with special weight. It was an account of a small humiliation—one of those social slights that few of us have not in our time endured—that she had suffered the previous day at a public lunch honoring a sculptor from Texas who had done a work for the city. Sischy had sat down at a table next to a stranger, a sleek, youngish man who, as soon as they had exchanged names, turned away from her and began talking to the person on his other side. The guests at the lunch were from both the art world and the city government, and this man was a city politician. "He was clearly disappointed that someone who looked like me should have sat down next to him," Sischy told me. "I could see him thinking, 'What a waste of a lunch!' I considered getting up and going to sit with some people I knew at another table, but then I thought, 'No, I'll stay here.' A little later, a woman who had sat down on my other side asked me my name, and when I told her, she figured out who I was, and she was very interested. And then two people across from me figured me out, and they started talking to me. And eventually this guy, taking it all in, said, 'I'm terribly sorry—I didn't get your name.' So I told him again, and the woman beside me told him what I did, and his whole manner changed. He suddenly became very interested. But he'd lost me by then." Sischy told me this story with no special emphasis—she offered it as an example of the sexism that women still regularly encounter—but I obscurely felt it to have another dimension besides its overt one. Now, a year later, the latent meaning of the story becomes clear to me: it is a covert commentary on Sischy and me. I had formed the idea of writing about her after seeing *Artforum* change from a journal of lifeless opacity into a magazine of such wild and assertive contemporaneity that one could only imagine its editor to be some sort of strikingly modern type, some astonishing new female sensibility loosed in the world. And into my house had walked a pleasant, intelligent, unassuming, responsible, ethical young woman who had not a trace of the theatrical qualities I had confidently expected, and from whom, like the politician at the lunch, I had evidently turned away in disappointment.

In a charming and artful essay of 1908 entitled "A Piece of Chalk," G. K. Chesterton writes about taking some brown paper and colored chalks to the Sussex downs on a fine summer day to do Chestertonian drawings of "devils and seraphim, and blind old gods that men worshipped before the dawn of right, and saints in robes of angry crimson, and seas of strange green, and all the sacred or monstrous symbols that look so well in bright colours on brown paper." But as he begins drawing Chesterton realizes that he has left behind "a most exquisite and essential" chalk—his white chalk. He goes on:

> One of the wise and awful truths which this brown-paper art reveals is that . . . white is a colour. It is not a mere absence of colour; it is a shining and affirmative thing, as fierce as red, as definite as black. . . . Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers; virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain or a particular smell. Mercy does not mean not being cruel or sparing people revenge or punishment; it means a plain and positive thing like the sun, which one has either seen or not seen. Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc. In a word, God paints in many colours; but He never paints so gorgeously, I had almost said so gaudily, as when He paints in white.

Since Chesterton wrote these bubbly words, the world has seen two world wars and a holocaust, and God seems to have switched to gray as the color of virtue—or decency, as we are now content to call it. The heroes and heroines of our time are the quiet, serious, obsessively hardworking people whose cumbersome abstentions from wrongdoing and sober avoidances of personal display have a seemliness that is like the wearing of drab colors to a funeral. In "Why I Write," George Orwell said, "In a peaceful age I might have written ornate or merely descriptive books, and might have remained almost unaware of my political loyalties. As it is, I have been forced into becoming a sort of pamphleteer." One feels about Sischy that at another time she, too, might have been less grave, less morally weighted down, and more vivid. She told me that as a child she had been extremely naughty and wild. What remains of this naughtiness and wildness finds expression in the astonishing covers, the assertive graphics, and the provocative special issues of *Artforum*. Just as Sischy's personal mutedness is the byproduct of an Orwellian sense of cultural crisis, so her vision of contemporary art is shaped first by societal concerns and only secondarily by aesthetic concerns. Her interest in the Neo-Expressionist painting that is coming out of Germany today, for example, is bound up less with the painting's aesthetic claims than with its reflection of the anguished attempt of young German artists and intellectuals to come to terms with the Nazi past. Sischy once said to me, "My greatest love is Conceptual art. I may be even more interested in thinking than in art." She added, "Rene and I used to have an argument. He'd say something like 'Well, that work is really beautiful,' and I'd say 'So?' and he'd say 'Well, you hate art if you say "So?" about something being beautiful,' and I'd say —and I've come to realize that it's more complicated than this—'Well, maybe I just hate art when the only thing going for it is that it's beautiful.' "

—JANET MALCOLM

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

◆

SCIENTIFIC PROGRAM
THE AMOROUS DEATH OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Presenter: John Munder Ross, Ph.D.
Discussants: Jose E. Barchillon, M.D.
Ellen Handler Spitz, Ph.D.

A psychoanalytically informed exegesis demonstrates that Romeo and Juliet, which seems a story of love endangered from without, a "tragedy of fate," is also very much a drama of inner tragic flaws. It is about neither innocence betrayed nor the romantic absorption and tenderness of young love. Rather the drama has as its secret theme a singular aspect of erotic union—its *savagery* when denied. The play tells of regression and de-differentiation, of the violence inherent in the frustrated femininity of men and of their savagery once they taste of blood in a woman's beauty and then are kept from it. In a primitive compromise, Romeo yearns for morbid engulfment, for a liebestod which would obliterate the inevitability of separateness and selfhood along with the boundaries between love and destruction, life and death. Shakespeare's is a preoedipal tragedy portraying intrapsychic conflict in the form of primal ambivalence.—*Announcement of a meeting of the Association for Psychoanalytic Medicine, in New York.*

So there, William Shakespeare!

AN ENGLISH CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS

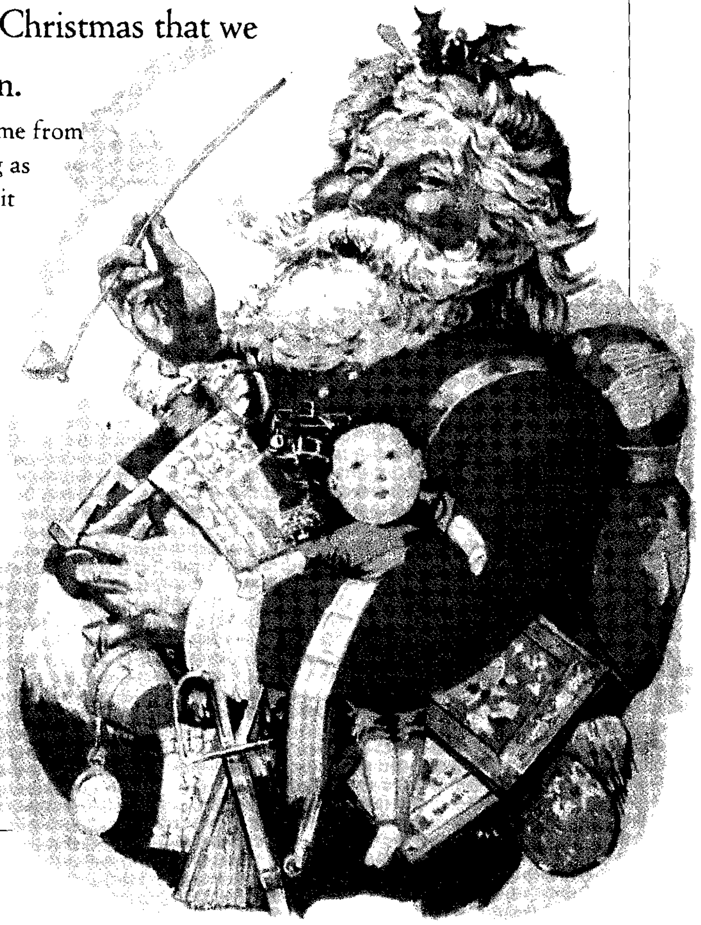
Illuminations (above) brighten Trafalgar Square's Christmas tree. The tree is sent from Norway each year, in thanks for Britain's support of the Norwegians during World War II. Father Christmas (below right), as rendered in a famous illustration by Thomas Nast.

The first thing we Americans should probably understand about the English Christmas is that our American Christmas is, by and large, an English Christmas. The Christmas that we celebrate is an English invention.

Though many of our holiday customs come from other lands—some from places as far-flung as Turkey, Italy, Scandinavia, and Germany—it was the English who strung together these ornaments of the season into the generous festival of light, decoration, music, and gifts known as Christmas.

Why does the English Christmas weave such a magical spell? Somewhere deep inside, many of us are convinced that the heartiest and the merriest of all Christmases was the holiday that Dickens and Thackeray immortalized: the Victorian Christmas. Gently falling snow, roaring fires, hot punch, "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," plum pudding; this is the *real* Christmas.

This is as it should be. The Victorians—those amazing emotional hybrids of family sentiment and social callousness—essentially created Christmas.



CHRISTMAS AT HARRODS

There's no finer place to revel in Christmas shopping in London than at Harrods, where one finds all the English Christmas delights wrapped into one glorious package. As with a pilgrimage to any of England's great castles or cathedrals, one must set aside a full day to take in all the sights at Harrods.

With its motto, "Omnia, Omnibus, Ubique" ("All Things, For All People, Everywhere"), it seems fitting that Harrods draws an average of 50,000 customers per day—and that's not just during the holidays. Harrods, which was established in 1949 by Henry Charles Harrod, is located on London's Brompton Road, on a four-and-a-half-acre site that holds one building with 230 departments. Exports represent over 40% of Harrods' total sales, and it's no wonder that many of those items go to the United States. Harrods accepts American dollars over the counter (to the value of $200), along with American credit cards and personal checks.

Distinctive exports read like a modern-day dilettante's version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas": a gazebo to Saudi Arabia; a refrigerator to Finland; a Persian carpet to Persia (Iran); six Harrods bread rolls (30p each) to New York; a 35p handkerchief to Los Angeles by air freight—which, in itself, costs £17.50; a replica of a 1901 Ford to an Arab sheik; a pound of sausages to a yacht anchored in the Mediterranean; a fossil, originally excavated in Texas and bought by Harrods, sold to a Texan who took it back to Texas; and all breeds of dogs (shipped worldwide).

This year, Harrods promises a 'White Christmas.' Shimmering white snowscapes, complete with reindeer and gift-laden sleighs, will glisten from the store's windows beneath the glow of Harrods' 11,000 Christmas lights. The theme will be echoed within the great building, most notably in the Alpine Village Square and in the Toy Kingdom's enchanted forest.

Father Christmas, who will be at Harrods beginning Saturday, November 29, will reside in a grotto in the depths of a fairytale castle. Visitors will explore a labyrinth of rooms, each one bustling with a team of animated characters, before meeting the jolly old elf in his magnificent throne room.

After a journey through Harrods' great halls, you can do as the English do: Sit back and enjoy a traditional three-course Christmas luncheon in the Georgian Restaurant (commencing December 2).

THE PURITAN WHO STOLE CHRISTMAS

By decree of Oliver Cromwell, Christmas was not celebrated in 1652. Cromwell's Puritan Parliament objected to the pagan origins of many of the holiday's most popular rites. From a strictly religious standpoint, they were right to do so.

No one really knows when Christmas Day was officially placed in late December, but it was probably in the third century. The date was, of course, chosen in Rome, the center of the only Christian religion of the time. It coincided (the Church of Rome was often pragmatic about such things) with the celebration known as Saturnalia, an ancient Roman holiday marked, as were several other traditions, by the exchange of gifts and the decoration of a tree specially cut down for the occasion.

December 25th also was celebrated as the date of the annual resurrection of the Persian sun god, Mithras. Mithras was worshipped by the legions of troops who had subdued the Celts to bring the British Isles under Roman sway.

THE LIGHTS OF CHRISTMAS

A sure sign of an English Christmas is the glow of Christmas lights. Christmas illuminations will provide a sparkling vision to Oxford Street shoppers, from November 6 through January 6. The Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square will be lighted from December 11 through January 6.

AN ENGLISH CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS

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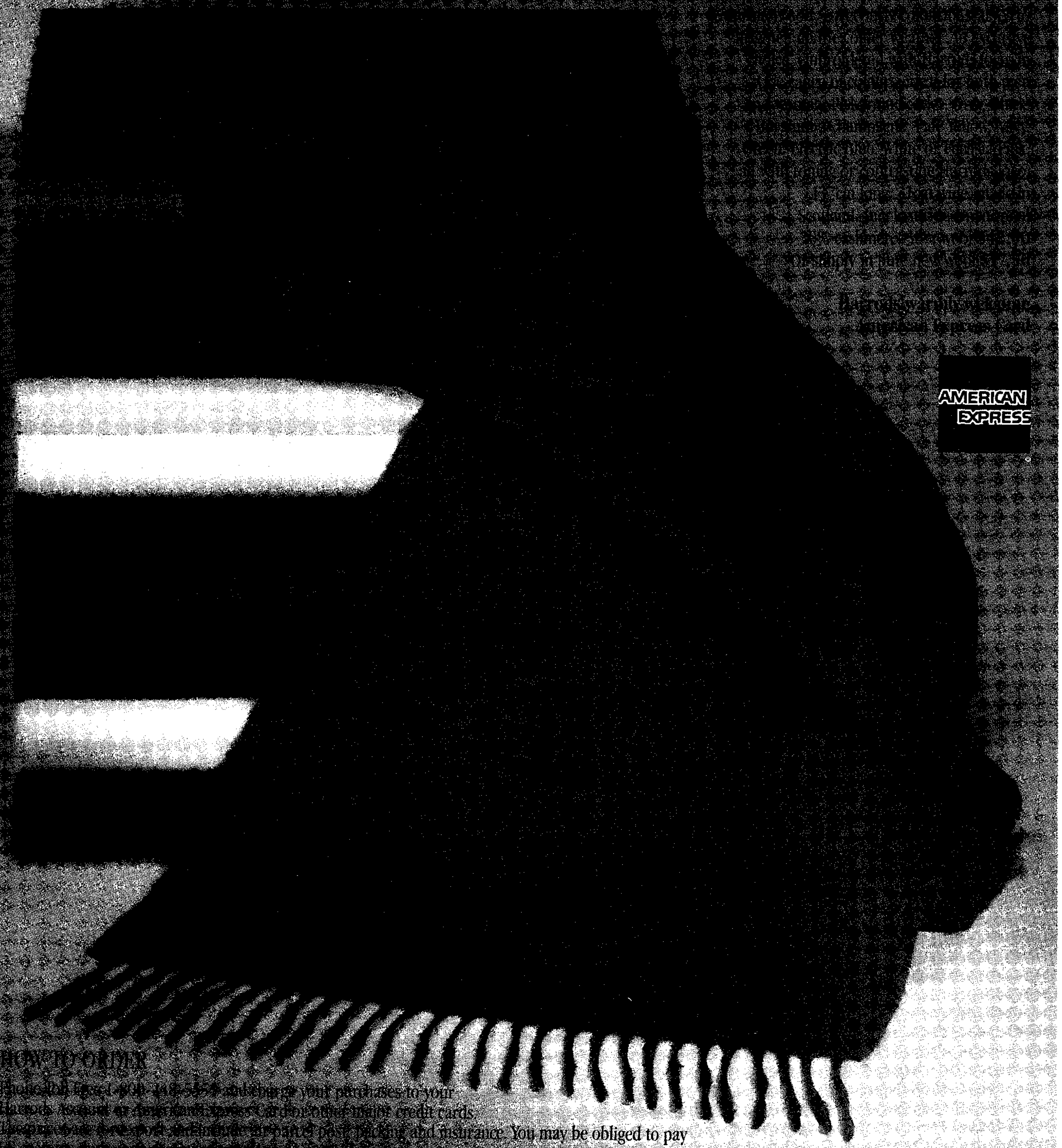

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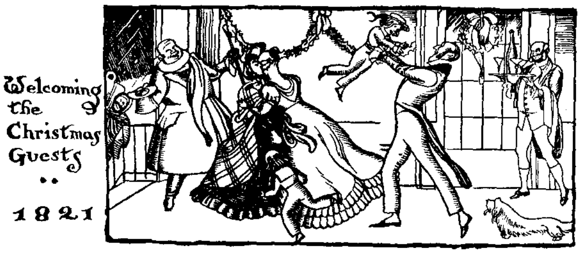
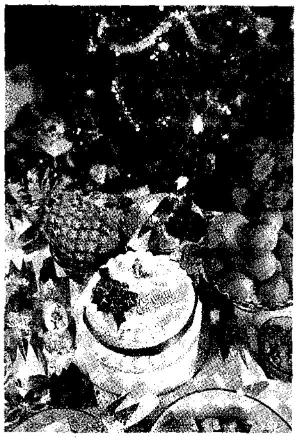
Many Mithraic temples have been unearthed in England, most of them found directly beneath early Christian churches; it was policy for Britain's first great evangelizers to co-opt the real estate, as well as the holidays, of earlier religions.



And furthermore, Saturnalia and the Mithraic holy days coincided with the ancient British celebration of the midwinter festival, often referred to as "Yule." Pope Gregory the Great (after whom the glorious Gregorian chant is named) in the year 601 instructed St. Augustine of Canterbury, his missionary to the Anglo-Saxons, to stake a claim to Yule and to transform it into the celebration of Christmas.

It's more than likely that both the Roman and Mithraic origins of the date given to Christmas were unknown to most seventeenth-century Englishmen. Nevertheless, many other customs, that were celebrated widely throughout the English countryside as well as in the supposedly far more sophisticated cities, deeply troubled Cromwell and his staunch Puritan followers.



Victorian England was known for its *ample Christmas feasts, which* supposedly traditionally included a boar's head, plum pudding, and mince pie. In centuries past, a wassail bowl was filled with a Christmas punch and taken around to homes by villagers, singing carols and asking for alms.

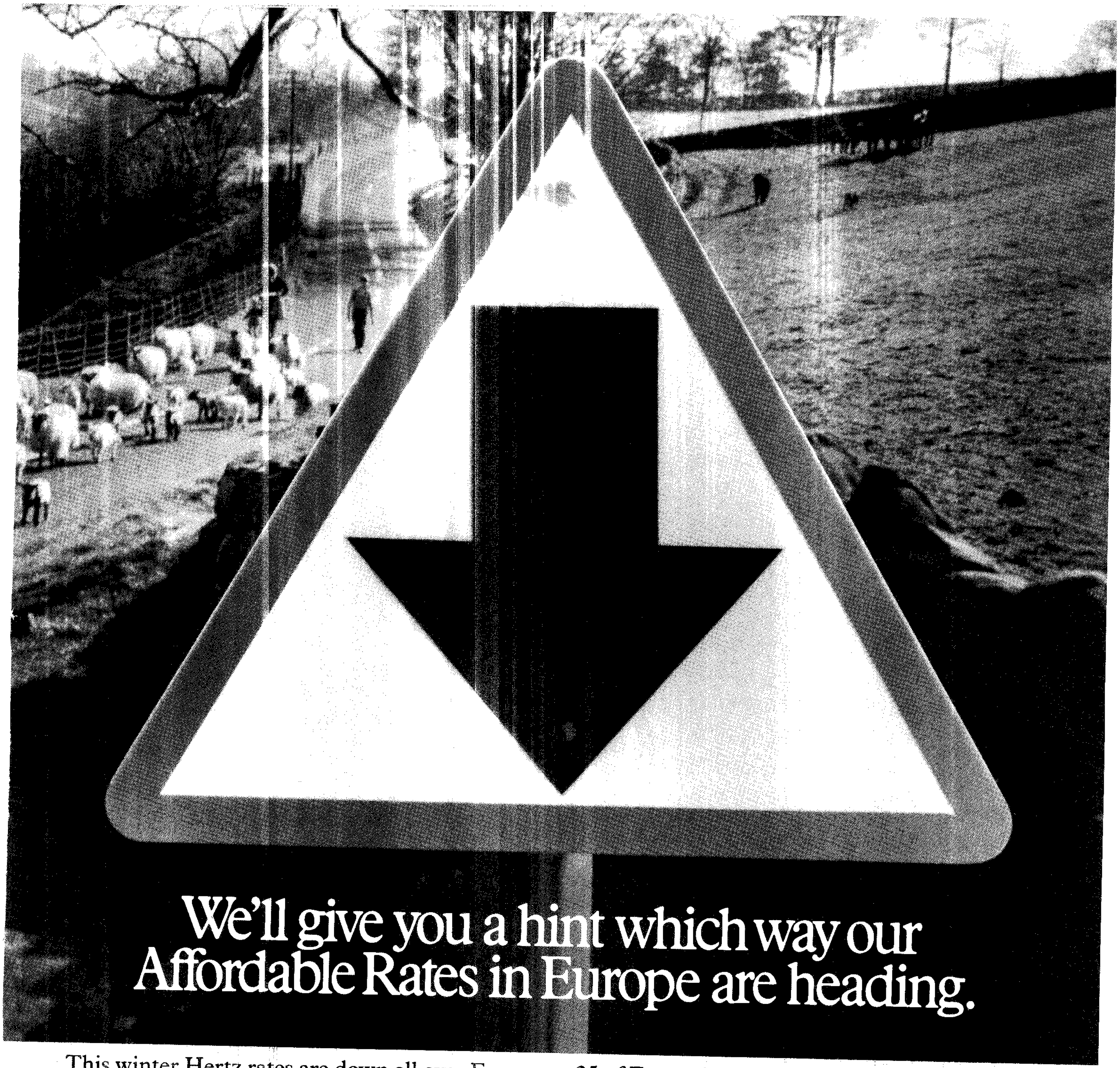
"Decking the halls" with small branches of greenery—especially in churches—inspired a special abhorrence in the Puritan breast. Mistletoe was particularly disdained because it had played an essential role in the pagan fertility rites later considered a sacrilege. (This historical association still lives today, in a milder form, in the tradition of Christmas kisses stolen beneath the mistletoe.)

Holly was equally problematical to the Puritans. In its elaborate Christian interpretation, the three leaves were seen as a symbol of the Trinity and the plant's natural red and green color scheme as emblematic of the death and rebirth of Christ. But holly had played an important role in the feast of Saturnalia and was renowned throughout pre-Christian Europe for its highly magical powers—powers that supposedly could bring good dreams to the sleeper wise enough to hang a substantial sprig at the head of his bed.

There was much more in the English Christmas to scandalize a Puritan conscience. But between the time of St. Augustine, in the early seventh century, and that of Cromwell, in the middle of the seventeenth, devout English men and women celebrated Christmas joyfully for more than a thousand years. As is often the case, good habits die hard. The holiday continued to be observed, illegally at first and on a greatly diminished scale even after the Puritans lost power. When the Victorians sought to revitalize it two hundred years after Cromwell, their rediscovery of the celebration struck a resounding chord in the hearts and spirits of the British public.

SINGING THE SEASON

In his day, English writer Charles Dickens was a great reformer. He championed the cause of children, established the nineteenth-century equivalent of a halfway house for "fallen women," and fought tirelessly against the exploitation of the poor. He also wrote four Christmas books, and in the greatest of them, *A Christmas Carol,* many of his most radical themes are sounded. The *Carol,* surprising even its author, opened some formerly hardened Victorian hearts to the plight of the poor; a popular Christmas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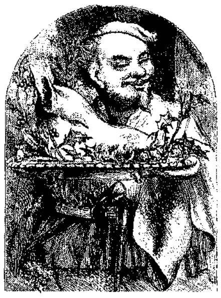


Before turkey became (by way of the U.S. and France) traditional holiday fare, the boar's head had been—since pagan times—the quintessential Christmas dish, sacred in parts of northern Europe.

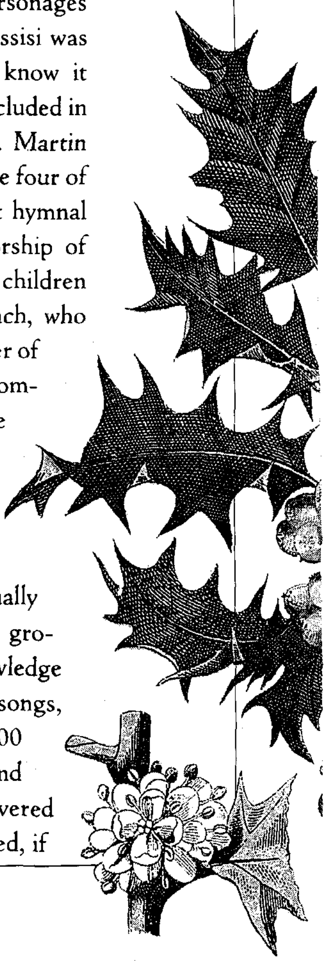
card published in 1844, the year after the *Carol's* publication, showed a prosperous family celebrating in its center, flanked on either side by children clothed in tattered rags, as a reminder to help the needy.

When *A Christmas Carol's* protagonist, Ebenezer Scrooge, scratching away at his account books late on Christmas Eve, has his mercenary train of thought derailed by an impoverished carol singer, he responds by threatening the bedraggled would-be musician with a heavy ruler. Scrooge's attitude toward Christmas notwithstanding, his reaction tells us something about how low the once-venerable custom of singing Christmas carols had sunk during the first half of the nineteenth century when the *Carol's* author, Charles Dickens, was still just a mere boy.

Music had been inextricably bound up with the season dating back to the second century A.D., when "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung in the churches of Rome to celebrate the birth of Christ. (At the time, however, the observance seems to have fallen in March.) And we have the word of St. Jerome that music played a prominent role in the Christmas services of the fifth century.

Several prominent religious and historic personages figure in the history of caroling. St. Francis of Assisi was long considered the father of the carol as we know it because of the joyous music he and his followers included in the celebration of Christmas at Greccio in 1224. Martin Luther, who sang in a Catholic choir as a boy, wrote four of the eight hymns in the first published Protestant hymnal and was long credited (erroneously) with authorship of "Away in a Manger." A carol Luther wrote for his children later caught the interest of Johann Sebastian Bach, who orchestrated its melody. Charles Wesley, the brother of John Wesley, was probably history's most prolific composer of carols: All told, he gave the world more than 6,500 of them, including "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."

The first published collection of English carols appeared in 1521. The songs were also printed singly on "broadsheets," which were usually illustrated, and sold briskly across England. To a grocer's assistant named Richard Hill we owe our knowledge of the most venerable of all secular Christmas songs, "The Boar's Head Carol." Between the years of 1500 and 1536, Hill wrote the words to the carol in a kind of diary, or "commonplace book," which was discovered in 1850. The song commemorates the time-honored, if

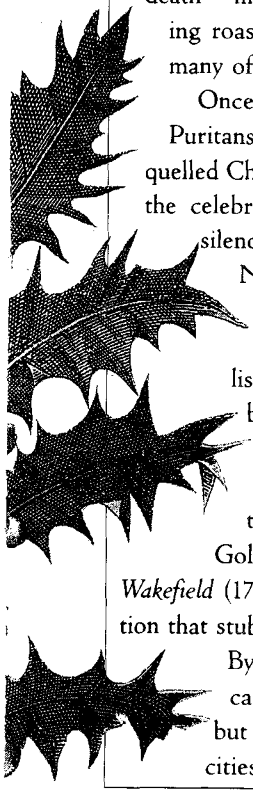


somewhat grisly, practice of capping the Christmas feast with a roast boar's head, served on a platter complete with an apple wedged in its mouth. The custom, originating in Oxford, is a vestige of an incident that purportedly occurred in the twelfth century when an Oxford student, charged unexpectedly by a wild boar while strolling in the woods, stopped the beast cold with a well-aimed edition of Aristotle that providentially choked the boar to death—much as the prospect of eating roast boar's head might choke many of us today.

CHRISTMAS TRAVEL IN BRITAIN

The old-fashioned Christmas is alive and well throughout merry old England! But visitors to England in the holiday season should make reservations long in advance. Travellers should be sure to arrive at their Christmas Day destinations by Christmas Eve, as transportation is scarce on December 25, and on Boxing Day, December 26.

Once again we may point to the Puritans as the "grinches" who quelled Christmas; when they banned the celebration of the holiday, they silenced the carolers as well. Nevertheless, the songs continued to be sung privately here and there: publishers furtively cranked out broadsides for distribution, much as nineteenth-century anarchists printed their tracts; and Oliver Goldsmith in *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) describes a congregation that stubbornly clings to its carols. By the nineteenth century, caroling was no longer illegal, but it had become, in the larger cities, the province of beggars



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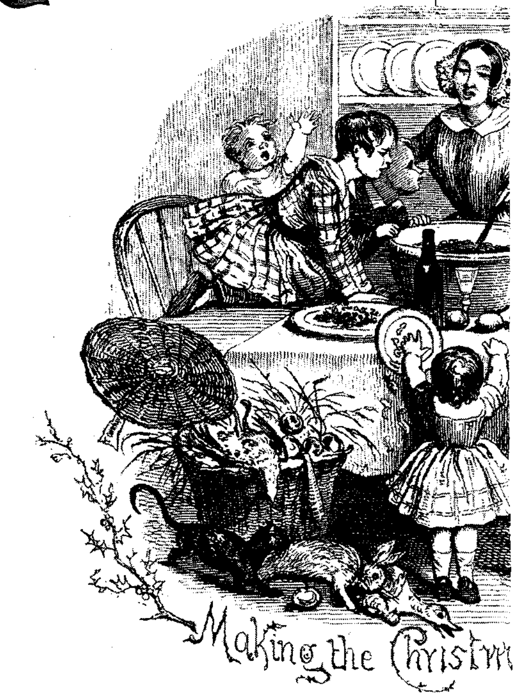
Otherwise known as 'plum pudding,' Christmas pudding is a mix of rich, sweet, fruity, and meaty ingredients. Although the recipe creates a taste so spicey or pungent that only the hardiest souls can stomach it, Christmas pudding has, for centuries, remained the most necessary of family traditions—as rendered in a merry Victorian sketch (right).

Sending Christmas cards (below right) to friends and relatives is a more recent development in Christmas traditions. Often, the cards celebrate the more humorous side of Christmas: Kissing under the mistletoe (yet another custom rooted in pagan celebration) is, perhaps, the most celebrated subject.



such as the one Scrooge threatens with his ruler. Scholarly interest in the custom revived, and collectors combed Great Britain seeking out Christmas songs just as American ethnologists later tracked down folk songs in the Appalachians. Several books of carols were printed early in the century, and by 1843, the year that Dickens chose *A Christmas Carol* as the title of his first and most famous Christmas book, his contemporaries had once again enshrined music as one of the proper glories of Christmas.

THE TREE OF LIGHT

The decorated tree was a relatively late addition to the English Christmas, but the tradition was an ancient one elsewhere in the world. The Romans had hung pretty trinkets on trees to celebrate Saturnalia. (Virgil noted the practice.) To people throughout pre-Christian Europe the evergreen, miraculously lush even in the dead of winter, had symbolized the coming rebirth of the earth in springtime.

The medieval Germans were probably the first to associate the tree with Christmas. A chronicle from the fourteenth century describes the "paradise tree," apparently a pine tree decorated with apples that represented the Garden of Eden's tree of knowledge in miracle plays. These short, moralistic dramatic presentations of scenes from the Bible drew crowds from miles around to the cathedral courtyards every Christmas and were among the important predecessors of the modern theater.

Martin Luther was long said to have been the first to illuminate the Christmas tree. As a young man, the story goes, he was going home to his family one Christmas Eve

udding
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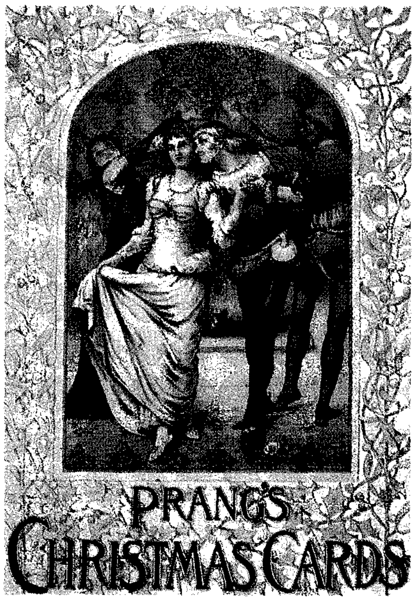
when he was struck by the beauty of the brilliant winter stars, glimpsed through the branches of the pine forest through which he was walking. Upon reaching his home he tried to explain to his wife the profound effect the sight had had upon him, but he was so touched, his customary eloquence deserted him. He went back out into the night, cut down a fir tree, and brought it back inside. He placed most of the household candles on it's branches and lit them, giving rise to a custom that eventually spread throughout most of Protestant Europe.

It now seems that Luther deserves no more credit for the illuminated tree than he does for "Away in a Manger," but he *was* largely responsible for popularizing the custom. By the nineteenth century, the lighted tree was common throughout Germany and Scandinavia, Austria, France, and Poland. The Germans, in the persons of the British royal family,



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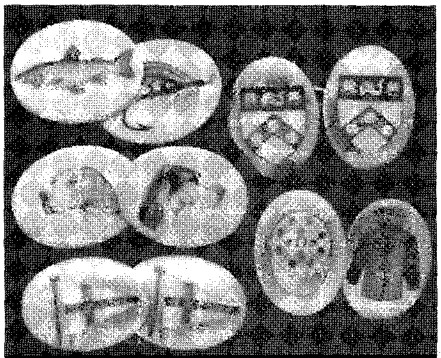

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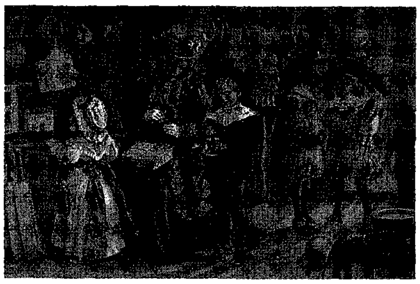


first introduced the brightly lighted tree to England.

The first tree ever decorated in England may have been in the home of a German woman named Princess Lieven, who delighted her children with the novelty in 1829. But the tree that made the custom a staple of the British Christmas season was the one erected in 1841 (two years before *A Christmas Carol*) at Windsor Castle by Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. The British public, who followed the royal family's holiday celebrations as breathlessly as today's London tabloid readers follow the royal romances, were delighted by a newspaper etching of Victoria, Albert, and their children admiring a richly decorated tree standing on a table. Christmas-tree fever struck England almost immediately, and Dickens wrote a delightful description of just such an ornamented tree in 1859.

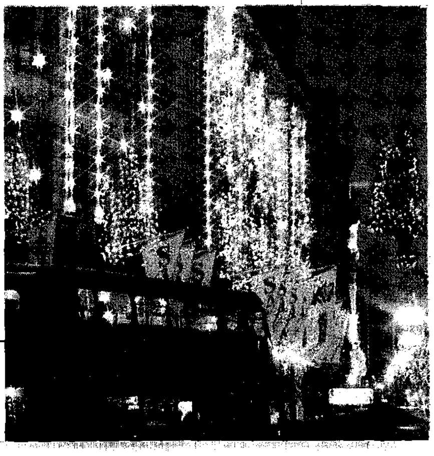
The widely distributed etching reached America in 1842, helping to perpetuate the trend that eventually would alarm Teddy Roosevelt. But by then some innovative Americans had been setting up trees for almost eighty years; they were following the examples set by some of their German neighbors—and also of the dreaded Hessian mercenaries who had celebrated around the Christmas tree throughout the years of the Revolutionary War. In fact, a Hessian celebration of excessive proportions had helped to ensure Washington's victory after his death-defying crossing of the Delaware on Christmas night of 1776.

THE GROANING BOARD

Christmas is a feast of plenty in the midst of winter. Long before the midwinter festival was adopted as a Christian holiday, people all over Europe sat down to the most substantial meal circumstances allowed to mark the earth's midway point on its journey toward spring. The Christmas feast dinner many of us will enjoy this December has had a long and curious history. Here is a short collection of samplings from Christmas feasts, some

Gift-giving harks back to ancient Rome's feast of Saturnalia. Although gift-giving was shunned by early Christians, who believed it to be a pagan practice, the custom was later revived in observance of the gifts of the Three Kings.

Today, gift-giving is the most joyous of holiday traditions, and England displays the finest selection for all shoppers. From Regent Street (right) to Savile Row, or Brompton Road to the Burlington Arcade, London offers a wealth of gift choices. Better yet are the post-Christmas sales that benefit those who stay in London through the holidays.



of which travelled across the Atlantic and some of which, for reasons that will be apparent, did not.

Drinking as a social custom is certainly not unique to Christmas, but the Victorians brought to their Yuletide imbibing a creativity and sense of adventure seldom equalled before or since.

Imagine, if you will (or can) a large bowl of hot dark ale, mixed with a bottle of Madeira, a pound of brown sugar, cinnamon, ginger, sliced lemons, and roasted apples. That's the basic recipe for the most famous of all Christmas drinks, wassail, which has played a central role in the season's festivities for more than 1500 years. The drink is supposedly so memorable (as well as potent) that legend says it brought about the unlikely marriage of the great fifth-century king of the Britons, Vortigern, and a beautiful Saxon maiden called Rowena. One sip of her wassail, and Vortigern purportedly lost his royal heart.

Hot red wine, sugar, and the ubiquitous apples are the ingredients of smoking bishop, the drink over which Scrooge and Bob Cratchit seal their new friendship the day after Christmas. Although hot

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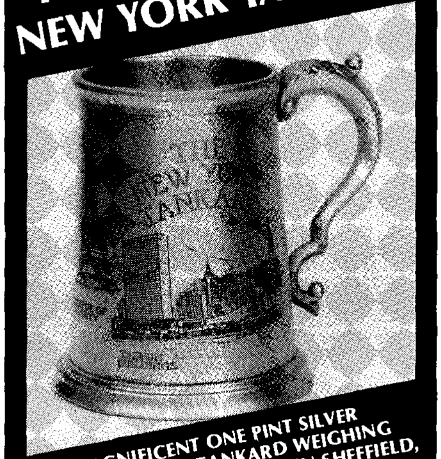

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alcoholic concoctions such as these tempting drinks are seemingly perfect for cold climates, this Victorian preference never really took hold in even the chillier areas of America.

Eating was, and is, one of the high points of the English Christmas, and no one wrote about elaborate and lovingly prepared Christmas dinners more appetizingly than did Dickens—most memorably, of course, in *A Christmas Carol*, when he shows us the Cratchits at home. The Cratchit feast, though, is held under straitened circumstances. Traditionally, the English have devoted much of their Christmas energy to some truly prodigious feats of eating.

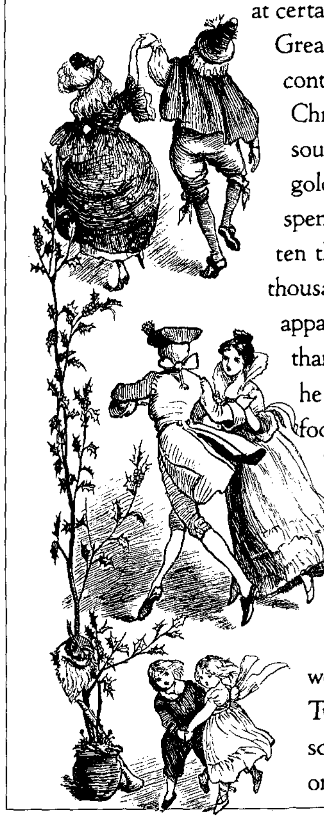
The boar's head has already been mentioned, but that delicacy is a dieter's trifle compared with the trencherman's excesses committed in the name of Christmas at certain times in English history. King Alfred the Great, for example, served food more or less continuously throughout the twelve days of Christmas, and those hundred or so fortunate souls in the inner circle ate from plates of solid gold and silver. In the fourteenth century, the spendthrift King Richard II threw a dinner for ten thousand that employed no fewer than two thousand cooks. The militant Henry V was apparently no less heroic at the banquet table than he was on the field at Agincourt: In 1415 he gave a five-day glutton's dream at which food and drink, we are told, were consumed "with the most furious zeal and rapidity."

By the time of Henry VIII and his daughter, Elizabeth I, the royal Christmas banquet had evolved into an eight-to-twelve-hour affair that usually began around noon. Often twelve courses were served as a symbolic reminder of the Twelve Apostles. Since fresh vegetables were scarce in mid-winter, the menu leaned heavily on protein, and it was not unusual for a single

ENGLISH CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

Lessons and carols services—most notably that of the Kings College Choir, which is nearly impossible to attend but can be heard in broadcast—are a source of pride for many English churches. They are heard in the two weeks prior to Christmas. Renowned English actors become mummers, for light-hearted musical comedy performances of eight or nine traditional Christmas tales. Many hotels offer Christmas packages that provide all the merry Christmas pageantry of Victorian England.

The merriment of Christmas in Victorian England has long been maintained by a tradition of holiday singing, dancing, feasting, and shopping. Visitors will find an array of opportunities to take part in the holiday revels and Christmas travel packages offered at hotels and inns throughout English cities and country villages.



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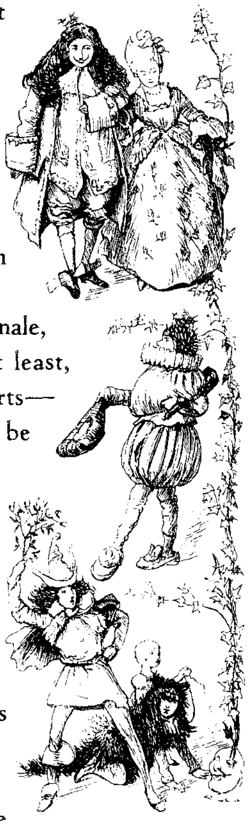
meal to have five or six meat courses: everything from venison and rabbit to pork, mutton, chicken, goose, swan, and even peacock.



The grand finale, dessert—or, at least, *one* of the desserts—was certain to be mince pie. The original mince pie is an ancient recipe indeed, dating from the early Middle Ages. It was also called "shred" or "shredded" pie and it required the minced or shredded flesh of game birds and hares. Probably the largest mince pie ever baked was in 1770 for Sir Henry Gray. Into it went a whole aviary—geese, blackbirds, pigeons, partridges, turkeys, and ducks, plus a hare or two for variety.

The fashion for gigantic Christmas desserts also took root briefly in America: the recipe for Martha Washington's Christmas cake calls for forty eggs and four pounds of butter, to name a few ingredients. Fortunately, the fashion had passed, by the close of the Victorian era.

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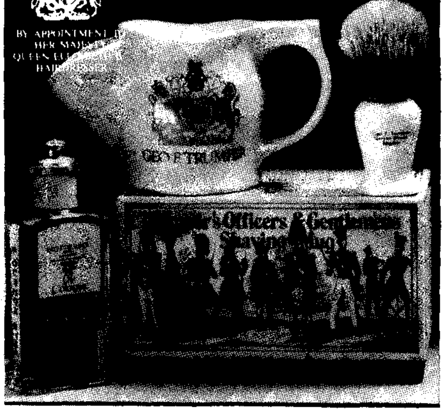
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JAZZ

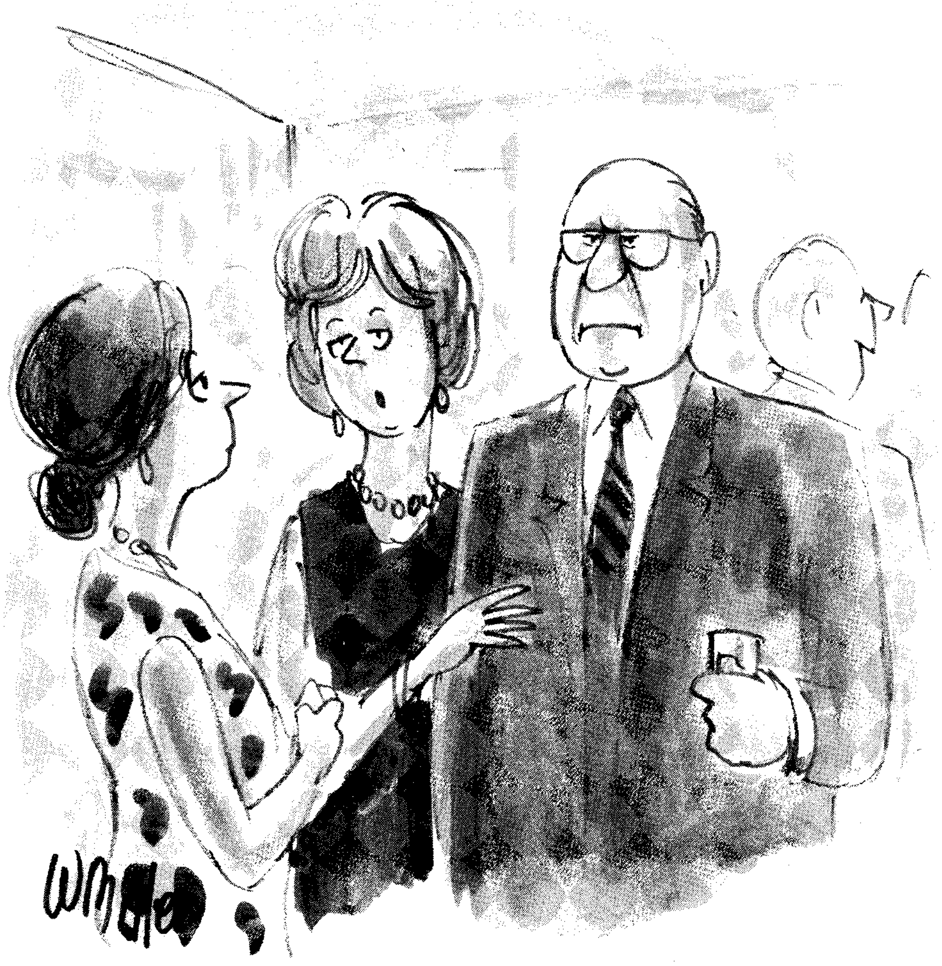
Two in One

THE singer Joe Williams says he is six feet one, but his stilt legs, football shoulders, and pedestal-like shoes (13EEE) make him look several inches taller. So does the way he stands onstage—loose and tilted slightly back, the microphone held to one side, his free arm crooked or moving in lazy arcs. He has a tall face, too. His forehead is high and is crowned by a graying, cropped Afro, his eyes are large and wide-set, and he has a long, serious nose. His big chin cups his face. Good actors are rarely good singers, but good singers are often good actors. Expressions flow across Williams' face: his eyes flash, his teeth light the back of the house, his mouth clamps shut between stanzas, making a quarter-mile curve. Williams has an enormous bass-baritone. It is the sort of voice that was developed, like Bessie Smith's and Joe Turner's, from singing in large spaces without a microphone. But it is not a Paul Robeson voice—all bottom and ballast. It is lilting and flexible. It moves swiftly and lightly from a low C to a pure falsetto. It moves through glottal stops and yodels and delicate growls, through arching blue notes and vibratos that barely stir the air. Williams is two equally accomplished singers. One is the famous blues singer, and the other is the almost unknown ballad singer. Between 1954 and 1961, Williams, having come out of near-obscurity, sang the blues with the Count Basie band, making great hits of Memphis Slim's "Every Day I Have the Blues" and Leroy Carr's "In the Evening." The always astute, tuned-in Duke Ellington, in his autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress," wrote of Williams:

> I first heard him in Chicago. He was singing around for a while with Jimmy Noone, and at that time he was a very good ballad singer. He sang beautiful sweet songs, and whatever he sang he sang magnificently, but he never got a real good break . . . Joe Williams was still waiting for his break when he turned to the blues. He was no imitator of other blues singers, but he sang real soul blues on which his perfect enunciation of the words gave the blues a new dimension. All the accents were in the right places and on the right words . . . Since those days with Count Basie, he's been going stronger and stronger. Held higher and higher every day in the ear of the listener, he ain't looked back since.

Williams the blues singer had modelled himself chiefly on Joe Turner, whom he first heard in 1938. "Joe Turner opened it up more than anybody else for me," he has said. "He was a handsome man then, a statue of a man, and he'd just stand there and belt it out." Williams sings the blues with great elegance. His diction is clear, and his emotions are held close to the chest. His blues offer cool jubilation. He is, despite his admiration for Joe Turner, a successor to Basie's Jimmy Rushing, whose blues suggested morning coats and striped trousers. But Williams comes down on the right beats, and he swings even harder than Turner and Rushing, who liked to be legato. The other Joe Williams is just coming into the light. His ballads have none of the on-the-mountain quality of his blues. He trims his voice to make it fit the size of the song. He sings songs as written, he uses a careful vibrato, and he keeps his voice conversational. His ballad singing has the smoothness and comfort of Nat Cole's; the melody he spreads before you doesn't have a nub or a wrinkle. That the two Williamses exist peacefully side by side is almost unique. (Billie Holiday was at ease with both popular songs and blues, and so to a lesser degree was Louis Armstrong. Ray Charles makes everything a blues.) Blues singing and ballad singing are in many ways antithetical. The blues are incantatory and have little melodic content. You can almost chant them. The best ballads come close to art songs, and they demand dynamics, rhythmic subtlety, and a high melodic sense. Blue notes and the very form of the blues carry their emotional weight, and garbled lyrics don't matter much. But a ballad's lyrics are half the reason for singing the song, and they must shine with meaning. The emotions in blues singing are primary, and the emotions in ballad singing are kaleidoscopic. A blues singer is as important as his blues, but a ballad singer should get out of the way of his song, giving the impression that it is practically singing itself.

One afternoon during an engagement at the Blue Note, Williams sat in



"This is my husband—Horace (I'll Have You Know) Thornsby."

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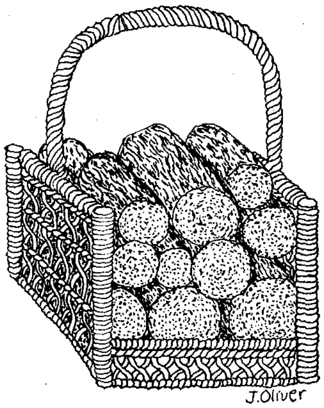
GOLDEN TULIP
BARBIZON

his hotel room and talked about his life and his music.



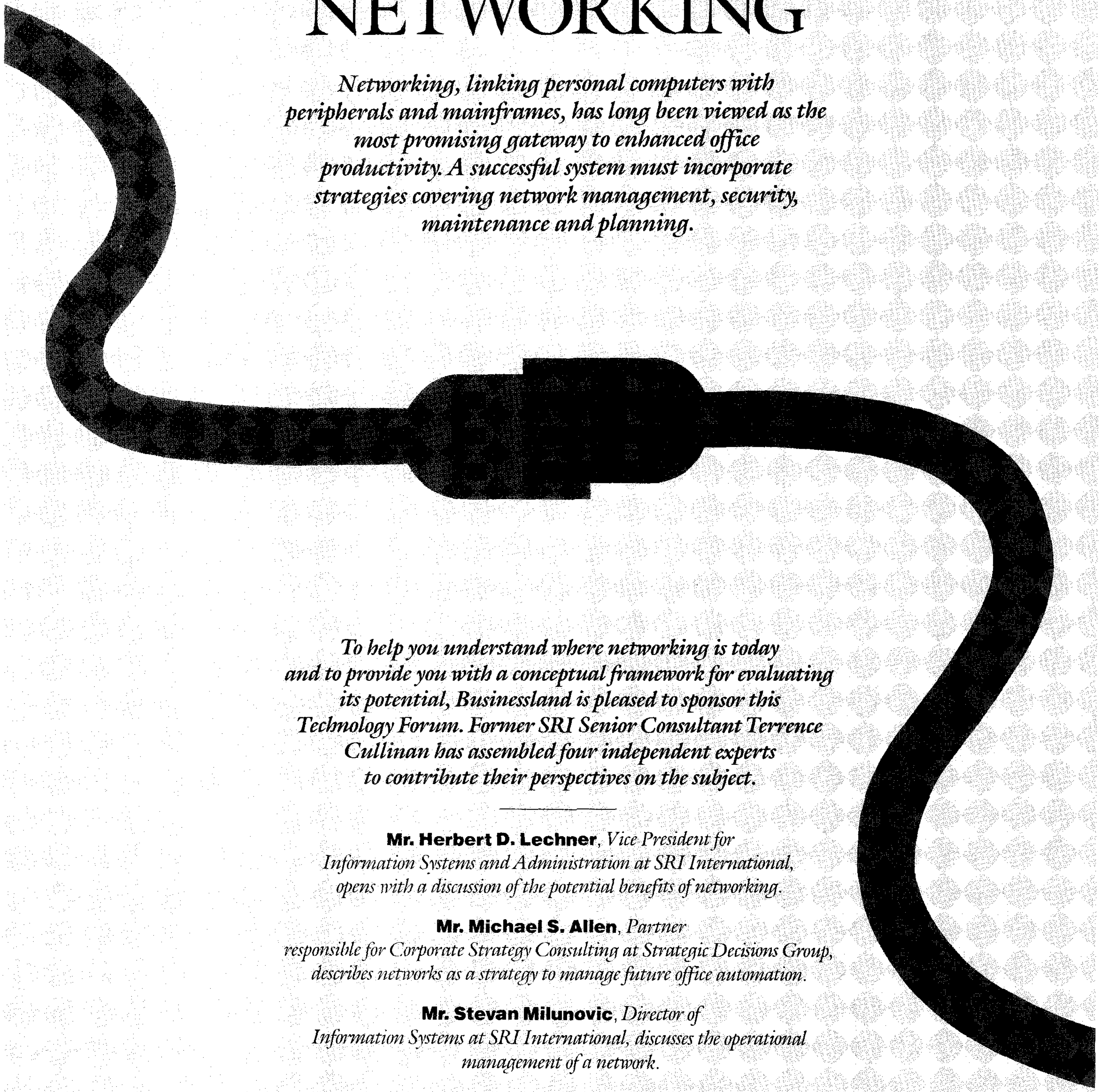
"I was born an only child, on December 12, 1918, in the little town of Cordele, Georgia," he said. "My born name was Joseph Goreed, but my mother and aunt and grandmother chose the Williams for me when I was sixteen, and I adopted it legally later. When I was three, I was taken to Chicago by my grandmother. My aunt and my mother, who was working as a cook, were already there. I don't remember my father at all. My mother always told me that she was determined I wasn't going to be raised in ignorance. And she never intended to find out what my father might or might not do for me. Anyway, we never heard a word from him. There was a great exodus from the South to Chicago in those days. Most people took the train, and those who couldn't walked. At first, we lived with the Reverend Jay and his family. Reverend Jay had been a guest in our house in Georgia. We ended up on Wabash Avenue in the Fifty-six block. A Mrs. Seams lived next door—Mother Seams, she was called—and she had a tennis court and croquet, so I learned tennis and croquet. My mother was the love. She was soft and gorgeous—but strong. She was five feet two, and she sang and played the piano. She and my aunt sang in church every Sunday—St. Paul's Colored Methodist Episcopal. My mother would take me to rehearsals at church and to symphony concerts in Grant Park. I had a stepfather—James Mason. He and my mother were together over forty years. I went to the Austin Otis Sexton grammar school. It was predominantly white. I played soccer and handball and touch tackle. It was more interesting to me to elude than to use my bulk to bruise someone. I was very aware of all sports—the 1932 Olympics, the great Bronko Nagurski, what was happening in football at Ohio State and Notre Dame, boxers like Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri and Tony Zale. Summers, I'd sell peaches and apples and eggs door to door. I attended Englewood High School. In my sophomore year, they discovered a spot on my left lung, and they collapsed the lung. I went back to school, and stayed a little over a year, but I never graduated. I had done some singing with a quartet called the Jubilee Boys when I was fourteen, and when I was sixteen I got a job in a club called Kitty Davis's—I was tall enough to get away with it. I was there about eight months, and I was the only black person in the place. I sang all the pop songs of the time—'Once in a While,' 'For You,' 'You Can Depend on Me.' I had been listening to everybody—Herb Jeffries with Earl Hines, Perry Como with Ted Weems, Ivie Anderson with Duke Ellington, Dan Grissom with Jimmie Lunceford, Pha Terrell with Andy Kirk, and Louis Armstrong, who was playing with Erskine Tate at the Vendome Theatre when I first heard him. He was in the pit band, and the only thing you could see was the bell of his horn pointing up. But you could hear that grand sound, so full of feeling—the epitome of jazz. I listened to classical singers, like Lawrence Tibbett. I'd even try to sound like him. I didn't care for the tenors, but I did listen to Bruno Landi. And, of course, I listened to Ethel Waters. She sang with more feeling than anyone else. I first heard her in a broadcast from the Cotton Club. She was singing Harold Arlen, and Duke Ellington was accompanying her. I found out right away that it took a special perception to understand what she was doing. She was not for your typical beer-drinking crowd. I think Ella Fitzgerald sounds more and more like her the older she gets. I also sang at dances in black ballrooms. The musicians would take up a collection for me. They had winter formals and summer formals, and they *were* formals—ladies in their beautiful white gowns, men in tails. Juggs was the top club, and the Savoy was the top ballroom. Johnny Long's band played at the Savoy—not the white Johnny Long but the black one—and sometimes Basie or Lunceford. You could be assured you'd get four thousand people.

"In 1937, I joined Jimmy Noone's twelve-piece band. Jimmy would play alto saxophone in the ensembles. He was in charge. He knew exactly what he wanted. He never raised his voice, but he'd frown if anything went

The Businessland Technology Forum

NETWORKING

Networking, linking personal computers with peripherals and mainframes, has long been viewed as the most promising gateway to enhanced office productivity. A successful system must incorporate strategies covering network management, security, maintenance and planning.



To help you understand where networking is today and to provide you with a conceptual framework for evaluating its potential, Businessland is pleased to sponsor this Technology Forum. Former SRI Senior Consultant Terrence Cullinan has assembled four independent experts to contribute their perspectives on the subject.

Mr. Herbert D. Lechner, *Vice President for Information Systems and Administration at SRI International, opens with a discussion of the potential benefits of networking.*

Mr. Michael S. Allen, *Partner responsible for Corporate Strategy Consulting at Strategic Decisions Group, describes networks as a strategy to manage future office automation.*

Mr. Stevan Milunovic, *Director of Information Systems at SRI International, discusses the operational management of a network.*

Mr. Donn Parker, *Senior Management Consultant for Computer Security at SRI International, concludes by addressing developments in network security.*

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The Network as Sharer

A large retailer's executive functions were being done at stand-alone terminals with considerable duplication of effort and no ability to share meaningful data or interact with the organization's mainframe computer.

A needs analysis indicated that productivity would be sharply increased if accounting and forecasting data could be shared and if executive functions could communicate with each other in real time and across all areas. The analysis suggested electronic mail, shared financial spreadsheets, and mutually compatible word processing would yield highest results.

Thirty IBM Personal Computer XT's and IBM Personal Computer AT's were developed as workstations and servers with an IBM 3270 gateway connected to the mainframe host. As prospective users had no experience with the equipment, training was done prior to network installation. Installation took about three weeks and was done without interrupting ongoing functions. A service contract on the equipment was provided as part of the program.

Total installation cost was about $120,000, and provided each user with full PC functionality and access to the company's mainframe. Users now also have access to IBM Pageprinters as high end printers, and share through the server all tape back-up functions. The system has functioned for eight months with virtually no down time, has realized significant dollar savings and permitted the reassignment of five people to other departments.

Network Benefits

"As information systems technology becomes more pervasive, the potential for computer networks to enhance business productivity becomes even more significant. The role of management is to understand and evaluate the benefits of connectivity, provide overall direction, and to demonstrate leadership through personal use of electronic mail, information sharing and other network applications."

The installation of local area networks can result in the evolution of the "personal computer," from a small stand-alone resource to what might be called the "company computer," a workstation which can dip into and transmit information from individuals and systems in multiple locations. The overall benefits available to a company through networking its computers can include:

- ***Shared resources.*** Networks provide a fast, secure, convenient way for intradepartmental and interdepartmental data sharing. Network users may also share high performance peripherals such as laser printers, high capacity hard disks and dedicated servers for communications.

- ***Faster communications.*** Users of electronic mail have the opportunity to communicate ideas and information more rapidly and easily, communicating simultaneously with other network users.

- ***Improved data accuracy.*** Networks have the potential to eliminate the redundant entry of data, which is expensive, slow, and subject to error at each entry. With networking, data is entered once, and retrieval of information is available from a single, accurate data base.

- ***Greater efficiency.*** By transmitting data electronically, support staff and managers' time to manually transfer information is reduced, thereby enhancing productivity. In addition, time spent communicating via meetings, or by telephone, can be reduced with shared access to information through the network.

- ***Reduced obsolescence.*** Networking reduces the possibility of equipment obsolescence through its ability to tie older and newer equipment together via the network. This creates an opportunity for high utility of older equipment by providing access to the total resources of the network.

- ***Improved computing management.*** Networks make corporate computing manageable. Traditionally, computing in a company was planned and managed by controlling information system resources: the computers and the applications systems development groups. Personal computers have dispersed this system making it difficult to manage information in a cohesive central fashion. Networking now permits management to broaden the capability of each terminal user, and simultaneously reassert overall management of the information system, through the power of network connectivity.

In the not-too-distant future, voice and data will combine in all aspects of personal computer use. They will be integrated into "compound documents"—part voice and part data—and provide yet further benefits to networking.

Establishing an overall networking strategy today will improve a company's ability to take advantage of networking benefits available through these new technologies.

Mr. Herbert D. Lechner

Vice President for Information Systems
and Administration
SRI International

Network Strategy

"Companies need an effective strategy today to manage the continuing explosion of hardware and software. Policies should focus on the right level of decentralization to gain control of assets without constraining the use of those assets."

In developing an effective office automation strategy, the vital first step is to free corporate management from a centralized data processing mentality. Applications of the future will provide significant productivity gains in controlled but widely distributed information management by networked computers. These applications include integration of text, voice, and images in a single document; electronic scheduling of people, facilities and equipment; and immediate access to outside data services through the network.

Key elements in developing an effective network management strategy are as follows:

- ***Understanding organizational structure*** to determine departmental information sources and needs.
- ***Setting connectivity parameters*** to guide individual network managers in selecting particular system elements.
- ***Establishing good vendor relationships*** to provide a full range of optional approaches to buying and installing networks.
- ***Providing appropriate training*** to insure the proper use and management of the network.

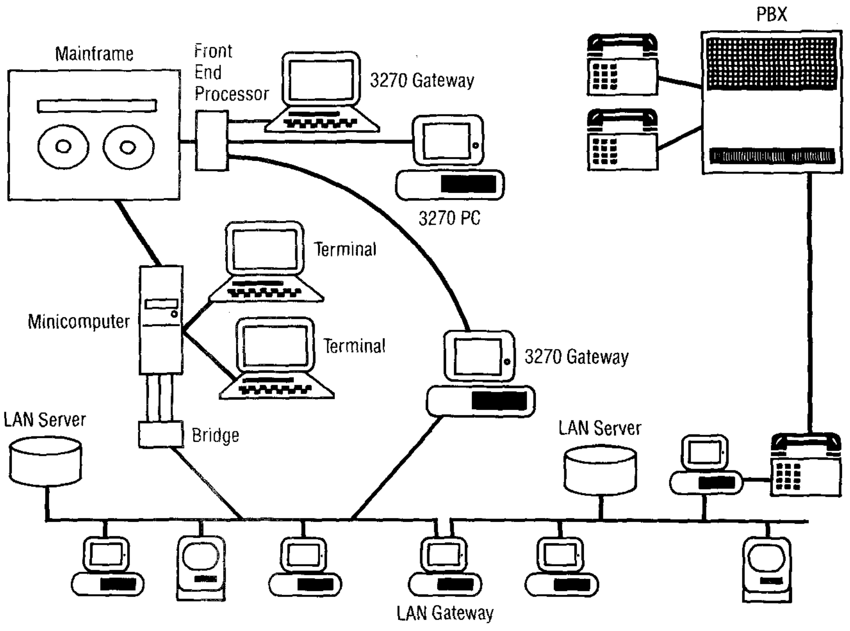
This strategic framework is applicable to companies investigating networking for the first time as well as firms that are expanding their own networks.

Mr. Michael S. Allen

Partner responsible for
Corporate Strategy Consulting
Strategic Decisions Group

Office of Tomorrow

In the office of the future, all electronic components will be connected, providing even greater productivity through new applications.



The Network as Integrator

A small organization providing layouts and lighting production for stage plays, trade shows, and other displays, was doing its accounting on an old IBM minicomputer and its layouts and staging plans on paper or on independent Apple Macintosh computers.

A small network was designed fitting the organization's budget constraints and providing for subsequent expansion at low cost when a new product came on line some months later. The initial network consisted of three workstations (two IBM Personal Computers, one Compaq Portable Computer). A 3Com 3Server (to be installed later) would link the organization's Macintosh computers into the system to provide shared design and layout capabilities.

Total installation costs for the network was $18,000, with the Macintosh connection subsequently to cost less than $2,000. It took seven weeks from commencement of analysis and planning to installation of the network. (Actual installation took two days.)

Where previously the organization did only part of its accounting on its old mini, the new system provided almost complete accounting functions as well as spread sheet processing, word processing, and project scheduling. Outside bookkeeping costs have been reduced 50%. Separate drawing and layout processes will be integrated into the system with the addition of the coming link capability.

The Differe
Networking A

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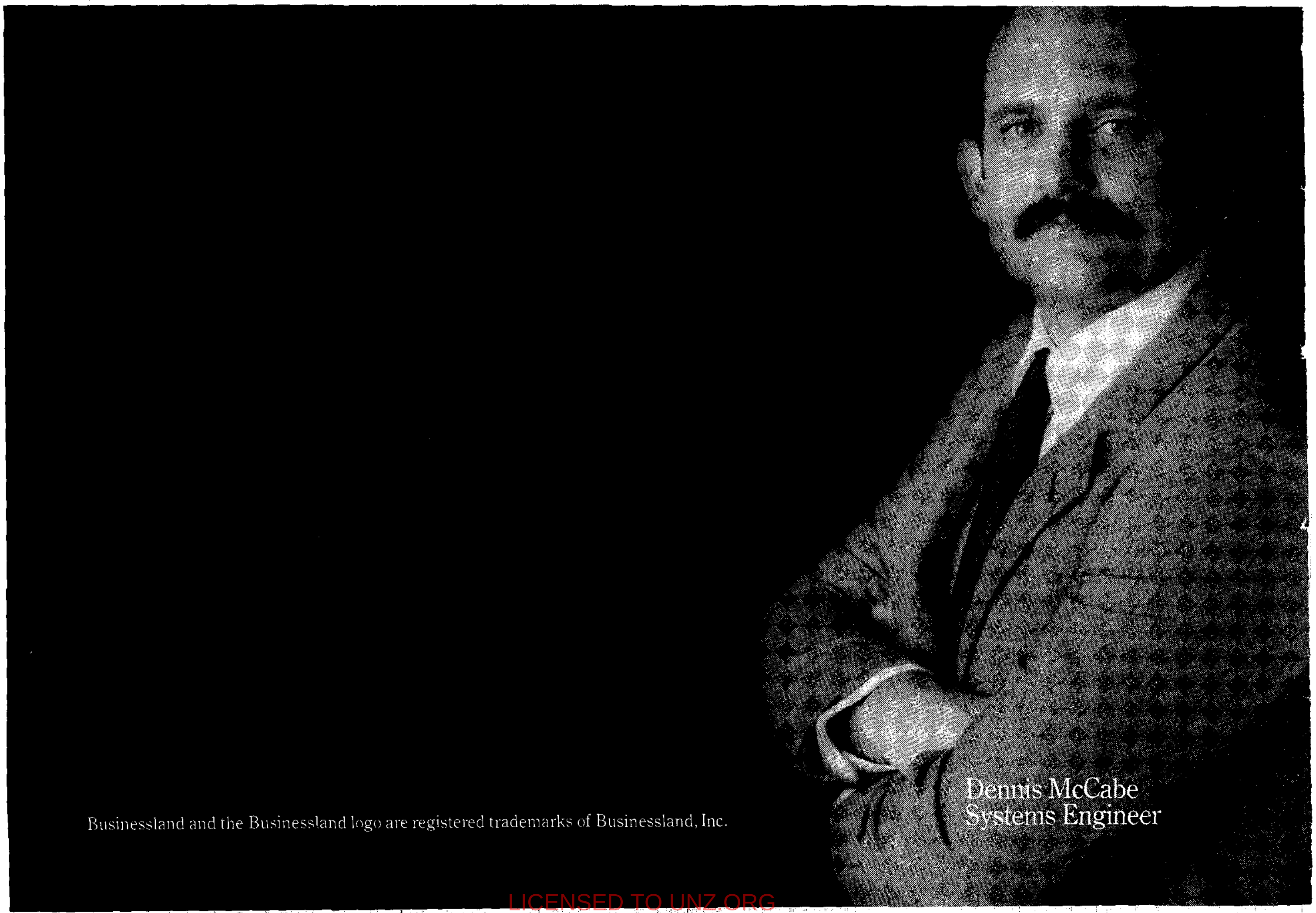

Dennis McCabe
Systems Engineer

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When they do, it's not a sales proposal. It's an objective, long-term plan based on your situation, their expertise, the best technology from the best vendors and Businessland's experience with over 1700 successful network installations, nationwide.

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Lorraine Donohue
Systems Engineer

Todd MacDonald
Systems Engineer

Bill Webb
Systems Engineer

The Network as Communicator

A large utility's circuit planning organization was unable to share new circuit design ideas easily among its network engineers spread over several buildings in several geographic locations. Each professional was doing his or her own work on stand-alone machines.

A complete needs analysis showed that the ability to communicate interactively would greatly enhance response time to customers. Because of the complexity of operations involved, three separate local area networks were installed over 18 months (networks were chosen over minicomputers both because the network approach was more economical and because programs were available on microcomputers that were not available on mini's).

The resulting system involved 75 computers—mostly Compaq, and some IBM—all functioning as workstations; 3Com 3+ Route Software to link three servers in the three LANs; independent workstations at four remote locations using 3Com 3+ Remote Software, DBase III (with special applications), Lotus 1-2-3, WordStar, and six terminals using a mainframe connection through a 3270 gateway.

Total cost of the system was approximately $300,000, and the using organization—which has only had the network installed for a few weeks—is already reporting dramatic improvements in communications, significant enhancement to productivity, and a much greater organizational cohesion.

Network Management

"Skilled network management can be a major factor in encouraging profitable, effective use of networks. Careful attention to staffing and supporting the role of network administrator—covering service, training and support—will do much to deliver the promise of productivity inherent in networking."

A company's networking strategy will define the type of system capable of achieving productivity goals. This "framework" will guide department managers in their selection of computing equipment by setting clear standards. Ultimately, however, the long-term success of a networking system will depend on the talents of one or more individuals who are often called the "network administrators."

While the administrator's role may be full- or part-time depending on the size of the organization and its network, the type of person and the functions of the position will be similar. On one level, the administrator must develop a technical understanding of the system. On another level, however, the job calls for a person with strong interpersonal skills since there is the need to work closely within all levels of the company...from user to top management.

The corporate manager responsible for office operations will need to assist the administrator in understanding specific responsibilities that must be performed on a day-to-day basis. Some of these tasks may be delegated to outside vendors or internal assistants, but the administrator must feel accountable for the total success of the network. Each of the following represent part of that responsibility.

- ***Data management.*** The administrator will ensure that each network user has easy access to as much of the total data base as they require. Personnel changes require on-going attention to this duty.
- ***Resource utilization.*** At the same time, it is essential that all resources, ranging from software to peripherals, are shared as widely as possible. The administrator should actively monitor the performance of the network and look for underutilized network resources and make them more productive.
- ***Software applications.*** Upgrading existing software packages and introducing new applications require careful planning and may involve additional training.
- ***Creation of back-up systems.*** Policies and procedures must be established for saving, locating and protecting valuable data.
- ***Training options.*** Specific training programs on the proper use of the network need to be developed. Generally, changes in employee positions or system upgrades will trigger the need for training.
- ***Data security.*** Administrators for systems of any size, from a few PC's to very large networks, must be aware of their responsibilities regarding security.

Sound network management recognizes that the role of network administrator includes both present functioning and future structuring of the hardware and software throughout the organization. In this role, periodic executive reviews are recommended to help the organization get its hands around the computing function as a service, rather than a cost, to individual users and user groups.

Mr. Stevan Milunovic

Director of Information Systems
SRI International

Network Security

> ***"We need to eliminate the concept of computer security and replace it with one of information security. Once this is accomplished, a strong security environment is achievable in any size network."***

Most data available through a computer network is also available on paper—and most organizations have a larger problem with paper security than with computer security. The initial network security step for larger organizations will be to encourage the network security technologist and the industrial security officer to work together in applying logical, physical, and human security factors to the network. In smaller networks, these roles will fall to one or more executives and the network administrator.

Once this is accomplished, a wide-range of commercially-available products exist for electronic defense.

- ***Identify verification systems.*** These security precautions prevent access by unauthorized persons. They are based on what one "knows" (a password), "possesses" (a key), or, more recently, "is" (voice, fingerprints, dynamic signature, or other physical characteristics, although these are currently experimental and have some aesthetic, performance, cost, and hygienic problems). Automatic dial-back or port protection products reduce the number of telephones that can access a network.

- ***Security gateways.*** A single secure gateway to the network from the outside, to which adequate protection is provided, is becoming increasingly important as networks expand. This can be accomplished either by identity verification at that gateway (as described above) or by a mechanism called "cache memory" which will bring network data to the gateway for the inquirer thus negating the need to enter the system.

- ***Cryptography.*** The "scrambling" of data by one secret key and its "unscrambling" at the receiving point by use of an identical or related key—is the single most powerful defense against electronic eavesdropping on a network. However, "crypto" creates a security problem of its own, namely protecting the security of the key, and the host organization needs to understand the nature of key management.

Which system or combination of systems is best for a particular network varies by the total number of authorized users, the frequency with which system change is desirable, and the amount of manpower available to administer the security system. The cost of the security product is usually insignificant compared to system administration.

To help sort out the complexities in network security options, a new International Information Integrity Institute, known as I-4, is currently being established at SRI International to serve as a confidential clearinghouse. It is an annual fee service open to network security members from industry, academia, research, and vendor communities and covers all aspects of computer network security.

Mr. Donn Parker

Senior Management Consultant
for Computer Security
SRI International

The Network as Engineer

A very large defense contractor wished to increase substantially the efficiency of its engineering activities. The challenge was to design a network which would permit sharing of hard disks and printers, a "chatting" capability, electronic mail, electronic document distribution, and provide the environment in which the engineers could develop their own personal applications.

After an initial installation of a small local area network of 14 PC's and one server, demand for the system was so high that a network has since been developed which includes over 200 PC's (mostly IBM Personal Computer AT's), 14 3Com 3 Servers, a totally integrated shared disk and printer capability, and two gateways to the organization's mainframe. Each gateway runs on a PC emulating an IBM 3274.

Cost of the network was about $250,000 to link mostly existing computers. The very technically qualified engineers who are primary network users are now sharing program developments on-line, communicating much more frequently and effectively, and continuously developing new personal applications and sharing them with other network members. The organization's activities are largely classified, but growth of the system has continued on a regular basis, indicating a high degree of satisfaction with results achieved.

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Designed by: DeSantis Design Inc.
Written by: Terrence Cullinan

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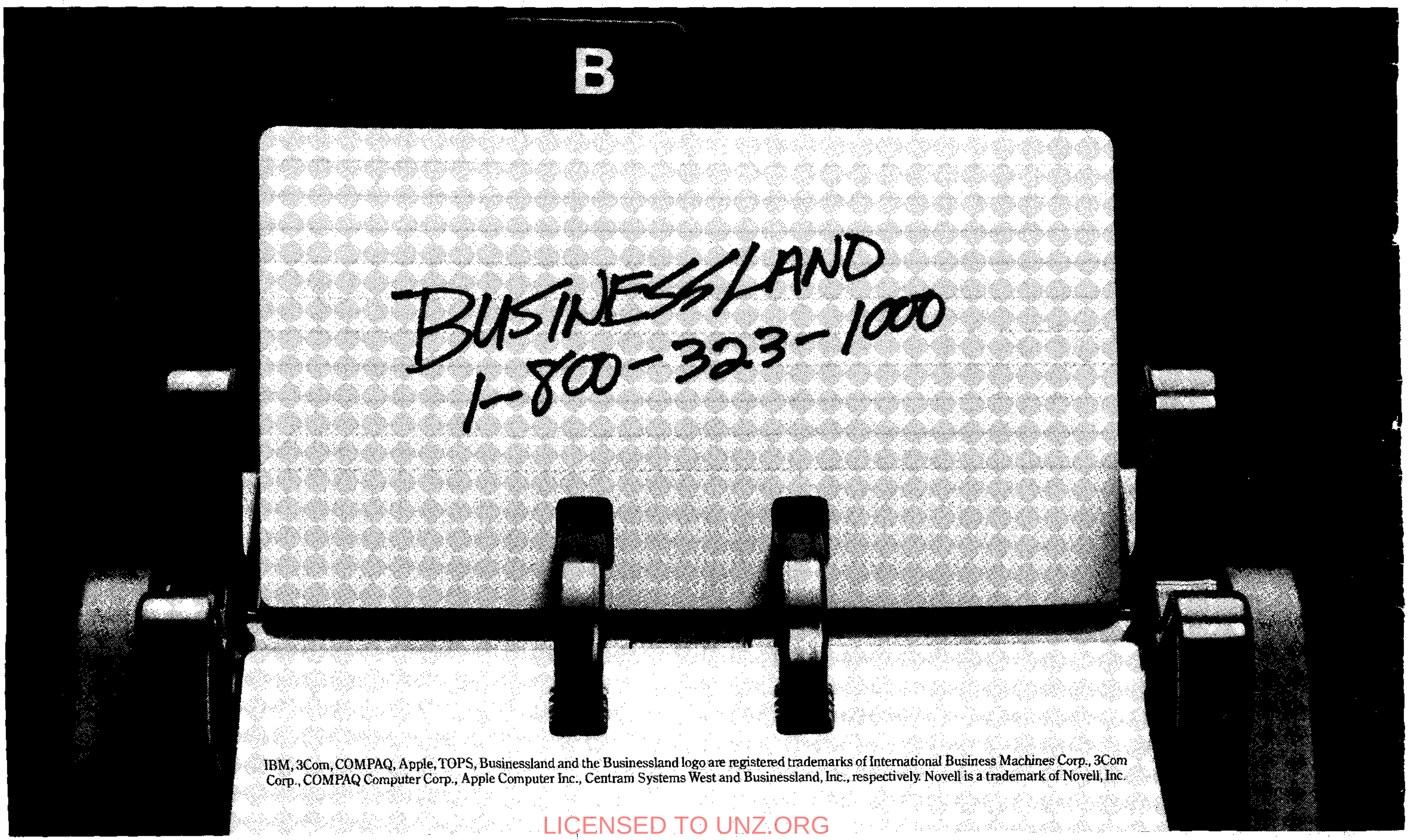

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wrong. We toured the South in an old Walter Barnes bus. Barnes had a popular band that went back and forth across the South in the mid-thirties. We played for black audiences, and we had good crowds in Tennessee and Florida—or until St. Petersburg, where the place we were supposed to play was dark. We turned around and went back to Chicago and put a sign outside the next place we played: 'After a Triumphal Tour of the South.' I was singing songs like 'Always' and 'Nagasaki' and 'You Leave Me Breathless.' We broadcast almost nightly, and because it was live you had to get it right the first time. When you broadcast, there was no amplification in the club, so you had to *sing*. And, of course, there were no monitors to check yourself on. I worked with Coleman Hawkins' big band for a while in 1941. We were on the road in Memphis when Pearl Harbor struck. Hawkins broke up the tour, and we went back to Chicago. It was the story of my life in those days—always back to Chicago. I sang with Johnny Long for a while, and in 1943 I joined Lionel Hampton at the Tic Toc Club in Boston. I replaced a singer named Rubel Blakely. That was some band—Joe Newman on solo trumpet, Joe Wilder on lead trumpet, Arnett Cobb on tenor saxophone, Milt Buckner on piano. And Dinah Washington singing the blues. Hamp paid me eleven dollars a night to start. The music held that band together. I was with Hampton four or five months, but I never recorded with him, because the union recording ban was in effect. I met Frank Sinatra around this time, at the Paramount Theatre when he was with Tommy Dorsey. I had first heard him with Harry James in 1939. He was singing 'Everyone But Me.' The Dorsey and Lunceford bands backed their singers better than any other big bands. When I left Hampton, I went back to Chicago and worked the clubs on the South Side. In 1945, I sang the blues for six months in Milwaukee with Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons.

"Then I joined Andy Kirk, and had a nervous breakdown. I was in Elgin State Hospital from April of 1947 to April of 1948. I had electric shocks—the works. I had to reorder my priorities. I had to figure out if I even wanted to be a singer. I had plenty of time to think, and some of the things you think about in a place like that are not so pleasant. Like: Who needs you? Like: I'm stopped, but everything is still going on out there. I went home

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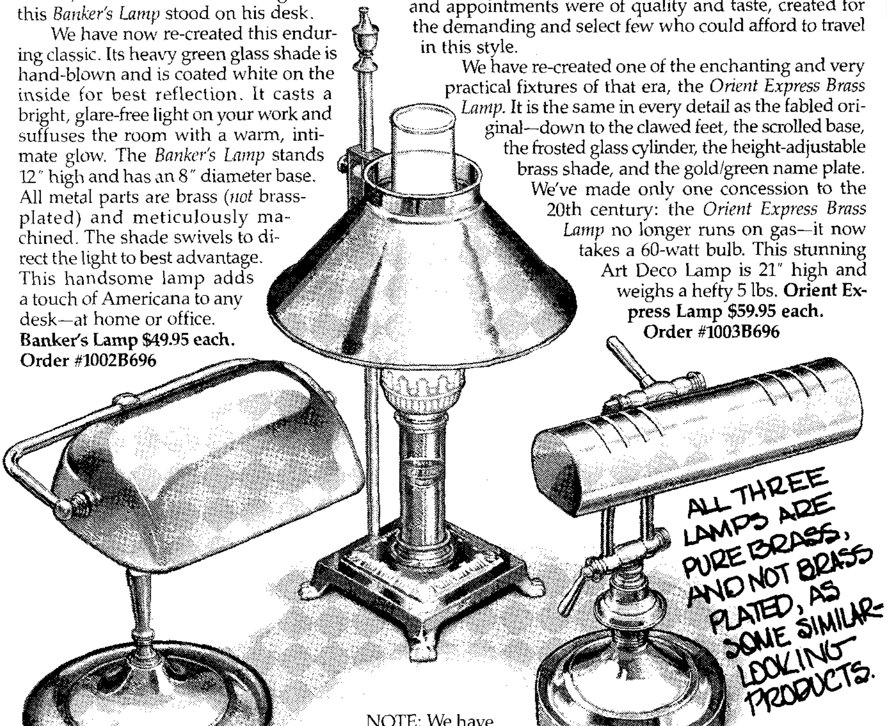
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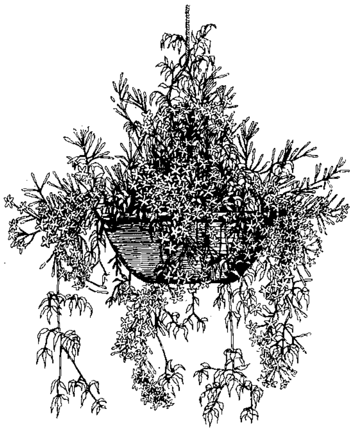

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six times for visits, and it was never easy to come back. Part of my trouble might have been the things you had to fight every day. When you wanted a drink, when you wanted a meal—how to do it? How to get through the breeze every day and not be burned? I used to send the *Negro Digest* to my white friends. They didn't need it. They had no need of guilt trips. My mother always told me you are your own best friend. She also told me when I was in school that if someone liked me, to bring him home. I did just that with a white football player I knew. He had a good time, I think, but he was silent at the end of the evening, because he knew he couldn't invite me home. So I was well fortified by the time all the beautiful blackness appeared in the sixties.

"When I left Elgin State, some people helped me get a job selling cosmetics door to door. You took half of what you made. It kept me busy, and it made me so tired sometimes I couldn't get my clothes off before I fell asleep. I had sung in a choir and with a dance band in the hospital, so I hadn't given everything up. Then I started singing a little with Jay Burckhardt's band. Jackie Cain had been with him, and he had Gene Ammons on tenor saxophone and Jimmy Gourley on guitar. I tried to balance selling cosmetics and singing. George Shearing came through with his quintet, and I worked with him at the Regal Theatre, and that did it. I gave up cosmetics. In 1950, I did a two-week stint with Count Basie at the Brass Rail. He had his small band then, and it could swing you inside out. He had Clark Terry on trumpet, and there wasn't anything Clark couldn't play. He had Buddy DeFranco on clarinet and Wardell Gray on tenor saxophone and Freddie Greene on guitar and Gus Johnson on drums. Basie gave me fifty dollars a week out of his own pocket. I worked with Red Saunders for nine months at the Club DeLisa, and I worked in Cleveland and Buffalo. Basie came through Chicago again in 1954, and he had his big band by then. I sat in, and sang 'Roll 'Em, Pete.' We talked in Basie's hotel room later, and he asked if I'd like to come on the band. He told me he couldn't pay me what I was worth, but as things got better for him they would get better for me. I joined the band in New York and stayed six years. We had our hits, but the main thing was it was a very lifting experience being with that band. It was made up of men

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who took great pride in getting their music right. It was a matter of self-discipline, and of group discipline. If someone got out of line, we didn't go to Basie. We straightened him out ourselves. We were treated like artists, so we tried to act like artists. Basie was very quiet, but he observed a lot. In a way, he ran the band by letting it alone. I left in January of 1961, and I've been a boy singer on his own ever since."

WILLIAMS had slid lower and lower in his chair, until he was sitting on his neck, his legs stretched out about eight feet in front of him. Suddenly, he pulled himself to his feet in a concatenation of vertical and horizontal movements, picked up a banana from a breakfast tray, peeled it and ate it, and sat down. He is dark, and he seemed to absorb the watery light in the room. His speech is a slow version of his singing, and whenever he mentioned a song he simply went into it, singing a half or whole chorus in a light, airy way, as if it were easier for him to sing than to talk. When he wanted to make a point, he emphasized certain words by making his mouth rectangular so that each syllable came out staccato and squared off. At first, he wore heavy black spectacles and looked very grave. The more he relaxed, the more he laughed. He has two laughs. One is slow and low-pitched. It starts as a rumble, then rocks away in slow motion. The other is higher-pitched, and it undulates like a gentle chop.

"I was married three times before I met my wife, Jillean," Williams said. "They were all marvellous, and we have remained friends. But everybody isn't livable. I don't get my dander up often. If I have a difference of opinion with someone, I try to find out his logic and match my own against it. I met Jillean in 1957 at the Waldorf when I was doing the Starlight Roof with Basie. She's English, raised in Surrey, and very much a lady. She cries over pictures of the Queen, and for her Mr. Churchill was close to God. She was a Wren during the war. I didn't see her again until 1959, when I went to England. We were married soon after. Jillean's father, Andrew Milne, was a fine man. He had this old friend Dick. They had lunch at the club every day, and when we told him we were going to get married he laughed and laughed in his booming way and said, 'Wait until I tell Dick. He does nothing but talk of his daughter who's married to a Chi-

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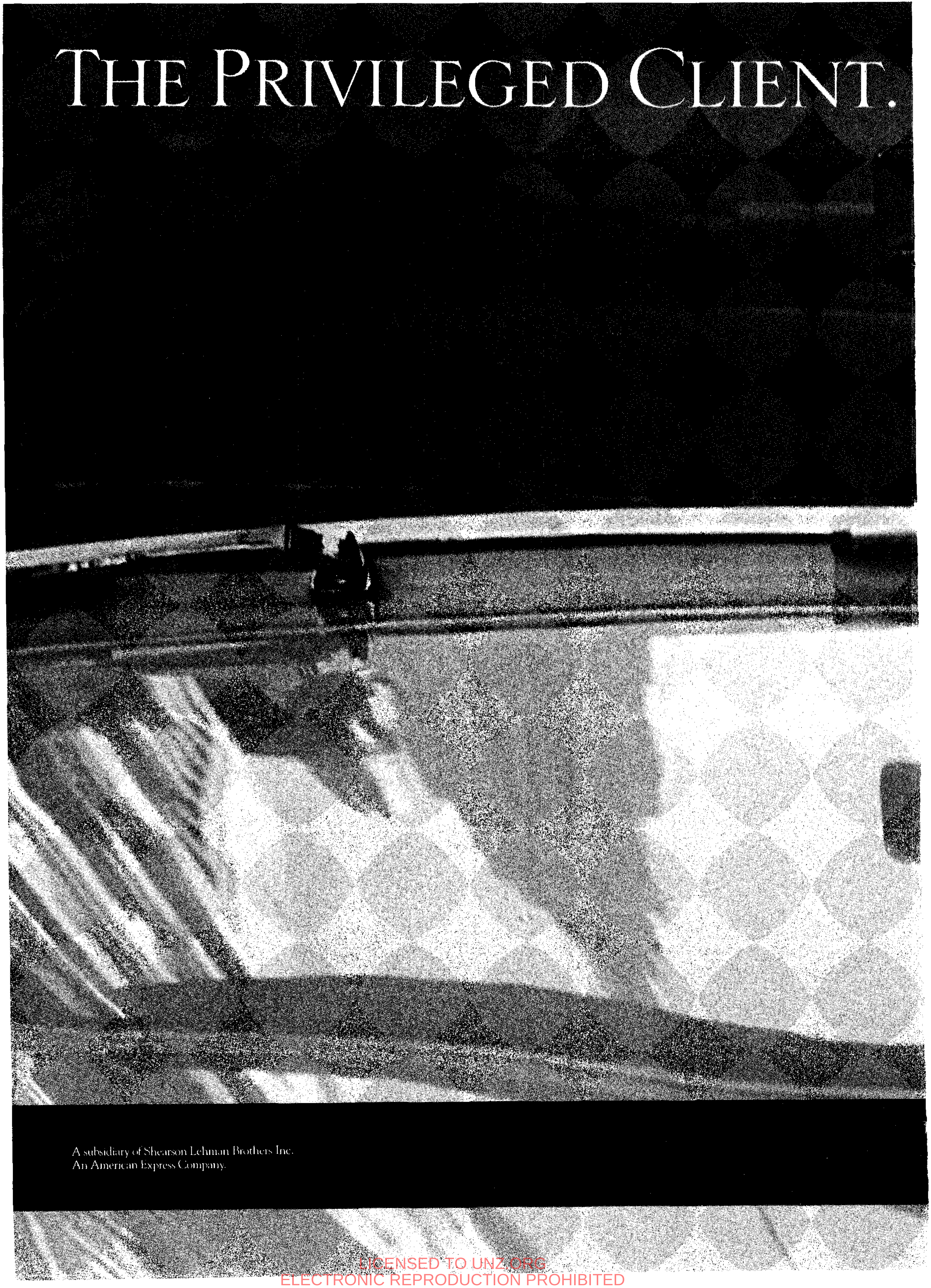
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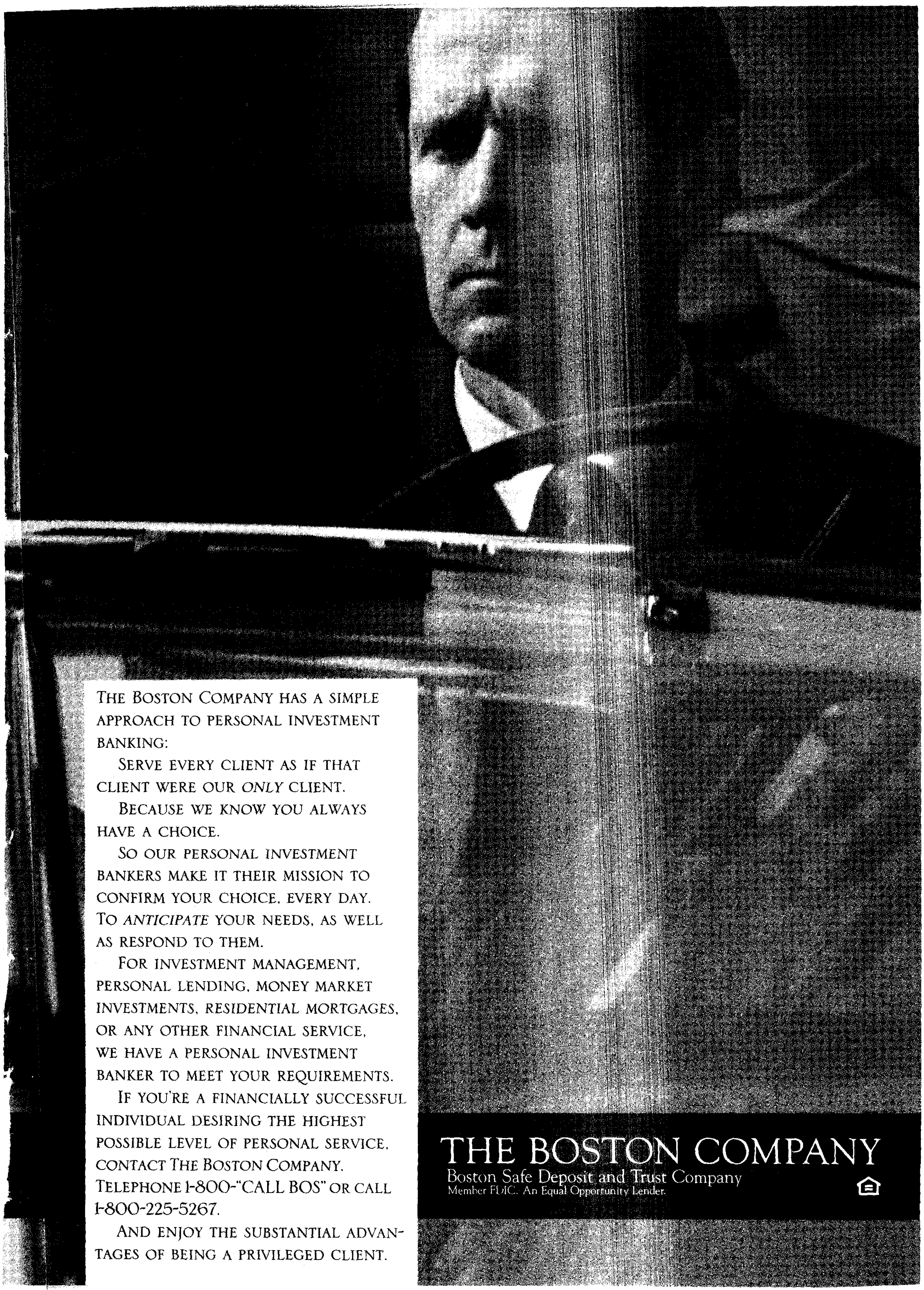

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nese. Wait until I tell him I'm going to have a black son-in-law.' Jillean is consistently the most pleasant person I have ever been around. She has such enthusiasms. I don't think I've ever said anything by design to hurt her. I tell her she doesn't look a day over thirty-five, and she says, 'Now, darling, come on,' and I say, 'Don't forget, I'm looking at you with old eyes.' She calls me Sir: 'No, Sir is out. Can I take a message?' 'No, Sir is in New York at the Blue Note. He'll be back next week.' Or she calls me Chief Thundercloud, because I'm part Seminole. Her loyalty can take you by surprise. Babs Gonzales, the singer, came to the house once, and he was sitting there saying he says, she says, and then he started taking off on me. Jillean came pouring out of the kitchen when she heard this, and said, 'How dare you talk that way to Sir! How dare you! You get out of here!' And she opened the front door. I laughed until I almost fell down—because I knew Babs hadn't meant any harm. We lived on Central Park West when we were first married, but I got tired of seeing incinerator dust hanging over the Park, so I asked her if she would like a house in the country. She said she didn't want a house. We started looking around anyway. We thought of Spain, where we had friends, but I didn't want to be a dried-up expatriate. We thought of Northern California, and we thought of Canada, but Canada is too cold. We never discussed Los Angeles at all. She said she had always loved the desert. I had been to Las Vegas once, so we took a look and bought a house. Jillean has no inclination to make a move to any other place, although we have talked about the ocean. For the first time in my life, I have become a member of a community. I do jury duty, I play golf with judges and lawyers. We have a swimming pool, and Jillean has room for her animals. She loves animals, and will pick up a cricket if it gets in the house and take it to the front door and say, 'There, darling, go and fly.' I have worked very little in Las Vegas. I did fifteen weeks in one of the lounges with a drummer friend named Ralph Pollak. He'd tell me to come in if I wanted to tune up—that I could sing anything. I wouldn't work any of the main rooms unless I got the full treatment.

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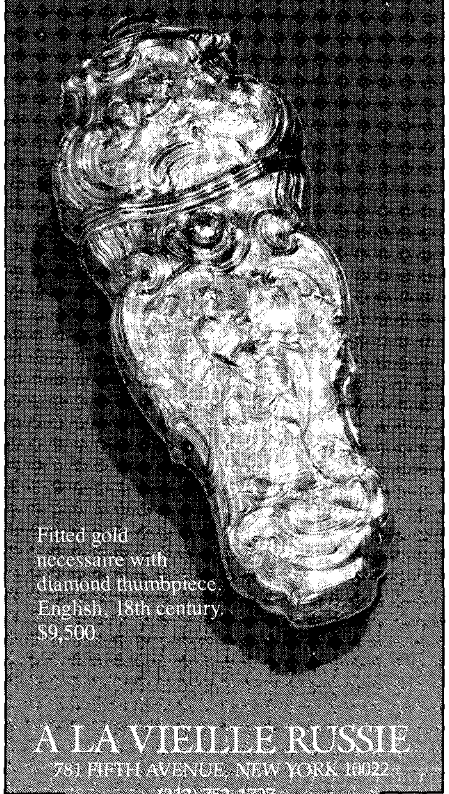

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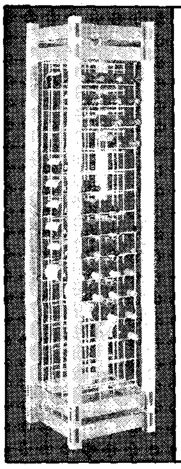

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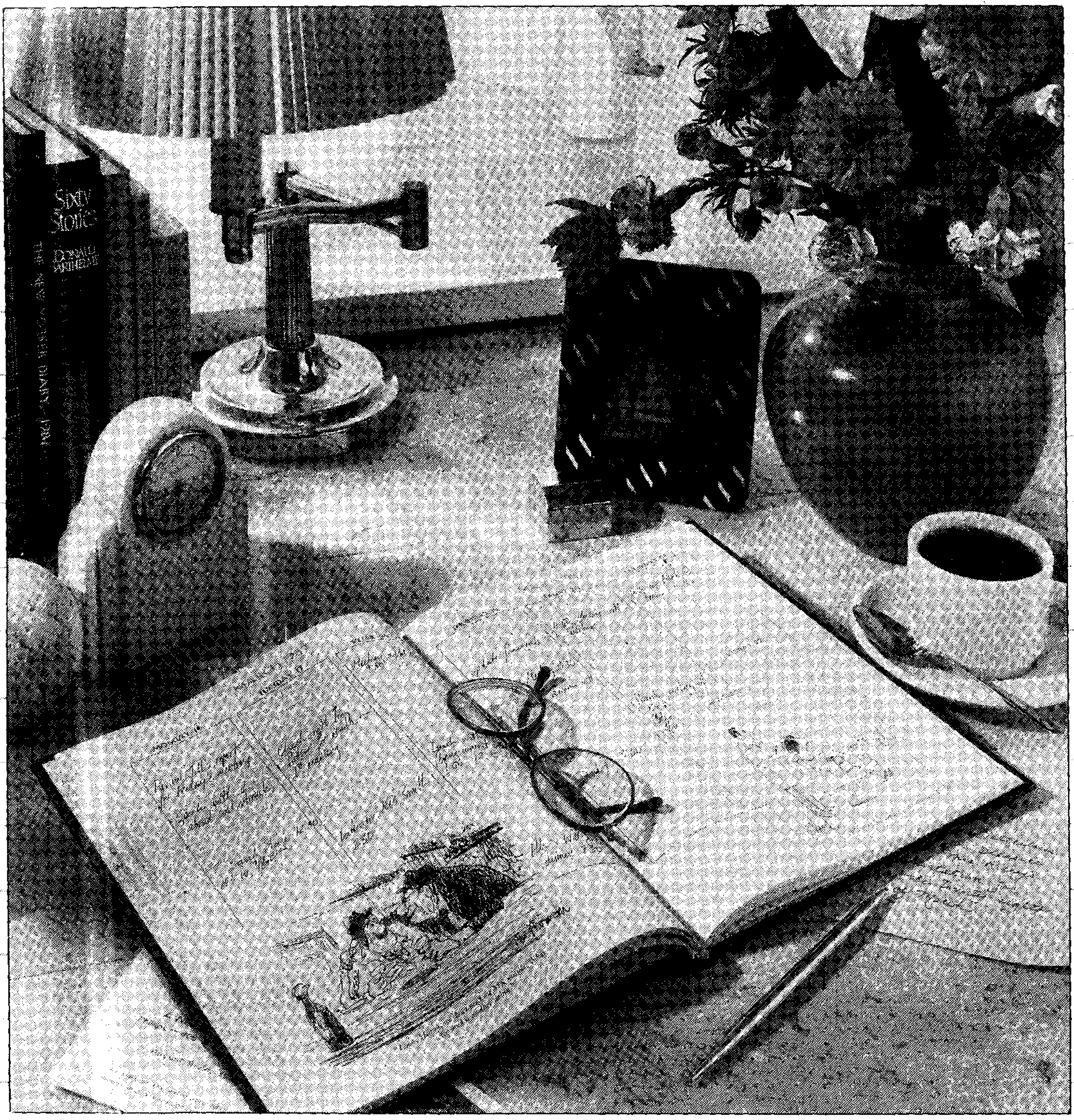

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by pushing the air up through the chest from down here; to get proper head tones, nasal tones, up in the mask; to start my notes straight and let the vibrato follow later; to be constantly aware of diction, because there have been so many singers I couldn't understand. Onstage, my entire attention is focussed on my background. It's like a play—the interaction between you and the other instruments. Each is a separate voice. The trick is to make it seem that you are involved with the audience—to make the audience think you are singing to them—when you aren't at all. You are singing with the people onstage. Sometimes the beauty of what I hear behind me causes me to smile when there is nothing to make me smile in the song itself. There is nothing wrong with singing a song the way it is written, with making a song say, 'Please like me.' I have become more and more conscious of singing in tune, and I've come to the conclusion that any note held longer than four or maybe six beats is in excess. I've also decided, Never get loud. You can achieve great clarity without volume. I'm enjoying singing more than I ever have. I work about forty weeks a year. There's plenty of work and plenty of money. You can't but eat so much and drink so much, and you can only wear one suit at a time."

Williams laughed, and started singing "I'm Old Fashioned" in a high, loose baritone.—Whitney Balliett

•

The Voyager's round-the-world, non-stop flight has been delayed indefinitely because of problems discovered during a seven-hour air test of the experimental aircraft.

If rangers find a grizzly showing aggressive behavior, it would be killed, relocated or tagged with a radio-transmitting collar, ranger Rene Morey said Sunday.

Saturday's test flight was intended to determine if new propellers for the Voyager's two engines would boost performance.

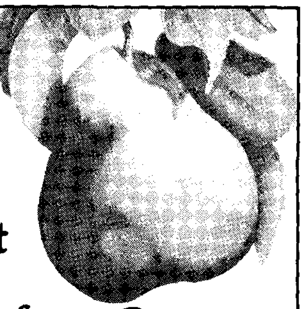
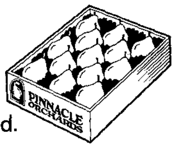
—*Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

Better get that grizzly out of the cockpit first.

•

As Thatcher entered the centre to cheers and clapping, she collected a bouquet of red roses from a woman in the crowd. Continuing along a mall lined five people deep, she stopped periodically to shake hands, or stooped to kill and embrace small children. Warm and talkative, Thatcher seemed intent on dispelling her 'iron lady' image with the receptive crowd.—*Vancouver* (*B.C.*) *Western News.*

She'll always be the "iron lady" to us.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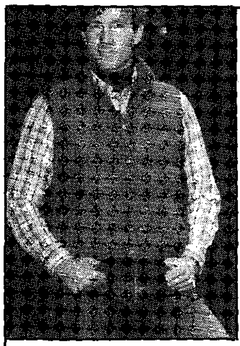
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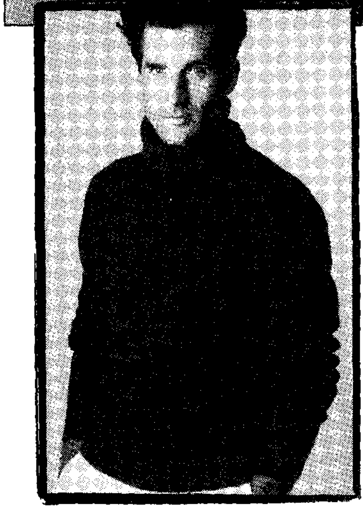

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MARBLE STORIES

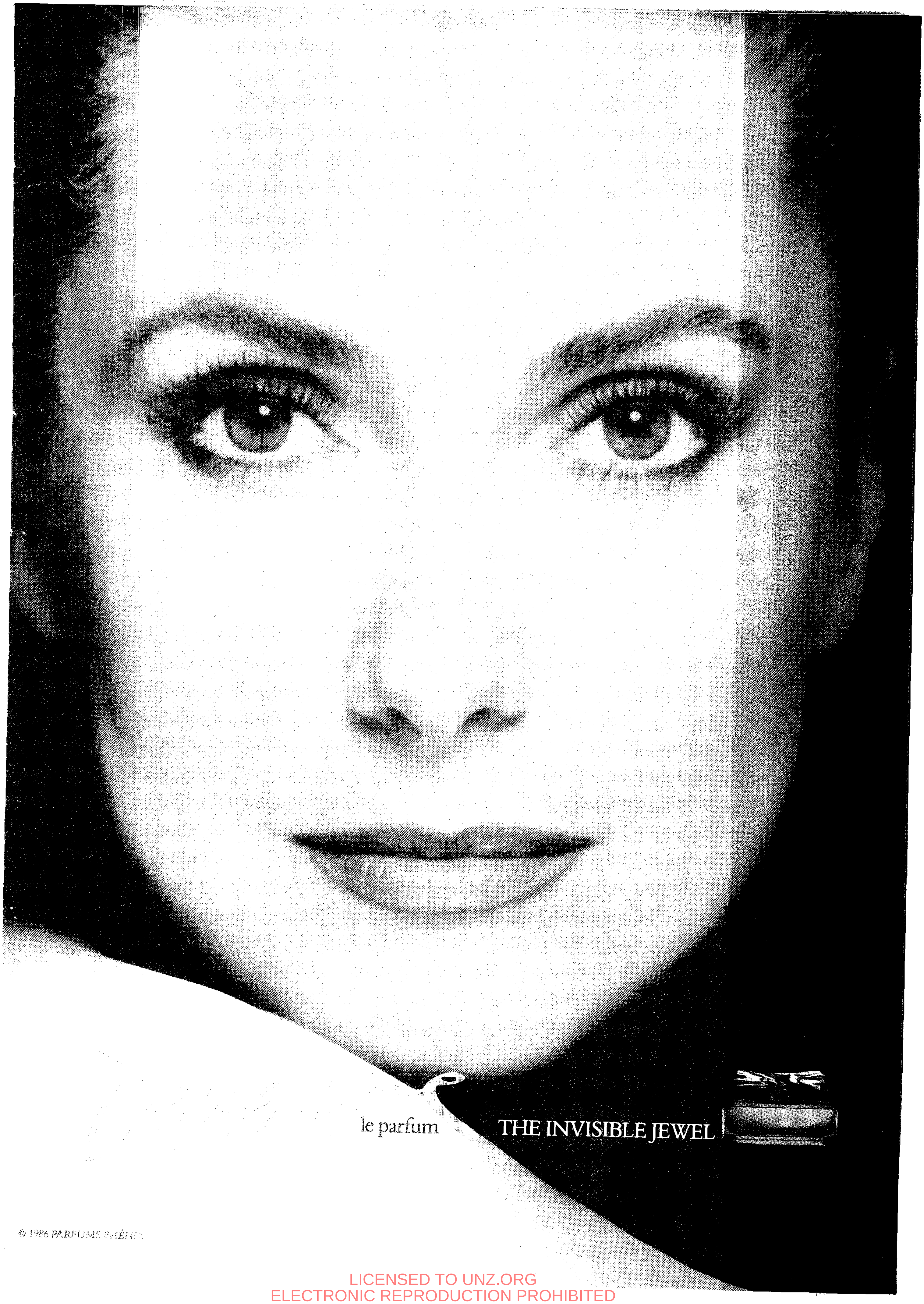
"I AM developing a taste for walking in cemeteries," Jules Renard, the turn-of-the-century French novelist and playwright, noted in a December, 1909, entry in his celebrated "Journal." So am I. I often visit my local cemetery, the Green River Cemetery, about a mile from my home in the eastern Long Island village of Amagansett, and browse among the gravestones there. Green River is not much more than an acre in size, but it has an illustrious population. Jackson Pollock is buried there, and so are his wife, Lee Krasner, and A. J. Liebling and his wife, Jean Stafford, and Frank O'Hara and Stuart Davis and Jimmy Ernst and Ad Reinhardt. Not long ago, in the early autumn, I took advantage of a sojourn in Europe to broaden my graveyard experience. I walked in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, where Keats is buried, and Shelley's ashes, and Goethe's bastard son. I paid a visit to the Central Cemetery (Zentralfriedhof), in Vienna, where Mozart and Beethoven and Brahms and Schubert and Johann Strauss and Hugo Wolf are gathered monumentally together. I spent a day—a full day—in the incomparable Père-Lachaise cemetery, in Paris. There is nothing morbid about a taste for cemeteries. Cemeteries are always havens of tranquillity, and often of unusual beauty. They are also, to me, an inexhaustible library of what Emily Dickinson called marble stories.

THE Protestant Cemetery in Rome (Cimitero Acattolico di Roma) is traditionally the only burying ground in the city available to those neither Catholic nor Jew. It lies in the shadow of a brick-and-marble pyramid (about the height of a twelve-story building) erected around 12 B.C. to honor a praetor named Caius Cestius, and it is sheltered from the screaming traffic on the Via della Marmorata by the remains of a brick city wall built by Aurelian in the third century. Its oldest resident (after Caius Cestius) is one George Langton, an English tourist, who died in Rome in 1738, at the age of twenty-five. He was buried there, as papal law then required for non-Catholics, in the dark of night, and, as the law also required, there is no reference on his gravestone to his Christianity or to any hope that he may have had of salvation and resurrection. The most recent arrival—or the most recent that came to my attention—is one identified on a flat slab of white marble as Ibrahim Nakkas Necceche, Mersin-Turquie, 22 V 1914–15 II 1985. But the first grave that I saw—the first grave that anyone can see—is that of John Keats.

"All of a sudden."

Keats' gravestone is visible through a slitlike window in a wall on a little lane that leads from the Via della Marmorata to the cemetery entrance. Just visible. Squinting through a half-obscuring grille (as unexplained as the window itself), I could see, across some twenty feet of intervening lawn, a five-foot upright slab of dull-white stone with a sculptured lyre in bas-relief near the top. Two or three steps to the right was an identical stone, but with a symbolic palette and brushes instead of a lyre. This, I knew, was the grave of Keats' most fervent friend, the painter Joseph Severn. Between but behind them was a small white stone, and in the distance, framed in feathery cypresses, rose the enormous flank of the pyramid. There were inscriptions on the stones, but I couldn't make them out. I went on to the entrance, with its relenting (since 1870) inscription, "RESVRRECTVRIS," engraved above the gateway, and into a world of green and white—a world of chalky-white stones bordered with box and shaded by pines and cypresses. Some of the stones were horizontal slabs, and some were vertical; some were inscribed or surmounted with crosses—Latin crosses, Greek crosses, formée crosses—but none of the stones stood higher than my head. They stretched in ordered ranks across the slope of a gently climbing hill. A stone marker pointed my way: "To MEAD, HUMBOLDT, CARSTENS, KEATS, SEVERN." I followed a path between the regimented stones to a derelict wall, then through a narrow archway and into an open grove of cypresses and pines and lawns, with a few stones here and there. The Protestant Cemetery is really two cemeteries. The main entrance gives on the "new" cemetery. I—along with Mead and Humboldt and Carstens and Keats and Severn and George Langton and the pyramid—was in the "old" cemetery. I walked in sunlight and alone to the graves of Keats and Severn.

I had somewhere read or heard, at


le parfum
THE INVISIBLE JEWEL

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least in part, the harsh inscription on Keats' headstone, but I wasn't prepared for the dark original:

This Grave
contains all that was Mortal,
of a
YOUNG ENGLISH POET,
Who
on his Death Bed,
in the Bitterness of his Heart
at the Malicious Power of his Enemies,
Desired
these Words to be engraven on his
Tomb Stone
"Here lies One
Whose Name Was writ in Water"
Feb 24 1821

Severn's epitaph read:

To the Memory of
JOSEPH SEVERN
Devoted friend and death-bed companion
of
JOHN KEATS
whom he lived to see numbered among
The Immortal Poets of England
An Artist eminent for his representations
of Italian Life and Nature
British Consul at Rome from 1861 to 1872
and Officer of the Crown of Italy
in recognition of his services to
Freedom and Humanity
Died 3 Aug. 1879, aged 85

Reading this, I wondered. Keats' requested anonymity had been real here for sixty years. Did Severn's sidelong revelation violate that deathbed wish? And who were those malicious enemies? Shelley, in a letter to Byron reporting Keats' death, thought he knew. Keats, he wrote, had died "in paroxysms of despair at the contemptuous attack on his book ["Endymion"] in the *Quarterly Review*."

I turned away, turned my mind toward Shelley—and remembered the little stone between the poet and the painter. I bent down and read the inscription there. It was the grave of Severn's infant son, and it told as much about the father as it did about the son:

Here also are interred the remains
of Arthur Severn who was born
22 Nov. 1836 and accidentally killed
15 July 1837
The poet Wordsworth
was present at his
baptism in Rome

Shelley's grave is in the "new" cemetery. It lies, alongside that of his friend and admirer the adventurer Edward J. Trelawny, in a niche in the old Aurelian wall, at the top of the wide slope up from the entrance gate, and it commands a view of almost the whole of the cemetery. Trelawny was Shelley's Severn. "A kind of half-Arab Englishman" is how Mary Shelley described him. "He is six feet high, raven black hair which curls thickly

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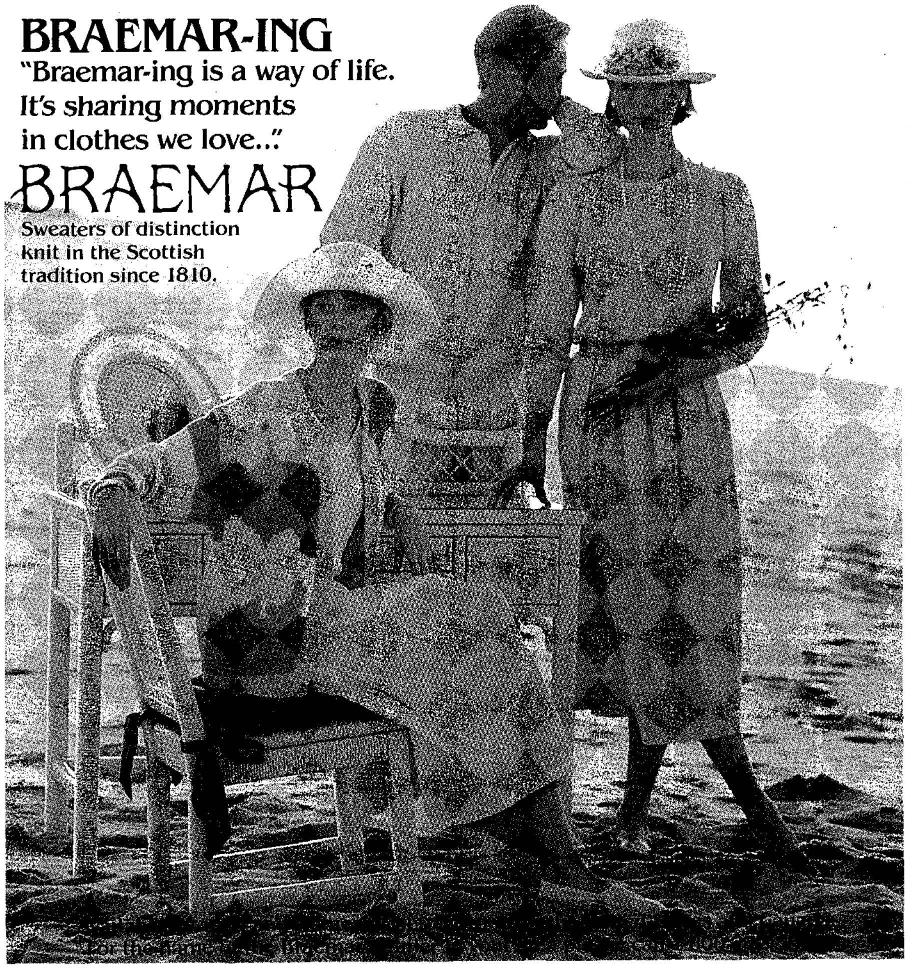
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and shortly, like a Moor's." Severn called him "the pair of *Mustachios*." It was Trelawny who found Shelley's drowned body on the beach at Viareggio, built and fired his funeral pyre (in the company of Byron), and bought his final burial place in the Protestant Cemetery. In his memoirs, Trelawny wrote, "As the souls of heretics are foredoomed by the Roman priests, they do not affect to trouble themselves about their bodies. . . . Without more ado, masons were hired, and two tombs built in the recess. In one of these, when completed, I deposited the box with Shelley's ashes, and covered it with solid stone, inscribed with a Latin epitaph, written by Leigh Hunt. . . . To which I added . . . lines from Shelley's favorite play *The Tempest*." Trelawny, in the manner of Severn, reserved the second tomb for himself. The two men lie there separated by a patch of box and a forty-foot cedar—two flat white slabs of local stone. The inscription on Shelley's stone reads:

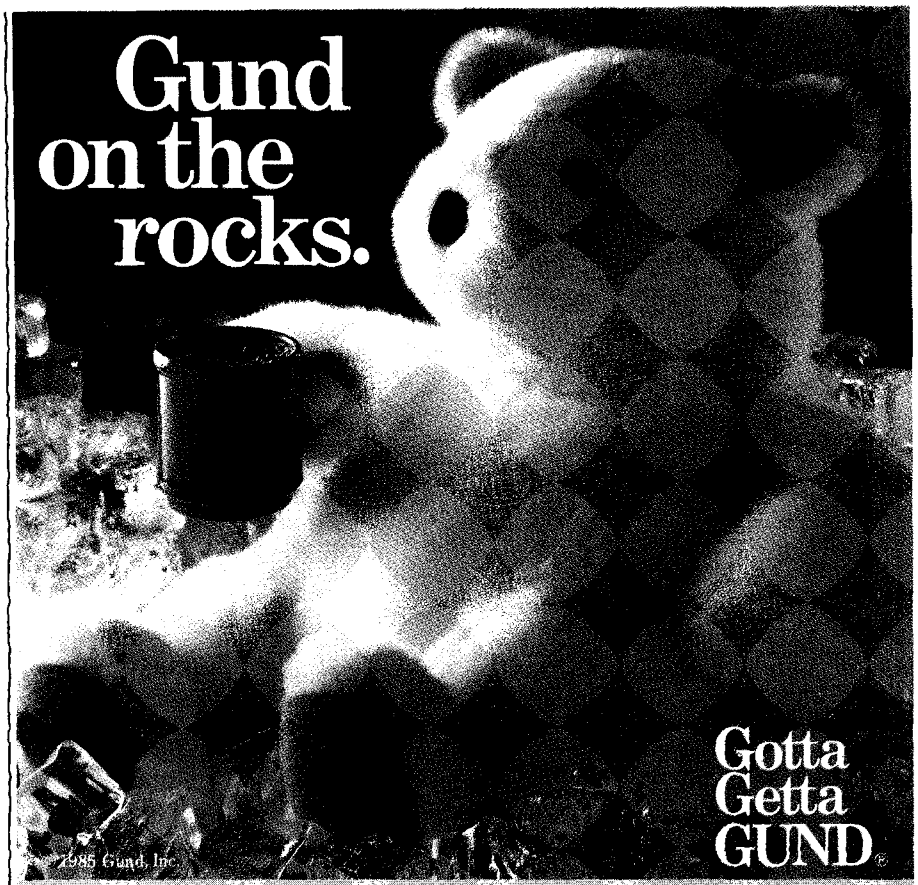
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
COR CORDIUM
NATUS IV AUG. MDCCXCII
OBIT VIII JUL. MDCCCXXII
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange

Trelawny's epitaph made me think again of Severn:

EDWARD J. TRELAWNY
Died in England August 13th 1881 aged
88
These are two friends whose lives
Were undivided:
So let their memory be
Now they have glided under the grave:
Let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life
Were single-hearted

I looked at the two plain stones at my feet and at the little pink bricks of the crumbling wall and at the ancient and gigantic presence of the pyramid looming through the brilliant graveyard greenery. I heard without hearing the sound of brakes and horns on the Via della Marmorata. I remembered that Shelley knew this place, had been here before his death. In his preface to "Adonais," his poetic tribute to Keats, he brought it almost prophetically to mind: "The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

THERE is a popular song in Vienna (the concierge at the Hotel Palais Schwarzenberg told me)



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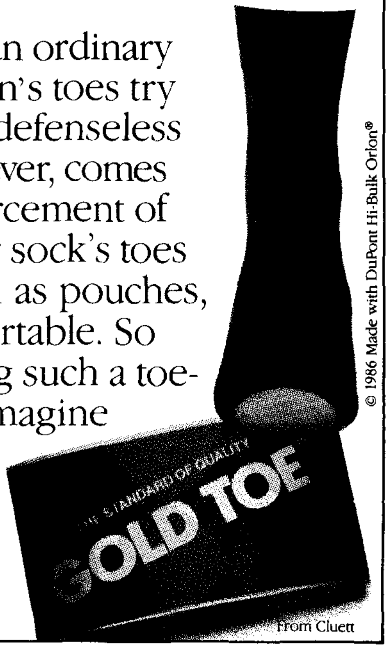

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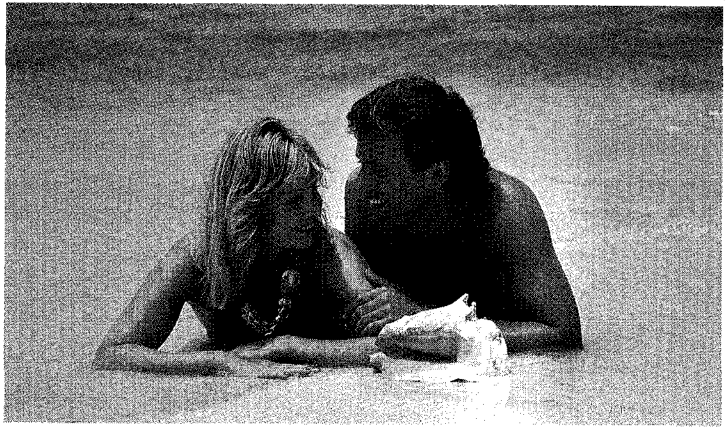
From Cluett

which proclaims that every Viennese goes at least once to the Simmeringer Hauptstrasse. The Simmeringer Hauptstrasse is a wide, leisurely boulevard, with a trolley line down its middle, that leads to the outskirts of the city and to the Zentralfriedhof, the Central Cemetery. The Central Cemetery covers some four hundred and ninety-five acres, and it is the only cemetery of any size in Vienna, with more than three hundred thousand graves, most of them Catholic, but also many Jewish (around a hundred thousand), and a sprinkling of Protestants. It has, like most of Vienna, a monumental look, and with its twenty-foot walls, its wrought-iron gateways, and its crenellated gatehouses it might be a great estate. It is otherwise defined, however, by a flower market that flanks it and by a tombstone cutter across the street. I consulted a map, framed and glassed, on the wall of the right-hand gatehouse and passed through the gate onto an avenue, arched with windswept chestnut trees, that ran straight as a rule through ranks of marble mausoleums—some gray, some white, some black, some red, but all clearly identified. I passed "Familie Winter," "Familie Dr. Stumpf," "Familie Kuhn," "Familie Gotz." I passed a homely gray stone slab decorated with an engraved cluster of crosses, and bearing an inscription:

ABCDEFGH
NOPQR

There were two elderly women arranging flowers on a mausoleum nearby, and I asked them, in English, what this truncated alphabet might signify. They smiled and shook their heads. I tried a workman with a cart and brush. He only stared. I went on. ABCDEFGH/NOPQR.

My destination, learned from the gatehouse map, was "Ehrengräber Gruppen [Honor Group] 32A." I walked along in a flow of well-dressed strollers. At the end of the second of two long blocks (the cemetery is laid out in a rigid gridiron pattern), I spotted a marker, "32," and then a little white sign on a fluted white column: "Musiker." An arrow pointed me left. I followed a gravel path through a hedge of shrubbery and into a clearing framed in cedars. There was a ten-foot sculptured monument in the middle of the clearing, and others faced it across an encircling path. A female figure—head lowered, a lyre in one hand and a music score in the other—



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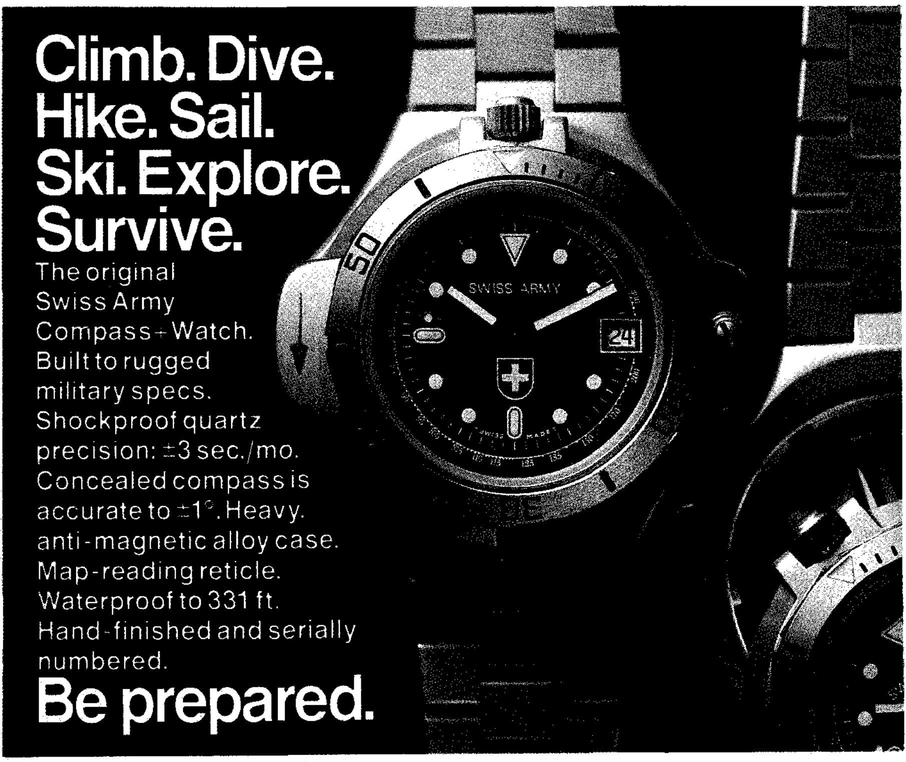

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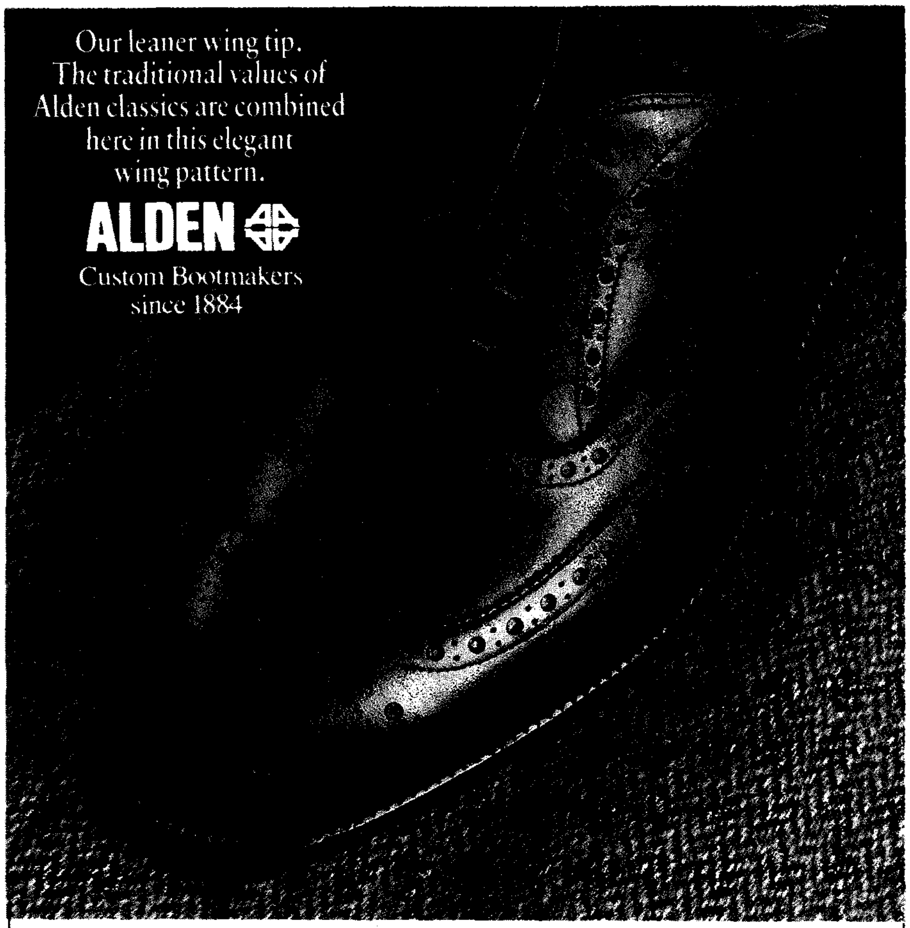
was seated on a stack of books of the kind called tomes atop the central monument, and engraved on one side of the pedestal was Mozart, in classic, sharp-nosed, pompadoured profile. Keats, in Rome, has only his Severn, and Shelley only his Trelawny; Mozart has the company of peers. I came first to Brahms—an upright sheet of marble in front of which stood a column bearing a bearded bust deep in thought and flanked by shadowy muses; at its foot was an offering of fresh flowers in a vase. The only inscription was "Brahms 1833-1897." From Brahms I passed to Johann Strauss—a rough-hewn columnar stone with a medallion in bas-relief, a cluster of cupids, a woman with a lyre. And another terse inscription: "Johann Strauss 1825-1899." Then came Schubert—a great white stone embraced by columns, a figure in profile, and a profiled muse with lyre. There were no dates, only the name in gold leaf: "Franz Schubert." Beethoven stood by Schubert's side—a white marble column rising from a black wrought-iron enclosure with red candles in sconces at the corners. The column was an obelisk, with decorations in gold leaf: a serpent, a bee on a butterfly, a lyre. A bronze plaque on the base provided the identification: "Beethoven." A memorial to Hugo Wolf—a sculptured face flanked on one side by a sculptured female nude and on the other by an embracing couple—stood half screened by shrubbery just behind the Beethoven column. I looked again at Mozart, at Strauss and Brahms, at Schubert and Beethoven and Wolf. I knew that Beethoven's and Schubert's remains had been moved here when an older cemetery, closer to the city, was converted into a park, and that Mozart was here only in spirit; his body had been buried in a mass grave and forgotten, at least by officialdom, for many years. But here they were, those giants—an almost definitive company—of the world's greatest music, all within my glance. They made, to the best of my knowledge, a gathering unique.

But two other monuments in the circle were a little puzzling. One of them memorialized "Johann Ritter von Herbeck, 1831-1877." The other, a bearded bronze bust on a heavy stone pedestal, was inscribed "Franz von Suppé, 1819-1895." What were Herbeck (whoever he was) and Suppé doing in this company? I looked around. There was a workman with a



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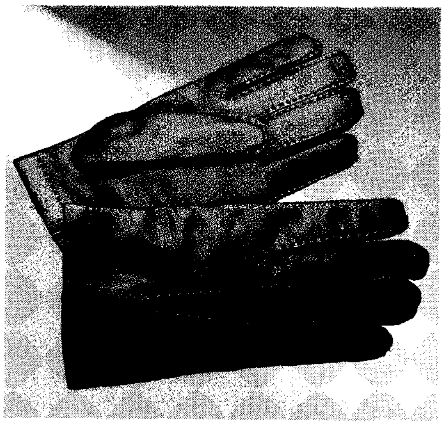

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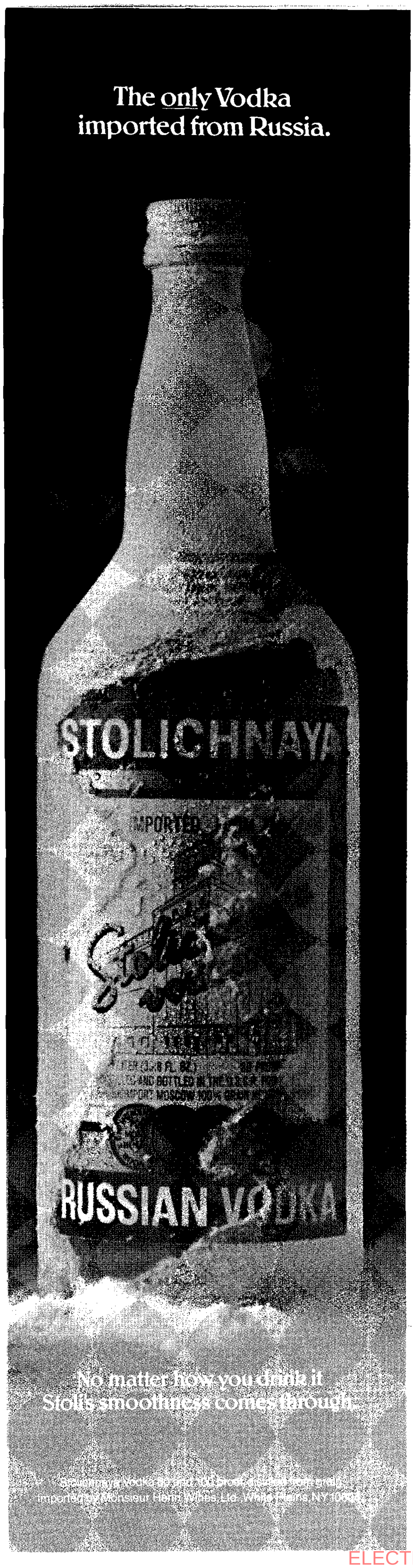
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hose settling the dust on the path. There was a young man gazing at Schubert. There was a middle-aged couple in loden green coming my way. I turned to face them, and asked, in English, if they spoke English. The man gave a stiff nod. They said yes, a little. I asked my questions.

"Ah!" the woman said. "Herbeck! He was, of course, a composer of music. But he is nothing. His music is dead, as dead as he. So why is he here? In his time, I think, he had power. But Suppé! Suppé wrote operetta, beautiful music. Beautiful, beautiful music. Suppé is loved. He lives forever in his music."

I thanked her, I thanked them both. The woman smiled and nodded. The man cleared his throat.

"Yes," he said. "You are welcome. But when you come to our country you should know our language."

Père-Lachaise cemetery occupies a hundred and eighteen crowded hillside acres in a working-class district (the 20th Arrondissement) on the easternmost edge of Paris. It takes its name from that of a seventeenth-century priest who lived at the Jesuit estate there (it vanished with the order's expulsion, in 1762) and was confessor to Louis XIV. It is the largest of the several famous Paris cemeteries, and by far the most famous. Stendhal is buried in Montmartre cemetery, and so are Heine, Degas, Berlioz, and Offenbach. Baudelaire is buried in Montparnasse cemetery, and also Sartre, de Maupassant, Saint-Saëns, and the Dada poet Tristan Tzara. The other famous Parisian dead—or most of them—and some equally famous foreigners all lie in Père-Lachaise. Just outside the main entrance, off the Boulevard de Ménilmontant, I bought a map from a young black English-speaking Frenchman which named and roughly located the graves of almost a hundred such. "But famous alone is not enough for one to be buried here," the young man told me. "To have space in Père-Lachaise, you must also be rich, or have a rich friend or friends. You will see how full it is. There is room for more only because space used to be taken on lease—when the leases expired, the bodies were exhumed. A long lease in Père-Lachaise equalled the price of a quality flat." Victor Hugo, I later read, once wrote that "to be buried in Père-Lachaise is like having mahogany furniture." Hugo himself did even better; he was buried, *as a national hero, in the Panthéon.*

The entrance to Père-Lachaise, like the entrance to the Central Cemetery in Vienna, is a tree-lined avenue. That is the only resemblance between the two. The Central Cemetery looks like a cemetery. Père-Lachaise has the look of a city. It is a true necropolis. Its monuments and memorials and mausoleums are architecture. I walked in a rubble of fallen chestnuts up the Avenue Principale between two rows of little buildings: carved stone and polished marble, Gothic and baroque, Romanesque and grimly and glacially modern. They were houses the size of telephone booths or sentry boxes, but houses nonetheless. They had doors and windows—stained-glass windows, windows grilled, windows barred like a jail. They had steps and stoops and walks and gates and little lawns and gardens, and some of them (I could see through doors ajar or open) were furnished with chairs and little prie-dieux. And some stood derelict. And, also like a city, although it was only ten o'clock in the morning, there were people everywhere—people walking, people strolling, people standing and looking, people working with broom or rake or watering can. The avenue came to an intersecting gravel walk. Off to the right, four or five people were gathered around a mass of fresh autumn flowers and tricolor ribbons. I joined them and saw, among the flowers and ribbons, a photograph torn from a magazine: the face of Simone Signoret. I had read of her death. I understood from one of the group that her body was waiting here in a crypt until her final burial place was ready.

I consulted my map and moved on along the walk. I seemed to be near the oldest and most venerated of all the memorials here—the twin graves of the twelfth-century lovers Héloïse and Abelard. Their remains were moved here from some less imposing resting place in 1817. I found their tomb without much trouble. It isn't an easy one to miss—a weathered gray Gothic cathedral in ten-foot miniature, with columns and arches and carved-stone gargoyles and a heavy pitched roof, surrounded by a wrought-iron fence with padlocked gate. Within, on a block of stone, lay two stone effigies side by side, as if in a great canopied four-poster bed. A plaque described their tragic end. The area between the fence and the crypt was strewn with leaves and chestnuts and faded plastic flowers. I looked at the eight-hundred-year-old lovers. Héloïse and

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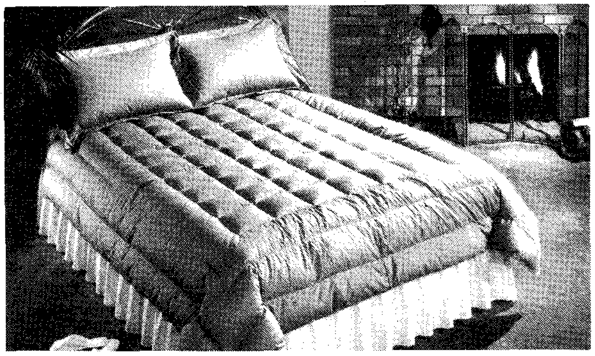

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Abelard. I picked up one of the chestnuts, for remembrance. Simone Signoret. Héloïse and Abelard. And, according to my map, Camille Pissarro was only a few steps away. I began to feel a strange and almost spooky excitement.

The walk narrowed and began to climb. It led me steeply under cedars and through a stretch of almost row-house tombs. It led me to a memorial not on my map—a tall elaboration of white stone with a round rear window in glowing stained glass and a grillwork door framed by green marble columns. Above the door was an inscription: "Francis Poulenc, 7 Jan. 1899/30 Jan. 1963." I sat down on a coffinlike stone and spread out my map and tried to orient myself. I seemed to be somewhere in the vicinity of Ferdinand-Marie de Lesseps, the father of the Suez Canal, but that wasn't where I wanted to be. I was interested in Proust and Oscar Wilde and Max Ernst and Claude Bernard and Daumier and Colette and Delacroix and Isadora Duncan and Seurat and Molière and Gertrude Stein and Modigliani, and they seemed to be everywhere but here.

Two young men in short tan raincoats came up the walk and hesitated and stopped. One of them was unmistakably French. The other, with an umbrella under his arm and a gold ring in his left ear, looked American.

He said, in American, "You look like you're looking for somebody. Maybe I can help."

"Well, yes," I said. "I'm looking for Gertrude Stein."

"Well, God damn!" he said. "Gertrude Stein! You want to know something? I been here I can't count how many times. I'm working on all the famous names, and I've got them all except one. And that one son of a gun is Gertrude Stein. I've given her up. But how about Chopin? That's where I'm taking my friend to now."

The Frenchman smiled but said nothing. The American raised his umbrella and led the way, moving fast. He waved his umbrella like a classroom pointer. He said over his shoulder, "You want to find a whole bunch together? See that open space down there, like a mall? Colette's down there, and a bunch of others. I suppose you want to see Oscar Wilde. He's way up there at the top. Edith Piaf and Proust, they're up there, too." Our way grew steeper and narrower. "And here's one I bet you never heard of. I sure didn't. But he's big." His umbrella stabbed at a pyramidal

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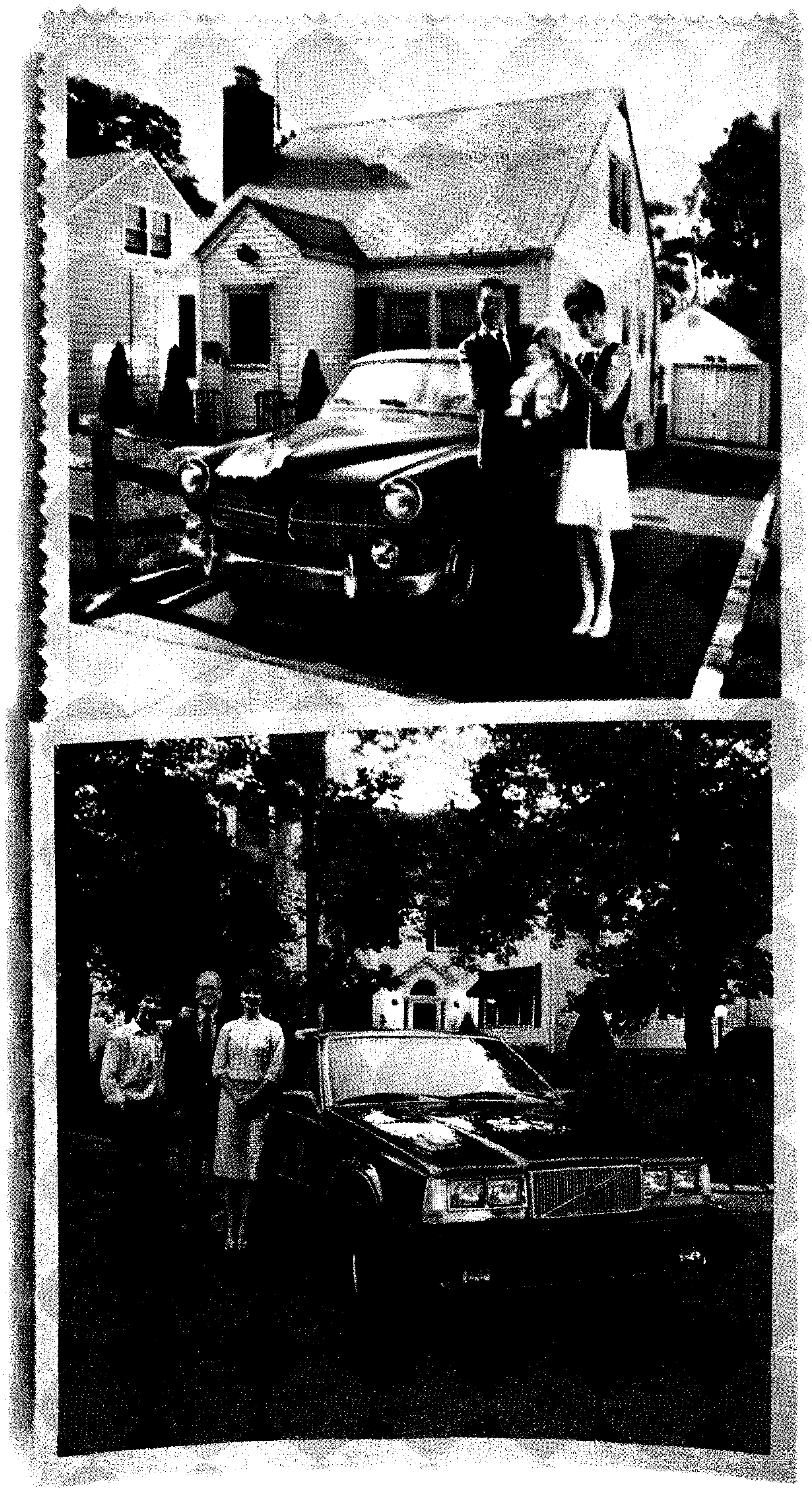

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gravestone some four or five feet high. There was an inscription on its base:

1890
Par sa découverte
de la radio
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"You see what it says? He invented the radio receiver. And here's his next-door neighbor—Chopin."

Chopin's monument was a heavy stone base surmounted by a smaller square stone surmounted by a sculptured classical figure pensively playing a lyre. Chopin in profile was engraved on the center stone. Below the profile was an inscription: "Ses Amis." Above the profile was "A. Fred Chopin." I could only stare. A. Fred Chopin! I might have been looking at the grave of an American businessman of the twenties. But then I stared a little closer. The "A" was not an initial. It was "À." And "Fred" was "Fred."—an abbreviation. I walked around the monument. There were flowers—fresh flowers—in vases everywhere. Chopin's *amis* were friends indeed.

I left my guide and his friend with Chopin. They were going to take a short climb up the hill to see the monument of Bellini—Vincenzo Bellini (1801-35), the composer of "Norma" and one of Chopin's friends. I headed down the slope, to look for a place for lunch. Perhaps, en route, I might find Modigliani.

As it happened, I did not, but I did find, by interesting chance, the grave of a little-known world champion, unknown even to my map. It was another black marble stone, and the inscription read "Claude Korchia, Président de la Haute Coiffure Masculine, Champion du Monde, 1950-1980." A small plaque at the foot of the stone read "À mon Papa." A few steps farther on, I came to another grave that wasn't on my map, but a grave of which I had very much heard. It was a grave of peculiar celebrity, and also a grave peculiar in itself. It was the grave of a French journalist named Victor Noir, shot dead, at twenty-one, on a Paris street on January 10, 1870, in an altercation with Prince Pierre-Napoleon Bonaparte, a cousin of Napoleon III. Noir lies in life-size bronze on a large slab of white stone as he lay dead on the street—flat on his back, arms outstretched, pantalooned legs slightly apart, his top hat capsized at one knee. It is a grim depiction, and more. The sculptor, in his realism, approached (by accident or design) the surrealistic, and endowed Noir with an enormous

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genital bulge. Noir's grave for this reason is widely revered as a shrine. Barren women visit it in search of fertility and touch that anatomical freak. Their visits over the many years have polished it to the gleam of brass.

The day was getting on, and I was getting hungrier. I moved on. Every path and walk and occasional street in Père-Lachaise looks much like every other, but I had the feeling that this wasn't the way I had come. In a moment, I was sure. Sprayed in red paint on the side of a tomb was "Jim Lives." My path took a turn to the left, and there was another splash of paint: "Jim." And an arrow pointing the way. I came to another, this time in black: a pointing arrow and "Jim—Light my life." It was hard to believe—graffiti in a cemetery! Graffiti in English in a French cemetery! And who was Jim? I went on, past another "Jim" and arrow, and heard voices. I saw heads and shoulders. I cut through a rank of tall headstones, and came into a group of eight or ten young men and women gathered cheerfully around a little square stone and a crude stone bust of a man with a cowl of wavy hair. The bust was heaped with fresh flowers, and on the stone, almost obscured by scores of scribbled observations and exhortations, was lettered in black "Jim Morrison, 1943-1971." The backs of all the surrounding gravestones were covered with scribbles: "Rock Is Dead." "Jim was born in the U.S.A." "Hi, Chris, love, Andrea." "The music is never over." "There are The Doors between." "Dood & Blue Butterfly still loving your songs, Jim." There was what I took to be a poem:

When the still sea conspires
And her sullen and aborted
Breed tiny monsters
True sailing is dead
Awkward and instant
And the first animal is jettisoned
Legs furiously pumping
With their still green gallop
. . . Oh, Jim, I've screwed up while
paying respect to you I got so stoned
I forget the words I'm glad your
Spirit is free.
Pete

A young man with a thick red beard stood watching me trying to figure this out. He gave a short laugh. "I don't know who this Pete is," he said. His English sounded Australian. "But I'll tell you one thing, sport. He *was* screwed up. 'Horse Latitudes' is one of Jim's greatest poems. And the bastard screwed it up."

I said, "I thought The Doors was an American group. How come he's buried here?"

"He died here, sport. Jim split with The Doors and came here to Paris to write poetry. He liked those French poets. Baudelaire and those. They say he had a heart attack." He gave a snort. "A heart attack at twenty-seven? He O.D.'d." A blond young woman in bib overalls and two or three sets of earrings was standing just back of the Australian. She gave a sudden gasp, and lowered her head and sobbed. "A lot of us spend a lot of time here," the Australian said. "It's like a hangout. We all loved Jim. So we come here and remember."

THE 20th Arrondissement is not much celebrated for its restaurants, but I found a brasserie called Le Carrefour around the corner, on the Boulevard de Charonne, and lunched well enough on cucumbers in crème fraîche and ham rillettes, with a half bottle of Beaujolais. I studied my map while I ate. I could see how that young American had spent days at Père-Lachaise. There were many names that I hadn't noticed before: Corot. Sarah Bernhardt. Ingres. Bizet. Maréchal Ney. Balzac. Beaumarchais. Cherubini. David. Apollinaire. Walking back to the cemetery, I worked out an itinerary. I would start with Colette and the bunch of others. Then Apollinaire was on the way to Proust, and Proust was on the way to Oscar Wilde, and Wilde was on the way to Gertrude Stein and Edith Piaf and Modigliani. I headed for Colette, but I mistook my way and ended on the slope above her, among the others. The first of these was Haussmann—Baron Haussmann (1809-91), the architect of the Paris boulevard system, including the boulevard that bears his name, where I have more than once had a brush with death. I came to Rossini. Or, rather—the letters were gold and a good ten inches high—ROSSINI. His memorial was much like Poulenc's, except that the columns flanking the door were not green but GOLD. A few tombs farther on, I came to Alfred de Musset (1810-57), the Romantic poet and discarded lover (in favor of Chopin) of George Sand. It was, after Rossini, a demure, almost puritan, memorial—a white stone slab with a white stone bust bearing the name, the dates, and an inscription. I bent and read:

> Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai, plantez un saule au cimetière. J'aime son

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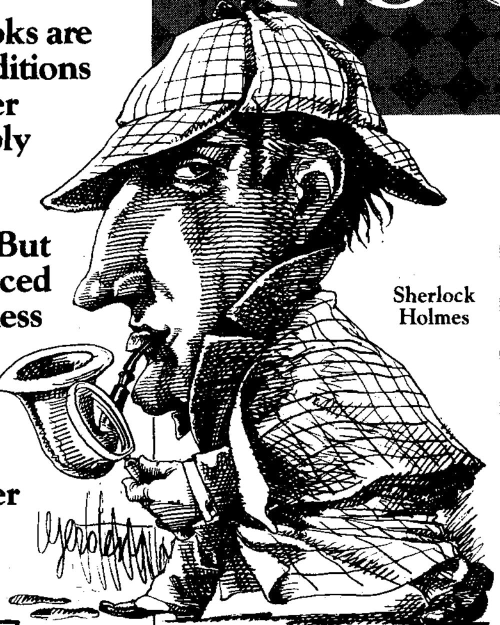
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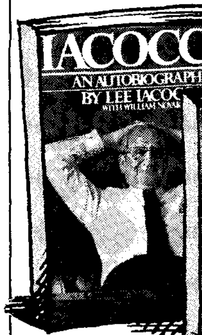
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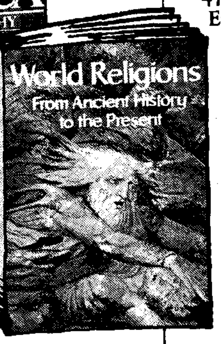
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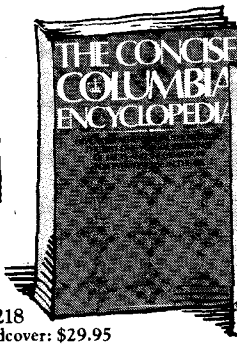
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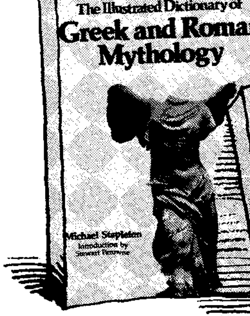
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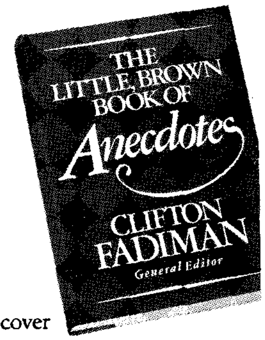
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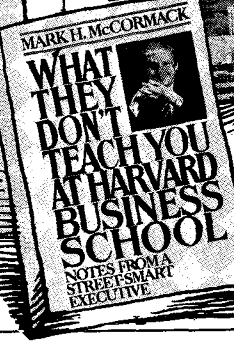
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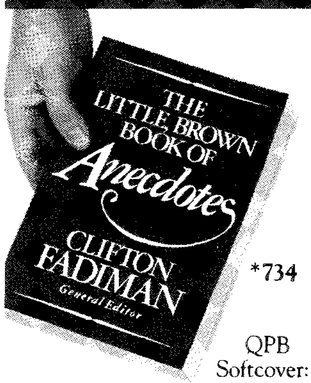

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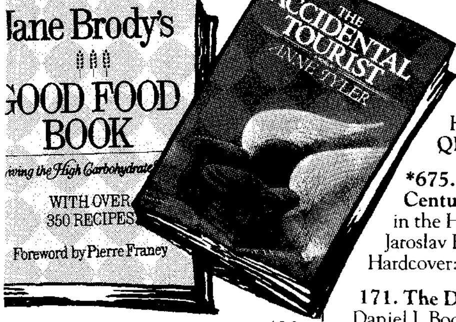

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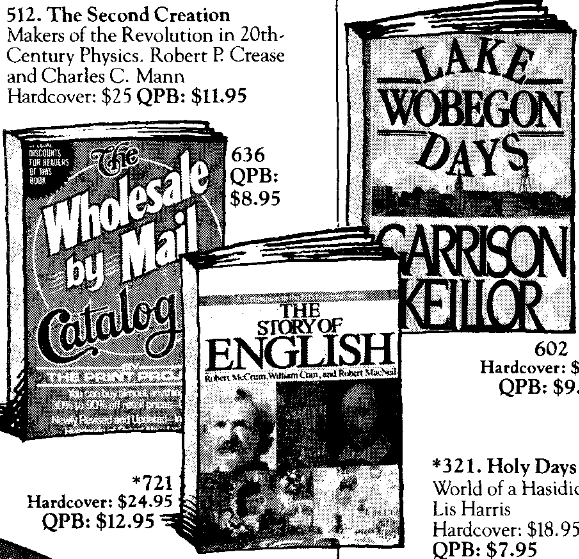

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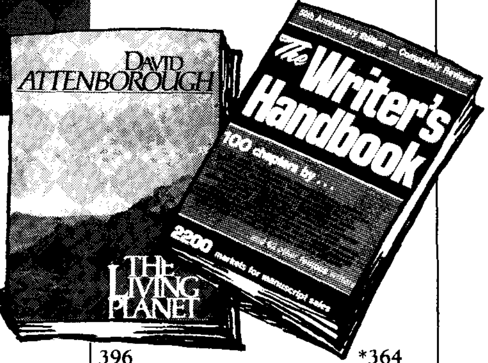

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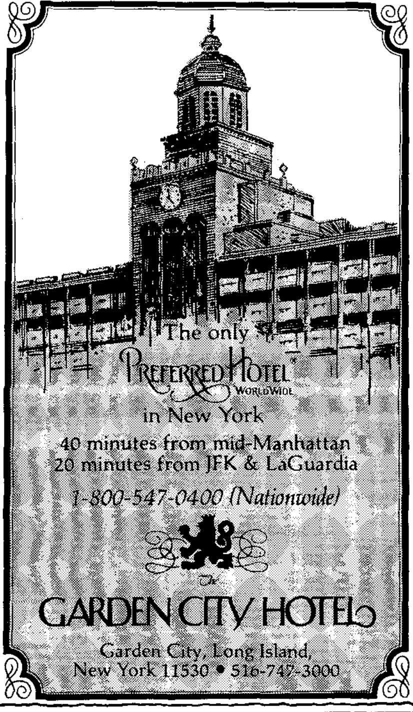

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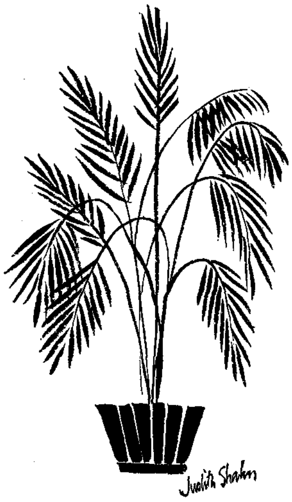
feuillage éploré. La pâleur m'en est douce et chère, et son ombre sera légère à la terre *où je dormirai.*

I straightened up and looked around. And there it was, its branches just clearing the top of the monument—a weeping willow. I looked at the little tree, hardly more than a sapling, and wondered. I wondered how many generations of weeping willows de Musset's *chers amis* had faithfully planted here during the hundred and thirty years since his death. I went on down the hill. I found Colette at the bottom, near the end of the Avenue Principale, not far from Simone Signoret's half-way house. She lay beneath a shining red marble block with a framing in shining black. Inscribed at the head was "Ici repose Colette, 1873-1954." At the foot leaned a plastic Contrex mineral-water bottle containing the remains of a handful of lavender mums. She, too, had her friends.

I turned and started climbing, past de Musset and Haussmann and ROSSINI. Halfway up the next steep slope, fifty feet or so from where I hoped to find Apollinaire, I came upon a group of six or eight women and one bearded man gathered in what looked like prayer around a flower-banked tomb. A graveside service? The tomb was a heavy slab of stone supported by four stone columns that sheltered a bald and goateed bronze bust. I joined the group, and read, "Allan Kardec. Fondateur de la Philosophie Spirite. 1804-1869." All eyes were fixed on the bust, and one woman stood enrapt, one hand pressed to Kardec's forehead and the other to her heart. It wasn't exactly a service; I moved quickly and quietly on.

A gray cat jumped across my path. Then a tiger cat. Then a calico. They seemed to be going my way, so I followed them—followed them through a density of low gravestones and bushy cedars to (as if by prearrangement) a kind of rough rock megalith: "Guillaume Apollinaire de Kostrowitzky." The cats ran on twenty feet or so to a stocky woman in a thick red cardigan sweater who was surrounded by other cats and little dishes of milk. She and I exchanged *bonjours*. She said, "*Mes chats*," and much more, none of which I understood. I smiled, and returned my attention to Apollinaire. Born in 1880. Gravely wounded in the war. Died in 1918. Impresario of Cubism, inventor of the term "surrealism," and author of his epitaph—fifteen lines from his poem "Les Collines," beginning, "Je me suis enfin détaché de toutes choses naturelles." Buried with his widow, Jacqueline, 1891-1967. Remembered by flowers in planters and flowers in vases. Proust, I found, when I found him (without any kind of help), also lay in a domestic grave. His monument, much like that of Colette, was a thick marble slab—an oblong of black marble polished to patent leather. There was a formée cross engraved at the head, and an inscription, "Marcel Proust, 1871-1922." His parents' names and dates were engraved on one long side, and those of his brother on the other. There were no flowers and no vases or flower beds. That, I thought, was just as well. That gleaming black, that elegant simplicity, was too severe, too forbidding, for flowers of any kind. Black orchids, perhaps.

Oscar Wilde's grave was pretty much where my map said it was. The afternoon was fading, but I could see it from a distance as I approached—a great block of white stone with a winged figure in bas-relief flying across the face, the work of Jacob Epstein. But approach was as far as I got. The tomb was encircled by a crowd that had the look and the size of a tour. I worked my way close enough to see the famous name, and moved on. I already knew what I wanted to know. I knew that Wilde had died in 1900, in poverty, in a run-down hotel on the Rue des Beaux-Arts. I knew that Epstein's memorial had caused a great public stir for its explicit rendering of the Wildean genitalia, and that the hotel in which he died is now a luxury hotel. I found Edith Piaf with similar ease and frustration: her grave, too, was encircled (as, I later learned, it always is) by devotees of all nations, and it was all but obscured (as, I also later learned, it always is) by flowers. But beyond her, beyond a couple of ranks of intervening monuments, beyond a wide slope of lawn, was a stretch of shabby stone



wall, fifteen feet high, that marked the southeastern corner of the cemetery. This was a famous corner, the famous Mur des Fédérés—the Federalists' Wall. It was here that the Paris Commune came to its violent end, on May 28, 1871, with the death by firing squad of a hundred and forty-seven surviving insurgents. They were buried where they fell, along the foot of the wall. There was a big plaque on the wall. I walked over and read, in gold letters, its noncommittal commemoration:

AUX MORTS
de la Commune
28 Mai 1871

By now, I was about as far as I could be from the Avenue Principale and the taxi stand on the Boulevard de Ménilmontant, and the afternoon was fading fast. I thought of my hotel on the faraway Rue du Bac. I headed down the hill. Along the winding way, my map offered me, at last, Modigliani—and at his stony side his twenty-one-year-old mistress, Jeanne Hébuterne, who killed herself upon hearing of his death—but I barely hesitated. I passed Murat with only a glance. I passed Daudet, Corot. It was almost dusk, and the necropolis was quickly losing its charm. Lafontaine. Molière. The slope steepened, I moved faster. Cherubini. And then, in almost the last of the light, I was on the Avenue Principale, with the gates still open and the boulevard just beyond.

IN the end, I never found Gertrude Stein either. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

The surprise is that this most familiar of cooking processes—roasting—is what everybody does but almost nobody does right, according to Liederman. "Our cooking process is totally radical and totally unique in the U.S. right now," to quote him precisely if not modestly. "One of the great myths is that restaurant roasting is slow." He learned otherwise when he worked in the kitchen at Troisgros, the three-star French restaurant where he roasted fish and lobsters for about five years.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

And nearly cost them that third star.

•

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[*From the Orlando* (*Fla.*) *Sentinel*]

MOBILE, Ala.—In the dwindling twilight of a storm-tossed Thursday, Charlie Graddick grabbed the burnished levers of political demagoguery to whip up a hometown crowd and breathe life into a bid for governor that has seen more switchbacks than a snaky mountain road.

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THE THEATRE

Brit Skits

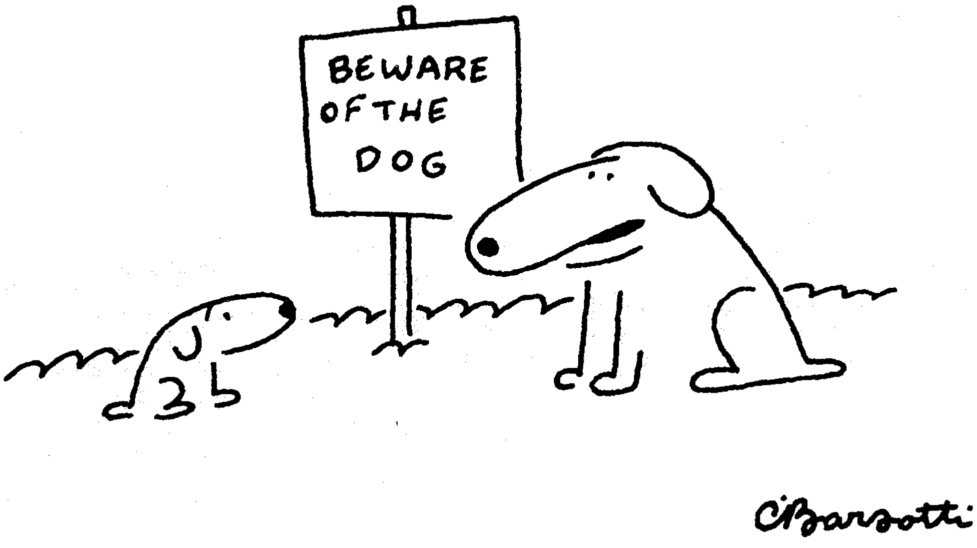
AMONG the signs of the changing nature of Broadway is the frequency with which one-man shows and specialty dance acts are taking the place of plays and musicals. A British comedian named Rowan Atkinson turned up briefly at the Brooks Atkinson, billed, inevitably, as "Rowan Atkinson at the Atkinson." Some years ago, Mr. Atkinson's tart fooleries would have served admirably as a turn at a local cabaret or night club, but it appears that at the moment in New York City such seemingly ideal venues are economically unsound. The result is that an Atkinson carries a burden of responsibility to his audience—"We are in a Broadway theatre, we have paid a high price for our tickets, make us laugh, you sorry clown, you"—too heavy for his talents to bear. This being the case, one is tempted to mitigate the injustice of Mr. Atkinson's plight by praising him beyond his deserts. With an effort, I will resist the temptation and say merely that he is indeed a very funny performer and that he appeals especially to Anglophiles, who are accustomed to the fact that much middle-class and upper-middle-class British humor is fixated on the water closet and regards sex with a wary distaste.

An admirer of Sir John Betjeman, the late poet laureate, used to say that he looked like a muffin, and so does Atkinson. His chief prop is his small, limp body, which he contorts in a droll fashion, with no audible breaking of bones. But then it may be that he has no bones; that would help to account for a feat he performed in one of his skits—the pulling on of some swimming trunks over a pair of trousers and then the removal of the trousers by dint of drawing them up through the swimming trunks. In another skit, he played an Anglican priest delivering a sermon about the miracle that Christ performed during the wedding feast at Cana; it appeared that caterers who had been hired to prepare and serve the feast were more appreciative of Christ's technical virtuosity in turning water into wine than were the wedding guests. In other skits, Atkinson played a suave, well-tailored BBC-voiced Devil assigning newcomers their places in Hell; a public-school headmaster who, having birched a student to death, accused him of idleness and lack of school spirit; and a drunken father of the bride proposing a radically inappropriate toast at the wedding breakfast.

It isn't quite accurate to call "Rowan Atkinson at the Atkinson" a one-man show, for Atkinson was assisted by an amiable straight man named Angus Deayton, who was quite evidently supplied with bones and wore harmless tweeds. Further assistance was provided by a musical combo headed by Steven Margoshes, by a set designed by Will Bowen, by Mark Henderson's lighting, and by the direction of Mike Ockrent. What comedians speak of as "material" was composed in the present instance by Atkinson himself and Richard Curtis, Ben Elton, and Richard Sparks.

"RAGGEDY ANN," subtitled "The Musical Adventure," opened and quickly closed at the Nederlander. It began with a Raggedy Ann doll propped upright onstage under a full moon and ended— Truly, I cannot tell you how it ended, because out of respect for the travail through which the large, earnest cast was passing, always in vain, I first averted my eyes and then, at the intermission, expunged myself, much as a wicked schoolboy might take advantage of recess to play hooky. The author of the book, William Gibson, and the composer of the music and lyrics, Joe Raposo, must have had some substantial theme in mind when they began their handiwork, but it was undetectable to me throughout the first act, in which many odd things took place. A young girl, Marcella, had fallen desperately ill, in a house that implied that she and her drunken, woebegone father were in dire circumstances; nevertheless, she was attended by three doctors, who were unable to diagnose her case correctly and were dismissed by the father. He then stepped outside the house and bullyragged God in exceptionally vehement terms, threatening to pull out His beard if He allowed poor Marcella to die. The Raggedy Ann doll came to life and began to chat all too animatedly with Marcella about the nature of the human predicament. As a philosopher, she was no Wittgenstein, but then Wittgenstein was no Raggedy Ann. The chat led us into a dream of happiness in which Marcella's mother, who in real life had abandoned her and her father, returned to them and consented to give up her base lover and remarry Poppa. We knew the lover was base because he smoked a big cigar, and we knew the dream was a dream because the stage was filled with billowing fumes of dry ice.

The Raggedy Ann doll was played by Ivy Austin, Marcella by Lisa Rieffel, Poppa by Bob Morrisey, Mommy by Elizabeth Austin, the Bat by Gail Benedict, and the Camel with the Wrinkled Knees by Joel Aroeste. The settings were by Gerry Hariton and Vicki Baral, and the costumes were by Carrie Robbins. Marc B. Weiss designed the lighting, and the direction and choreography were by Patricia Birch. —BRENDAN GILL



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MUSICAL EVENTS

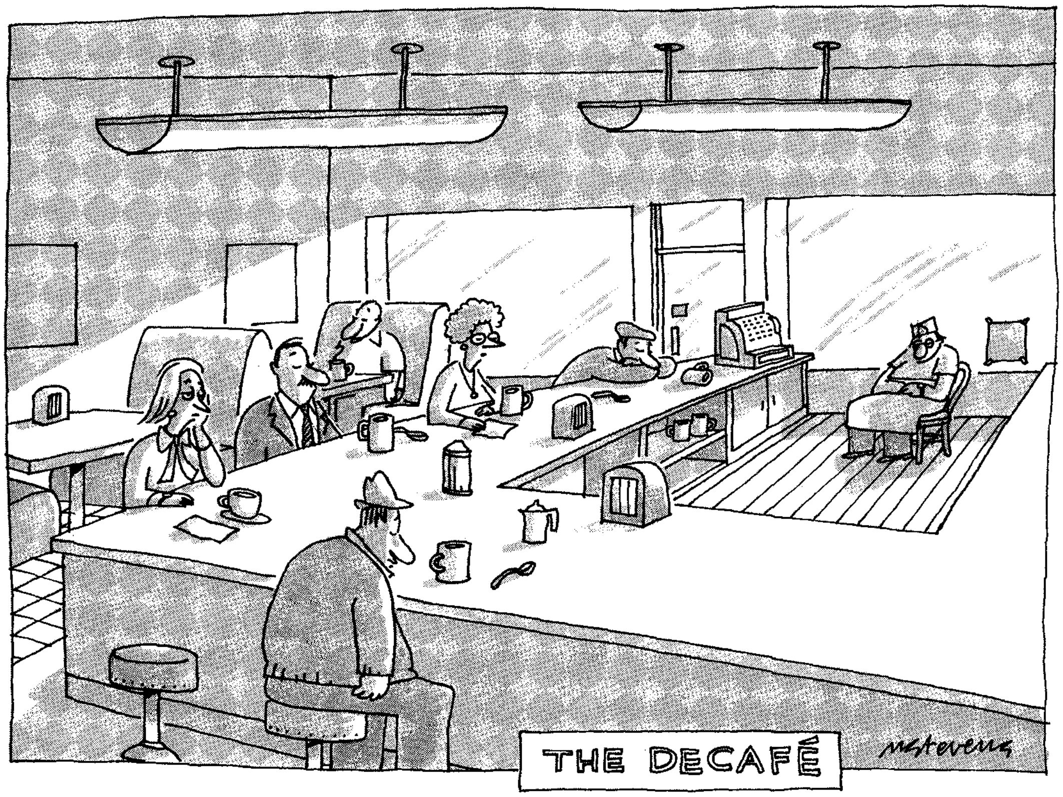
Fiery Minister

ANTHONY DAVIS's first opera, "X," newly subtitled "The Life and Times of Malcolm X," has been given four performances, to full houses, by the New York City Opera. I wrote with enthusiasm about the piece after last year's production at Philadelphia's American Music Theatre Festival. It has brought new life to America's conservative operatic scene, being a work at once genuinely new, musically and theatrically effective, and concerned with matter that, still inflammatory twenty-one years after Malcolm X's assassination, is kept before us each day in New York's streets and by the news from South Africa.

The City Opera billed the production of "X" as a world première. Bellini revised his first opera, "Adelson e Salvini," after its student première, for professional performance. Verdi revised his first opera, "Oberto," between its first and second Milan productions, and again for Genoa. Puccini revised his first opera, "Le Villi," between its first and second productions. And Davis revised "X" for its New York première. The overture, in Philadelphia a piano solo, is now orchestrated. Act III, which tells of Malcolm X's second conversion, from Elijah Muhammad's doctrines to a wider vision of all men as brothers under Allah, has been clarified, amplified, and made more shapely. And there are several other changes that improve the piece without compromising the force and freshness of Davis's original ideas. The work is gripping, and it is unlike any other opera. Davis's music lives, above all, in its rhythms. He is a master of ostinatos not mechanical and extended but metrically intricate—three-, four-, and five-beat bars jostle—and theatrically paced. Nothing lasts too long; transitions from one pattern to the next are exciting. Debts to Stravinsky are unconcealed. They are repaid in operatically unfamiliar coin: a command of modern-jazz *Affektenlehre.* Contemporary versions of the "affective" techniques—music's means for directing and controlling its listeners' emotions —tabled in the New Grove article "Rhetoric and Music" abound in the score of "X."

The progress of the plot is biographical: child, criminal youth, preacher, demagogue (the final paragraph of Malcolm X's autobiography begins "Yes, I have cherished my 'demagogue' role"), visionary. But the form of the work is, rather, that of a dramatic poem. The director and playwright Christopher Davis, the composer's brother, is credited with the "story." Their cousin Thulani Davis, a poet, has written a libretto at once charged, direct, poetic, and singable. The music doesn't "follow along," accompanying, illustrating. It takes charge, seems to determine the dramatic progress. One of the most striking features of "X" is the use of ensembles. There is not a chorus but a large corps of secondary soloists, more than thirty, who group and regroup at different strengths, playing many parts around the principals. The musical interplay and balance between solo and ensemble are matched by the stage pictures. Rhoda Levine, who has been with "X" from the start as "creative consultant," has tightened and refined her Philadelphia production, and it is a brilliant piece of work: true music theatre, in which every component tells. The long pantomime of assembly during the overture may seem conventional, unrelated to the musical events. But thereafter potent, unforgettable stage imagery is created with simple material means, rich imagination, keen lighting (by Curt Ostermann), and precise ensemble execution. Christopher Keene conducts a musically trim performance.

The new Malcolm, Ben Holt, is not as fierce an actor as Avery Brooks was in Philadelphia, and some of the role lay awkwardly low for his baritone, which shines in its upper octave. But he gave a very impressive, stirring performance, and it grew in force between the first night and the last. Thomas Young, in the contrasting tenor roles of Malcolm's two mentors, Street and Elijah Muhammad, was splendidly incisive. Mark S. Doss, as Reginald, Malcolm's brother, revealed a baritone of beautiful timbre and steadiness. The two principal women—Priscilla Baskerville as Malcolm's mother in Act I and his wife in Act III, and Marietta Simpson as his sister Ella—both had warm, rich voices but tended to sacrifice words to tone, and to "sing through the commas." The rest of the cast had the verbal vivacity that brings



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opera to life. In particular, the soprano Janice Dixon and the tenors William Moize and Cornelius White are singers—and stage presences—to note. The ensemble sound in the big choruses rose to thrilling climaxes.

Davis presumably wants to get on with his next opera, not make still further adjustments to this one. Already, "X" is a work that deserves to enter the American repertory, and I trust the City Opera will be reviving its production next season. Still, there are two points he might profitably reponder: the first-act and second-act curtains. It is a bold and effective stroke to keep the protagonist silent for almost an hour, until his aria of anger explodes as the first-act finale. (The boy Malcolm closes the first scene with a touching little aria, "Momma, help me," which was well sung by Armond Pressley.) But the aria lacks a climactic cadence. It's not enough to shoot the singer up to a sudden, ringing high A-sharp and drop the curtain. The music doesn't clinch the close; here Davis's strong harmonic sense seems for once to have failed him. The emotional high point of "X" is the second-act ensemble "We are a nation, trapped inside a nation"—a choral cry comparable in effect to that of "Va, pensiero" in Verdi's "Nabucco." Verdi followed his ensemble with Zaccaria's sombre, then savage *profezia*. Davis follows his with Malcolm X's chilling comment on the Kennedy assassination: "a case of the chickens coming home to roost." (In an interview, Davis recalled "sitting in front of our television set, watching this man and wondering why he was saying such things. Malcolm had become like the devil because his rage was so great.") There, it seems to me, the act might well end. A second coda, showing Elijah Muhammad's angry reaction to his lieutenant's remark, proves weakening.

LUCIANO BERIO's "Voci," for viola and orchestra, was performed first in Basel, in 1984, and thereafter in Los Angeles, Manchester, London. Attracting accounts of it reached us: "Flight after flight of meticulous, irrepressibly exuberant fantasy takes the air. It's a beautiful work, rich and buoyant" was one comment, after the London Sinfonietta concert last year for Berio's sixtieth birthday. "Voci" itself reached New York this month, played five times by the Philharmonic, with Aldo Bennici as soloist and the composer conducting. It is a substantial piece—lasting nearly half an hour—and a captivating one. Berio's keen musical mind has long engaged with folk music, national or regional particularities and their universal expressive power, musical "roots." In "Luciano Berio: Two Interviews" (published last year by Marion Boyars) the composer says:

> I have a Utopian dream, though I know it cannot be realized: I would like to create a unity between folk music and our music—a real, perceptible, understandable continuity between ancient, popular music-making, which is so close to everyday work, and our music.

His "Folk Songs" is a set of arrangements, for soprano and small ensemble or chamber orchestra, of seven folk songs and four songs in folk idiom, two by John Jacob Niles and two by Berio himself. In 1968, while composing the Sinfonia, he collected Sicilian street-vender cries ("Some melodies are so beautiful that one would think they were love songs"), and some years later he composed "Cries of London." "Epifanie" and "Coro" employ elements of folk-music devices. "Voci," subtitled "Folk Songs II," is a pageant of Sicilian work songs, love songs, lullabies, and street cries. Berio's use of folk music has always been at once creative, analytical, and romantic (he describes his links to it as "often of an emotional character"); in "Voci" one hears some tunes quoted apparently straight, others "deconstructed." One only half catches some tunes that are sung as if from far away; then, like music Elizabeth Bishop once heard on Capitol Hill, "the music doesn't quite come through. It comes in snatches, dim then keen, then mute." Berio often prefers the presentation of rich possibilities to plain, blunt statement. His opera "La Vera Storia" is, among other things, a deconstruction of "Il Trovatore;" the imperfect titular anagram indicates analogues far from pat or patent. In his larger scores, he won't so much argue as lay out evidence, precisely, elegantly, and with emotion unconcealed, that allows listeners to draw for themselves a conclusion he has in mind but—no German homilist—has no intention of hammering out. Listeners—as Paul Driver put it after a Manchester performance of "Voci" last year—"are drawn to reflect and consider; teased, in fact, by a score at once lyrically inviting and intellectually strenuous."

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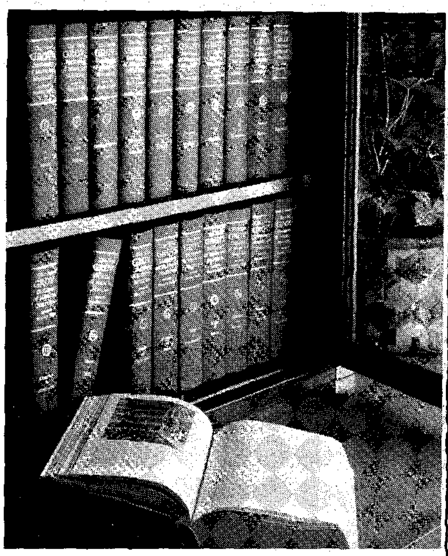

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has the theatrical component of much Berio music. The players are disposed on the platform in an unusual figuration that lets them break into distinct little bands. The music is laid out in space as well as in time. There are scenes, characters, backgrounds. The clip-clop of wood blocks, the twang of the Flexatone add picturesque touches. The viola solo—played by Mr. Bennici with a wonderful command of line, shape, and sonority—sings, snarls, muses, strums, whines in sensuous microtones, flutters into swirls of arabesque. Music's "stage" is more versatile than that of any theatre: sometimes one seems to be watching a pan of all the island, its features limned in a myriad points of glowing light; then one closes in on particular scenes of romance, passion, mirth, melancholy, or on pungent, poignant conjunctions. The light is now strong and bright, now hazy, mysterious, enchanted; and different lights may shine from different parts of the platform. The Philharmonic's playing was not vivid enough, and not everybody enjoyed "Voci." The next day, the *Times* declared that it "seemed during most of its 28-minute, one-movement length to be trying to carve out a place for itself among this decade's most ineffectual compositions."

"Voci" was the first half of the program. The second half began with Haydn's Symphony No. 90. It happened to be the first classical symphony I encountered in performance after reading Hugh Macdonald's sane, careful paper "To Repeat or Not to Repeat?" in Volume III of the *Proceedings of the Royal Musical Association.* Common practice today is to observe an instruction to repeat the exposition of a sonata-form movement (unless it's long) but to ignore such an instruction for the development and recapitulation, and to ignore repeat signs in the da capo of a minuet or scherzo. The practice is challenged with increasing frequency: by uncut concert accounts of Beethoven symphonies and Schubert's Great C-Major, and in recordings—especially by Baroque orchestras—of Haydn and Mozart symphonies. Berio omitted the following repeats in the Haydn: the first-movement development and recapitulation; the second F-minor segment of the slow-movement theme; the da-capo minuet; and the second—and larger—part of the finale. Accustomed as I am to common practice, I cannot in honesty say that any of the omissions—except that in the slow move-

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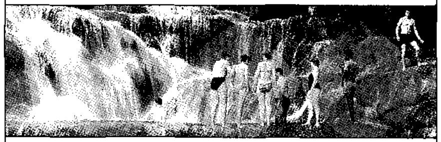

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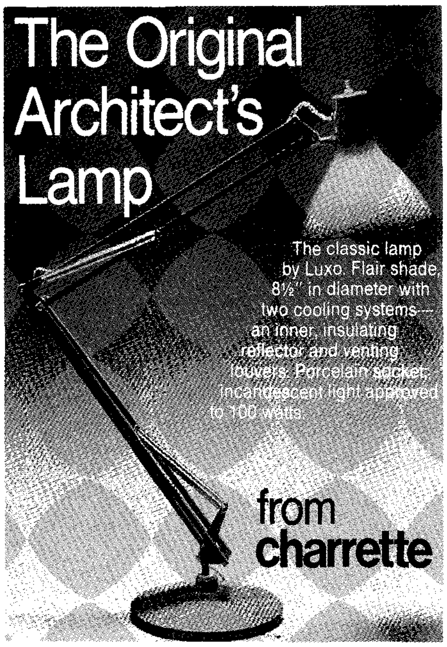
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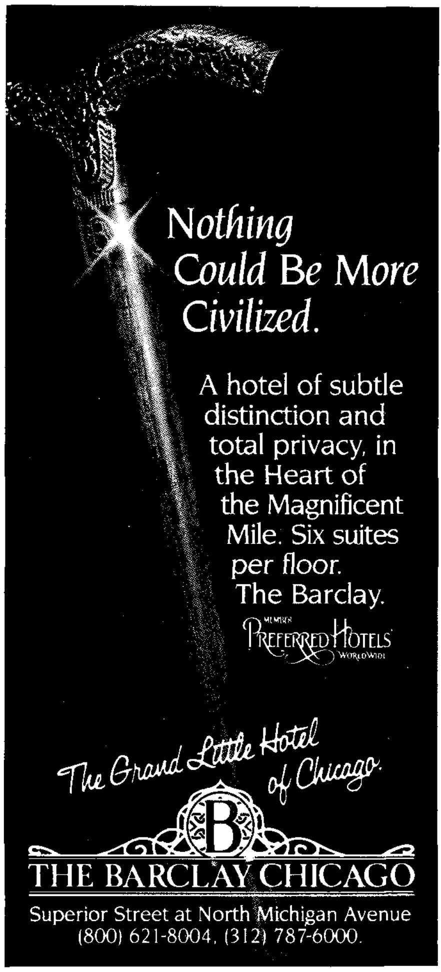

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ment, which disorders the formal pattern—really disturbed me, or that I would have pondered the effect on structure had Mr. Macdonald's paper not been fresh in my mind. But the symphony was done so buoyantly, with so keen an appreciation of its felicities, marvels, and surprises (which prove no less delightful at a second hearing, when the pleasure is different, and perhaps even keener), that I would gladly have listened to it at full length. Mr. Macdonald's conclusion is:

> Nothing encourages us to believe that repeats in classical music are anything other than what all textbooks say they are: instructions to repeat a passage of music, equivalent in force to the instructions which determine tempo, phrasing, dynamics and the notes themselves. There is no ground for believing them to be options, to be taken or left at will. If composers wanted them played, they wrote them in; if not, they left them out.

Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven usually made their intentions clear, with enough variety of practice to show that they considered whether or not to repeat. Beethoven, his brother reported, contemplated an unrepeated exposition for the "Eroica" Symphony, "but after frequent performances he found that it is detrimental if the first part is not repeated." The great Beethoven conductor Felix Weingartner disagreed with Beethoven's finding:

> I think it is desirable to omit the repetition of the first part . . . The effect of the wonderful development and of the unusually long Coda is thereby enhanced, because the hearer's receptive power remains more unimpaired than if he has to experience the first part over again.

It's a possible view. Weingartner thought that many things in Beethoven symphonies could be improved, and he adjusted their scoring to suit his orchestra and his ear. Berio, in one of those interviews, remarks, "The performances of a modern orchestra with ninety players are almost transcriptions when compared with the conditions that prevailed then [in Beethoven's day]: not that there's anything wrong with that—quite the contrary." He goes on to recall the "unforgettable experience" of doing the "Eroica" with twenty-nine players—"transparent and well-defined as chamber music." Well, I won't get into a discussion about revising the classics to match modern tastes, attention spans, instruments, and halls but merely report that—even if the Philharmonic horns were probably playing their parts an octave too low—this

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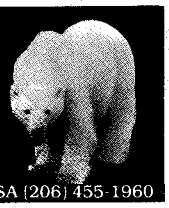

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performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 90 was a delight to hear.

The program closed with Berio's Two-Piano Concerto, commissioned by the Philharmonic and first played in 1973, with Bruno Canino and Antonio Ballista as the soloists and Pierre Boulez conducting. That was a glittering performance; this one, with Katia and Marielle Labèque as the soloists and the composer conducting, was oddly gray. The long opening section, five minutes for the pianos alone, was hardly recognizable as the parade of electric incidents that the Canino-Ballista duo made of it (and make of it in a RCA recording, also composer-conducted). The first flute did not seize the limelight for its important solo and show the passage to be one of the most arresting written for the instrument in modern times. The concerto—which Berio revised after its première—should be an exhilarating adventure. It rethinks, re-presents solo-orchestra relationships; "transcribes" keyboard textures to ensembles, and vice versa; fashions and refashions arresting ideas; and at the same time pursues a fascinating harmonic path. This account of it was lacklustre.

Listening to music in Avery Fisher Hall isn't much fun. During "Voci," the Wednesday-night audience fidgeted, shuffled, scuffed on the resonant wooden floor, making more noise than the soft details of the music did. After the Haydn, there was a flight for the exit doors, but not enough people left; cohorts remained to disturb the concerto with their mid-music exits, every few bars. (The Friday-matinée audience proved, as usual, rather more responsive, curious, and courteous.) Onstage, some of the players exchanged broad grins; I hope they signified only irrepressible, exuberant delight at the beautiful, challenging music Berio had given them to play.

—ANDREW PORTER

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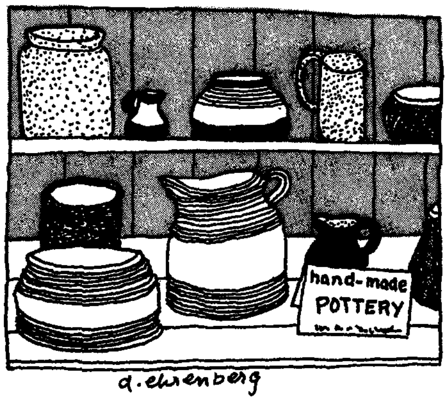
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 19

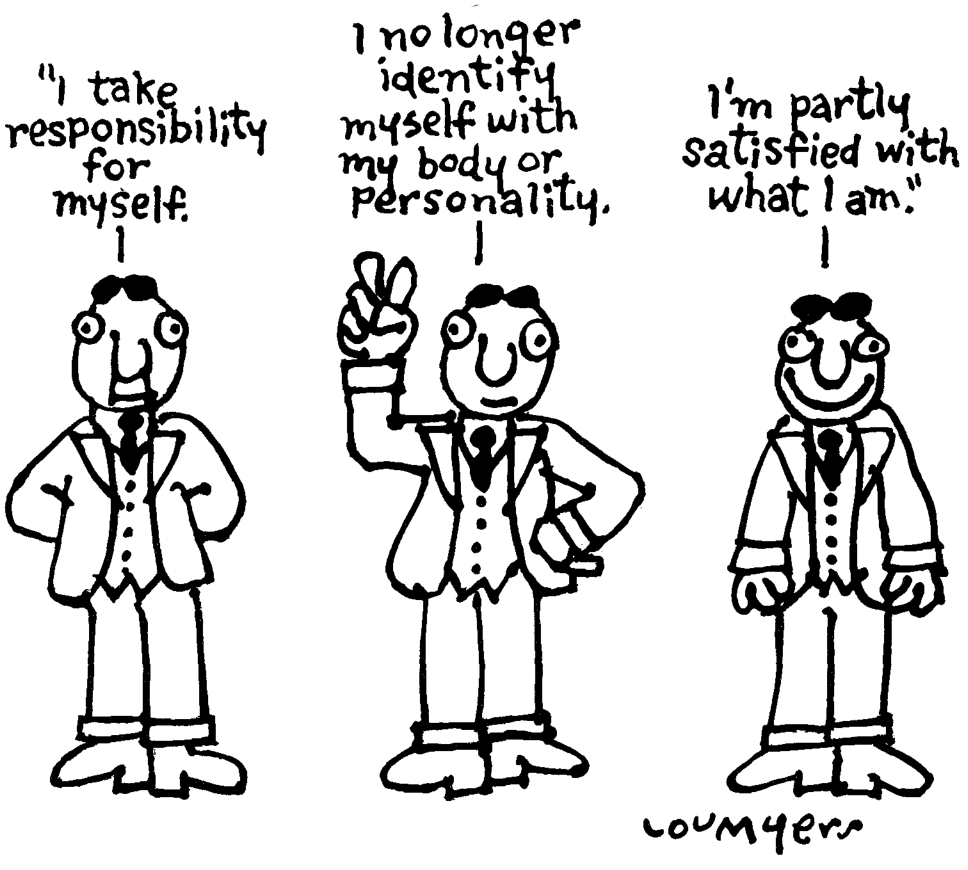
IT'S been a rough autumn here. A great deal has been happening, with very large consequences involved. This was true to some extent even before President Reagan went to the Iceland summit. No one is better than Reagan at putting a positive gloss on things, and he and his aides, after overcoming their obvious shock and disappointment—which was there for the world to see on television—at the failure of the summit, have gone into overdrive in trying to paint the meeting as a great success. But, try as one might, it is hard to escape the unnerving impression that in Iceland the President and his top advisers were in a situation they never should have been in and one that they were unprepared for, and were bandying about arms-control proposals that had not been thought through and that they never should have been making. One had the unnerving impression when the summit broke up last Sunday—and, after numerous briefings and interviews, one cannot shake the impression—that the most important officials of our country, including the President, had walked into a trap. That, by their own accounts, they got out of it—if it does turn out that they did—does not remove this fact. We can't know whether they did until the public-relations campaign over what happened dies down and we see what happens next. But if our President was like some heroine tied to the railroad tracks in the face of an onrushing train and then miraculously escaped, the question remains of what he was doing on the tracks in the first place. Perhaps someday the meeting in Iceland will be seen as a historic conceptual turning point, and perhaps some important results can still come from the meeting in the near future, but it is not clear how, given the way the President says he thinks about these matters—and he must be taken seriously. For a long time, on the subject of arms control as well as other matters, a lot of people have imputed to the President thoughts and intentions that they want him to have, rather than the ones he says that he has. Perhaps it is time to take him at his word.

One purpose behind the decision for Reagan to meet Mikhail Gorbachev in Reykjavik was to move the spotlight away from other subjects. No one is better than Reagan at moving the spotlight, and his decision to go to the meeting was in part intended to provide a distraction from some other very sticky matters, and to give the Republicans a boost in the November elections, in which their control of the Senate is at stake. There can be no doubt that Reagan wanted to explore what Gorbachev—who proposed the meeting—had in mind, and also that he had no idea what he was in for. This was avoidable. As for those other sticky matters, the Administration's handling of the Daniloff affair, its hasty decision to have the President attend a summit meeting—which the Administration insisted was not a summit meeting, just as it insisted that the swap it made with the Soviet Union for the return of Nicholas Daniloff, the journalist, was not a swap—plus, of course, the uproar over the disclosure that the Administration had planned a "disinformation" campaign and other foolishness on the subject of Libya, and then the business about the American cargo plane, carrying weapons, being shot down in Nicaragua, had already made for increasing doubts, in many quarters, about both the Administration's competence and its judgment.

As for what has been happening here on the domestic front, it is not uncommon for Congress to wind up its business later than scheduled, after sessions that last late into the night, and with members of Congress feeling tired, grumpy, and frustrated. But this year all that seemed worse, for a number of reasons. Among other things, the looming elections have given everything a more partisan, mean edge. Though Congress did pass a major tax-reform bill, it failed to come to grips with the nation's most pressing domestic problem—the deficit—in part because the President wouldn't help. This, plus the sense that the Administration is vamping on foreign policy, plus the clear impression that the President does not have command of even the most important questions that his Administration confronts, has led to increasing unease among both Democrats and Republicans—and also among several highly placed people within his Administration. Perhaps Reagan's protective bubble of popularity will remain intact throughout his Presidency, perhaps his luck will hold, and perhaps he will even make real (or apparent) progress on arms control—but the realities make few people comfortable. Even if the Democrats benefit—this November or in November, 1988—from the Reagan Administration's mishandling of things, especially its destruction of the country's fiscal base, many people who think about it do not look forward to having to pick up the pieces.



BEFORE the summit, Administration officials—repeatedly—let it be known that they expected that it might result in the outlines of an agreement on intermediate-range nuclear forces, and perhaps one on nuclear testing, and the setting of the date, at last, for the "real" summit that was supposed to take place in the United States this year, as agreed by Reagan and Gorbachev at the Geneva summit last November. It was assumed that the Administration was deliberately keeping expectations low—but I have been told by an official who went to Iceland that this was actually what the Administration officials expected. There is no evidence that they expected to get into what they did in Iceland—or that they expected to come home empty-handed. Someone who was there has told me that the American side did not expect the kind of negotiations that took place. He said, "We had no preparation, no briefing books, on other matters—that if they do A we do B. But that's what we got into over the two days." Administration officials are now, of course, insisting that a great deal was accomplished, but that is a matter of interpretation, and it depends on further developments. Gorbachev had been holding off setting a date for the meeting in the United States, on the ground that he did not want to (and probably could not afford to) attend another one where there was not substantive progress on arms control. The smile-and-a-handshake Geneva summit, apparently, had not stood Gorbachev in good stead with his Politburo colleagues. The purpose of going to Iceland, then, from the Administration's point of view, was to move things along to a summit in Washington, and perhaps get some agreements, or outlines of agreements, on some matters—and if there were political dividends, so much the better. But I am reliably told that before the Iceland meeting the Soviets had informed the Reagan Administration, via various channels, that there would not be a summit in the United States unless there had already been progress on the most important difference between the two leaders: Reagan's insistence on moving toward the deployment of a system to defend against ballistic missiles—the Strategic Defense Initiative, or S.D.I.—and Gorbachev's insistence that this not happen.


"I take responsibility for myself.
I no longer identify myself with my body or personality.
I'm partly satisfied with what I am."
Lou Myers

Before Reagan left for Iceland, high officials told some journalists, in a briefing that I attended, that one of the reasons for going was that Gorbachev was "perplexed" by Reagan's letter of last July, in which Reagan outlined his latest ideas for a strategic-arms agreement. Several Administration officials, in various camps, found Gorbachev's perplexity understandable, and at the time the letter was sent some officials described it to me as "a negotiated document," and "confused." In it, the President laid before Gorbachev his vision of a world in which both sides would deploy defensive systems: he asserted the right, under the A.B.M. (anti-ballistic-missile) treaty, to test and develop defensive systems—the letter was ambiguous over to what extent the treaty permitted this, which is an issue between the United States and the Soviets, and also within the Administration. The President offered not to deploy such a system for five years (given the current state of the research, this would not be possible anyway, and probably not for much longer), and to then negotiate for two years on mutual deployment of such a system, and said that during this time the side wishing to deploy would share the "benefits" of the research with the other side—with the proviso that both sides agree to the total elimination of all ballistic missiles. The letter went on to say that, failing an agreement, either side could unilaterally withdraw from the treaty with six months' notice (the current required notification time)—and deploy a defensive system.

The 1972 A.B.M. treaty specifically banned the development, testing, or deployment of "A.B.M. systems or components which are sea-based, air-based, space-based, or mobile land-based." An agreed statement appended to the treaty said that if A.B.M. systems based on "other physical principles" were "created in the future," limitations on such systems would be "subject to discussion . . . and agreement." At the time, the only kind of A.B.M. systems that existed were fixed land-based systems, which the treaty limited. Last year, the then national-security adviser, Robert McFarlane, suddenly took the position that the agreed statement permitted research, testing, and development of new systems—an interpretation contrary to that which had been followed for thirteen years, and one which the treaty's negotiators said was dead wrong and in effect abrogated the treaty. After a considerable uproar, Secretary of State George Shultz said that the new interpretation would stand but that the United States would continue to observe the old interpretation. Defense Department officials took the position that the new interpretation was policy. An official has told me that the proposal, in the President's letter, to remove ballistic missiles, which was a new wrinkle, came about because the President was searching for a way to reassure the Soviets that he would not use S.D.I. to help the United States achieve a first strike.

The Soviets have been seeking a pledge by the United States to stay within the treaty for a given number of years (their most recent proposal, before Iceland, was for "up to" fifteen years). As was utterly predictable, those within the Administration who favor the President's making a deal—essentially, trading off everything but research on S.D.I. for mutual deep cuts in offensive systems—said that the President's letter put the A.B.M. treaty on the table, and those who didn't want him to make such a trade said that it didn't. Some of the opponents said, with obvious pleasure, that the letter effectively put an end to the A.B.M. treaty and gave the green light for deploying defensive systems. The idea of the trade has been championed by Shultz and by his chief arms-control adviser, Paul Nitze; opponents of the trade are centered in the Pentagon and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The mere mention of the A.B.M. treaty in the letter was described to me by opponents of the trade as a sop to Shultz, even though it was in the context of an assertion of its perhaps permitting an amount of testing that Shultz, at least at the time, did not agree with. One official has told me that in the final meeting at the White House on the letter the President's two principal Cabinet officials on the matter—Shultz and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger—took opposite views on what the letter meant, and the ambiguity was never resolved.

What proponents of the trade—which came to be called "the grand compromise"—inside and outside of the government did not take into account was that the President might have meant exactly what he had been saying about S.D.I. and his vision of a world without nuclear weapons. He had first put forth the idea in a speech in March, 1983, and embellished on the idea as time went on. There was a strong tendency on the part of a lot of people to fall around laughing when Reagan talked about such things—especially the idea of sharing the research with the Soviets; it did not seem possible that he really meant them, or that they would become part of the United States' nuclear doctrine. But he did and they have.

Reagan is a visionary, for good or for ill: he embraces concepts that o'erleap conventional thinking. Conventional thinkers assume that he cannot really be thinking these things. Strategists who work for him figure that they can work him around to their view of things. People who work for Reagan and people who observe him assume that he is craftily staking out a negotiating position. And others sign on to Reagan's visions not because they subscribe to them but because the visions serve their own purposes. What people are still finding out is that once Reagan seizes upon an idea it is difficult to shake it loose from him. This has happened not just in arms control. The Reagan Administration is littered with people who have gone up against Reagan's visions—until they finally gave up. Take the economy: Conventional thinkers assumed that Reagan, when he was running for the Presidency in 1980, could not really believe what he was saying about "supply side" tax cuts—that they would result in more money for the Treasury. But a number of people joined his Administration because they wanted to be there, and soon found themselves advocating something they did not believe in. Others took up the cause because it would serve their own agenda: David Stockman, by his own admission, exploited the idea of tax cuts, when he knew they wouldn't work as Reagan said they would, for his own purpose of shutting down as many federal programs as possible. Year after year, as the federal debt ballooned some of Reagan's aides tried to get him to raise taxes, and conventional thinkers assumed that he would; but though Reagan gave in at the margins, he never gave in fundamentally. Eventually, his aides gave up. On the subject of arms control, there is every bit of evidence that some people have glommed on to Reagan's vision of defensive systems for their own purpose of sinking arms control.

A corollary to Reagan's visionary turn of mind is his daunting belief in his own persuasive powers. In the days leading up to the Iceland meeting, it was clear from the way high officials talked that Reagan persists in believing in his powers of persuasion in dealing with Gorbachev. The more one observes Reagan, in fact, the more it seems that he lives in his own world, with his own set of realities—an enviable trait, in that it seems so relaxing, if not a reassuring one in a President. Reagan, according to officials, persists in believing that if he can show Gorbachev how American workers live Gorbachev will have new views about capitalism. Similarly, Reagan continues to say that Gorbachev is the first Soviet leader to talk about removing all nuclear weapons from the earth, even though several Soviet leaders have talked about this, and even though Reagan has been told that they have. Also, in the briefing I attended before he left for Iceland, Reagan said that in his private conversations with Gorbachev "there was a certain frankness that I have never felt in any of the other leaders in the Soviet Union that I have met with," though he has never met with any other top Soviet leader.

Given all this background, much of what happened in Iceland should not have been so surprising. It stood to reason that Gorbachev would try to smoke Reagan out on S.D.I., and that Reagan would resist anything that suggested to him that he would be giving it up. What made the whole thing so dramatic, and troubling, was that the President and his aides allowed themselves to be drawn into frantic, around-the-clock negotiations about the most important issues between the two nations and deluded themselves into thinking, and created the impression, that enormous progress was being made—until they ran into the brick wall of the main issue that had been there all along: S.D.I. It still is not clear whether they are deluding themselves or are being disingenuous when they say that both sides came extraordinarily close on breathtaking agreements—except for this one problem. The fact is that without resolving that problem they were nowhere. Whether Gorbachev, in springing dramatic proposals on a surprised American delegation, deliberately set a trap or simply yielded a great deal on other matters so as to tempt Reagan to give in on S.D.I. also can't be known. But it doesn't make much difference. The result is the same. What came out of Reykjavik was the impression that all manner of progress in arms control is possible but for S.D.I. Of course, each side is now trying to put the onus on the other for blocking an agreement.

One very big problem with talking about what happened at Reykjavik is that there are a great many questions about what really happened. The proposals that were going back and forth have been described in varying fashion by even the American officials who were there—not to mention the variances between the American and Soviet versions. The fact that even the participants seem unclear about what they were talking about says a great deal about what was wrong with the process itself. According to the American version, the Soviets yielded—or appeared to yield—important concessions on curbing both long-range (strategic) nuclear missiles and intermediate-range (theatre) nuclear missiles: long-range missiles would be reduced by fifty per cent over five years, and all intermediate-range missiles based in or poised against Europe would be removed, and the Soviets would reduce their intermediate-range warheads based in Asia to one hundred. But there remain many questions about what each side had in mind on even these subjects—which the Administration is now presenting as breathtaking breakthroughs. (In fact, the specifics that the Soviets set for the fifty-per-cent reductions were far different from what the American side sought.) As for S.D.I., according to the accounts, Gorbachev reduced the time period during which he wanted the United States to stay within the A.B.M. treaty to ten years. Then, it is said, the American side said that the United States would agree to a ten-year commitment to stay within the treaty (without stating which interpretation)—if the two sides agreed to eliminate all ballistic missiles from their arsenals within ten years, and if there would be some kind of green light to proceed with deployment of defensive systems after ten years. Administration officials say that a full-scale S.D.I. system would not be ready within ten years anyway. (Conservative supporters of S.D.I.—within the Administration and in Congress—are pushing for an earlier deployment of a more limited system, to make defensive systems an accomplished fact.) According to the accounts, Gorbachev countered with a proposal to eliminate *all* offensive strategic arms, and to prohibit deployment of a defensive system—and then demanded that the A.B.M. treaty be "strengthened" to stipulate that all research on new defensive systems be confined to the laboratory. Reagan refused, and with that the meeting—which had gone into extra hours, and thus fed expectations—came to an abrupt end, with no results at all.

There are some remaining subquestions about the way the meeting ended: it is not clear why Gorbachev asked to strengthen the treaty to specify that research must be confined to the laboratory, rather than assert that the treaty is limited to research of space-based systems, unless this was for bargaining purposes; and it is not clear why the meeting ended the way it did—with Reagan, as the accounts have it, picking up his papers and declaring the meeting over when Gorbachev pressed his proposal, rather than with both men saying that many matters had been tentatively agreed to and that others would now be pursued by their negotiators in Geneva. (A day or two afterward, that's essentially what both men did say, but by then

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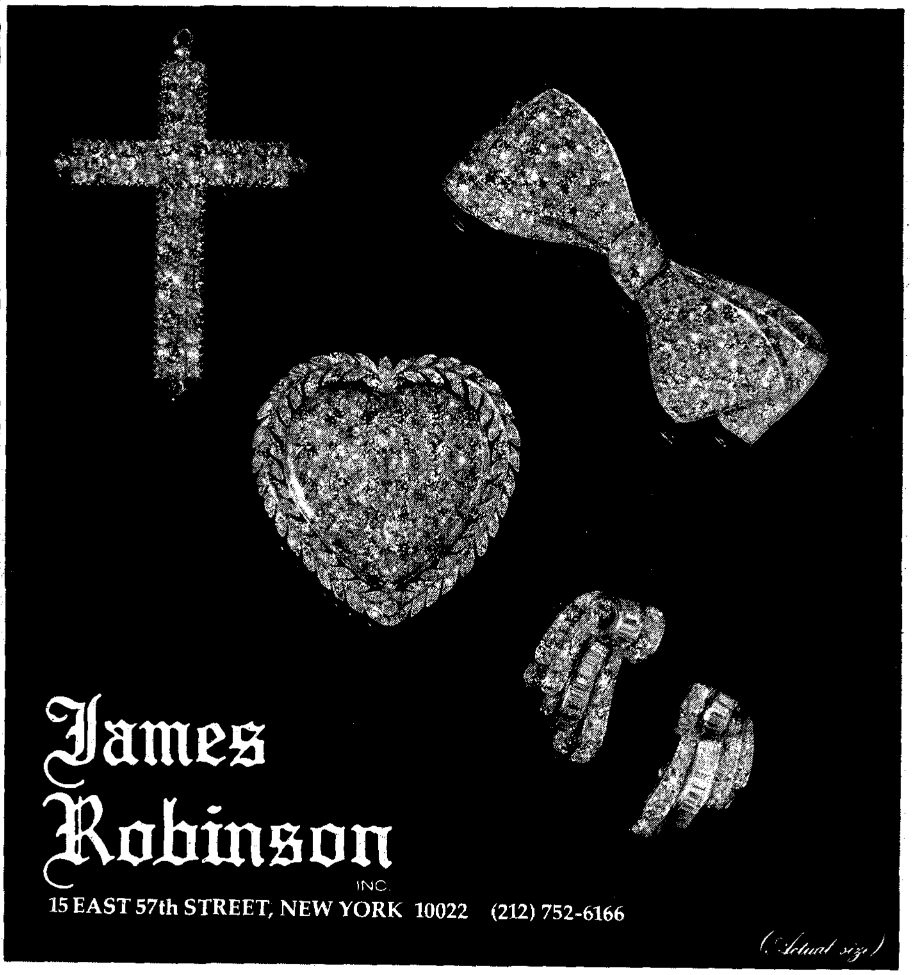

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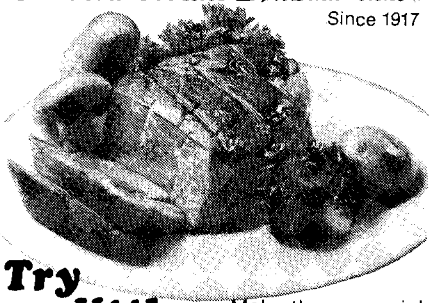

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they were struggling against an indelible impression.) But there are larger questions, having to do with the substance of what was going on.

Teams of negotiators, in cramped quarters and all-night sessions, were ostensibly settling large and complicated matters that are better left to careful negotiations. The two leaders, in their trading, were dealing with highly complex matters that they could not have had command of. They were trying to settle fateful issues in the manner of poker players. They were tossing around proposals that could turn decades of accepted strategic doctrine upside down. And then there is the matter of the President's proposal to eliminate all ballistic missiles. It would appear that until he offered it in Iceland no one took him seriously but himself. It was another one of those things, like the idea of sharing S.D.I. research, that his advisers let him go on about because they think he can't be serious or they think they can't dissuade him—or because it serves their purposes. One adviser calls this proposal "son of sharing." Kenneth Adelman, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, has told me, "It's even more farfetched to have elimination of ballistic missiles than to have a leakproof defense shield. What this is is a good answer to Gorbachev's charge that we'd use S.D.I. for a first strike, rather than a plan for the future. The future is that, bit by bit, we will work our way toward a defensive system. We have to make it even less probable to the Soviets that they could achieve 'success' in a first strike." There was even some disagreement after the Iceland summit over whether the President's proposal actually stipulated ballistic missiles, which would leave (slower) strategic bombers and air-launched and sea-launched cruise missiles, in both of which the United States has the advantage over the Soviet Union, whereas the Soviet Union has an advantage in land-based ballistic missiles. (On the other hand, the Soviet Union has a superior air defense against the other weapons.) Following the summit, Shultz said that the proposal covered "all offensive strategic arms and ballistic missiles"—which is a more sweeping proposal—and Gorbachev has said that the proposal was for elimination of all nuclear weapons. One problem here is that the President tends to talk in grand rhetorical flourishes on this point (he talks about "a world without nuclear weapons"). Another is that neither Shultz nor White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan (who gave yet another version of the proposal) is well versed in the subject—and neither is the President. Richard Perle, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy, and others have since said that the proposal covered ballistic missiles only.

Among the other problems with the proposal is that the British and the French and the Chinese would have to be induced to give up their ballistic missiles. And there would have to be some guarantee that other nations that either have or are developing nuclear weapons would also go along. Further, it would leave the West more vulnerable to the Warsaw Pact nations' superiority in conventional forces (not to mention those of the Chinese, if they turned against us). And, finally, following as best one can the President's logic—and one must try to follow it, because he is serious—there is the question of whether it is in the realm of possibility that the United States would give up its own ballistic missiles (especially the most survivable ones, deployed at sea on Trident submarines, at a cost of more than a billion dollars for each submarine). An American negotiator in Iceland has since told me that he thinks the chances that such a proposal would ever come to fruition are "very slight." The President seems to be saying that both sides can with confidence get rid of their ballistic missiles, or whatever, because at the end of the ten-year period during which this would happen both sides would deploy defensive systems, as "insurance" against Soviet cheating (he does not suggest that the Soviets might think we would cheat) or against any other nation's, or terrorists', nuclear weapon. But at this point no one knows whether there can be such a defensive system; the research on such systems is still in a very rudimentary stage. And the kind of system Reagan is talking about would not protect us from, say, a terrorist's nuclear bomb in a suitcase, or a nuclear weapon dropped from a low-flying plane.

There are, in fact, varying ideas on what such a system could be—its definitions range from a complete space hield to something far more limited. rom time to time, the Pentagon tages space spectaculars that it labels ests of S.D.I., but people who know bout the state of S.D.I. research say hat these tests—which look impressive on television—don't make much echnical sense, and certainly don't imulate a situation of an all-out attack, and are done for political effect. o the President is asking both nations o put their reliance on a system that loes not exist, that no one is yet sure ow it would work, or whether it vould work at all. He is also asking he Soviets, who lag behind us in such echnology—which is a large part of vhy they are trying to head it off—to rust us to share it with them. Any resident who did such a thing would robably be impeached, and even anged, but one has to accept the idea hat the President is serious about this, oo. An American official has told me hat from time to time Reagan said to is advisers in Iceland that he couldn't nderstand why Gorbachev didn't beieve his pledge to share the benefits of .D.I. research. This person said, 'We all said, 'Mr. President, we vouldn't, either.' "

If removal of all ballistic missiles, or whatever, is not in the cards, the next question is whether the Soviet Union and the United States can go back to the interim idea of a fifty-per-cent reduction in strategic forces (how this would be specifically defined is far from clear as of the Reykjavik meeting). The answer would appear to be no—as long as the President insists on going forward toward deployment of space-based defensive systems. Crude as the state of technology in this area may be, the Soviets are worried about it, and rightly fear that continuing development of such systems could yield technology that could be used to improve offensive systems and that could even be used offensively itself. And deployment of a defensive system would probably require Soviet coöperation so that there would be constraints on the offensive weaponry that could be arrayed against it. It is true that if offensive weapons are restrained sufficiently a defensive system could provide some marginal protection; but it is hard to see how the Soviets could accept the idea of cutting back substantially on their land-based systems (where they have the greatest advantage) while we are going ahead toward deploying defensive systems. It is simply a hard strategic fact that this would be a destabilizing situation; the Soviets would have to fear, and they do fear, that we would take advantage of the situation by threatening a first strike, counting on our defensive systems to offset whatever they have to retaliate with. (Pentagon officials argue that the Soviets are also engaged in defensive research, and are even ahead of us, but just about all other observers dispute the latter.) This is why it is unrealistic for American officials to say, as they have said since Reykjavik, that they consider the Soviet concessions made there on offensive-weapons reductions as still on the table. Further, Kenneth Adelman has told me, "It's a long way from summit statements to agreements—the statements have a way of disappearing. Even the few specific agreed points to come out of last year's summit evanesced within six months."

This, then, leaves the question of whether the two sides can possibly agree on the issue of defensive systems. The simple answer is that they can't if the President remains insistent on going the full length of trying to develop a deployable defensive system and Gorbachev remains insistent on

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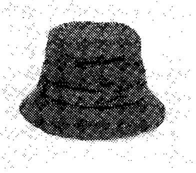

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preventing that from happening. There are possible compromises, if both sides want to make them, on the extent and the nature of the research that would be permitted, and on the kind of defensive system that might be deployed. One possibility is that both sides would proceed with ground-based systems—but some Administration officials say this isn't likely, because this is an area where the Soviets have an advantage, as compared to our advantage in space-based technology. Another possibility is a compromise that would hold the United States for a number of years to the narrow interpretation of what the A.B.M. treaty permits—which would rule out some testing and also development of a space-based system—but it is not at all clear that the President would agree to that. An American official says, "It would cause a big fight within the Administration, and as of now it would lose. People would argue to the President that he would be giving up S.D.I. But it could be a close call if the Soviet offer is sufficiently appealing." Adelman says, "I would expect this Administration to go to the broad interpretation before it leaves office. I certainly hope it will." Richard Perle tells me, "The objective for the President is the development of a deployable system; if he's offered a plan that doesn't allow that, he won't agree." And he goes on to say, "In the end, the President will decide whether the program can be carried out with the restrictions proposed by Gorbachev," and on that, obviously, he'll be guided by what his advisers—who are, of course, divided—tell him. After the Reykjavik meeting broke up, Reagan and others said that Gorbachev's proposal would have "killed" S.D.I. Some scientists disagreed, but the United States has already made some field tests of S.D.I. Since Reykjavik, the Soviets have suggested that they would allow some tests outside the lab, but that still leaves a lot of questions. One official has made the observation to me that Reykjavik may have actually made compromise on S.D.I. more difficult: that Reagan would have to accept more restrictions on tests, and Gorbachev would have to accept fewer, than either side would want. And now Reagan has elevated S.D.I. from an element in our research to an essential ingredient in our arsenal—and it has become a political Holy Grail.

Finally, this leaves the question of the status of the apparent agreement—

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which left many questions unanswered—on the elimination of intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Europe. At Reykjavik, Gorbachev linked an agreement on intermediate-range nuclear forces (I.N.F.) to reaching an agreement on long-range missiles. United States officials insist that this was a change from the Geneva summit, where the two sides agreed to work toward an "interim" agreement on intermediate-range nuclear forces—but not a "separate" one, as the United States sought. Since Reykjavik, United States officials have said that they are taking the I.N.F. agreement (such as it was) as a done deal, and the Soviets have been sending conflicting signals as to whether any such agreement will remain linked to an agreement on long-range missiles. Their latest position is that the two subjects are still linked. There is some disagreement among military strategists and members of Congress as to whether the potential I.N.F. agreement is such a good idea, since NATO strategy is based on having a nuclear umbrella, including nuclear weapons in Europe, because of the Soviets' predominance in conventional forces. Shortly after the Reykjavik meeting, it became known that the commander-in-chief of NATO, General Bernard Rogers (an American), had complained to Weinberger about the lack of consultation on this question with those directly responsible for the defense of Europe, and a few days after the summit Rogers said, on "NBC Nightly News," "We must have nuclear weapons."

Since the Iceland summit, Senator Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia and the ranking minority member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, has raised questions about the I.N.F. issue—and a great many other things. Nunn is of a conservative turn of mind, and a circumspect man—known (and even sometimes resented by his colleagues) for the care he takes before he stakes out positions—and so his has been a much listened-to voice in the aftermath of Reykjavik. Right after the summit broke down, Nunn, in television interviews, said it appeared that Reagan preferred "the bird in the bush" (S.D.I.) to sweeping agreements that might be at hand. In interviews that followed the meeting, Nunn raised questions about going to zero nuclear missiles in Europe, arguing that this would leave Europe vulnerable to Soviet conventional forces, and in an appearance on the "MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour" he said, "I see no signs it has been thought through in any kind of depth on our side." On that same program, he questioned the wisdom of the proposal to eliminate ballistic missiles, and said, "If the Soviets took us up on that, every general in the Army and Air Force, and probably some admirals, too, would have a heart attack." Again and again, Nunn raised the question of whether the American officials' offers had been "thought through." He said, "S.D.I.'s not something we have over on the grocery shelf where we go draw it off and deploy it," and said that "to turn it over to the Soviet Union . . . would be, to say the least, very controversial here in the United States Senate," and he went on to say that "we're ten or fifteen years from even being able to make a decision" about what sort of defensive system, if any, is feasible. He added, circumspectly but the barb was apparent, "I think the President's top scientific advisers need to go in and sit down and have a real session with him and explain to him how difficult it's going to be." He added, "When you

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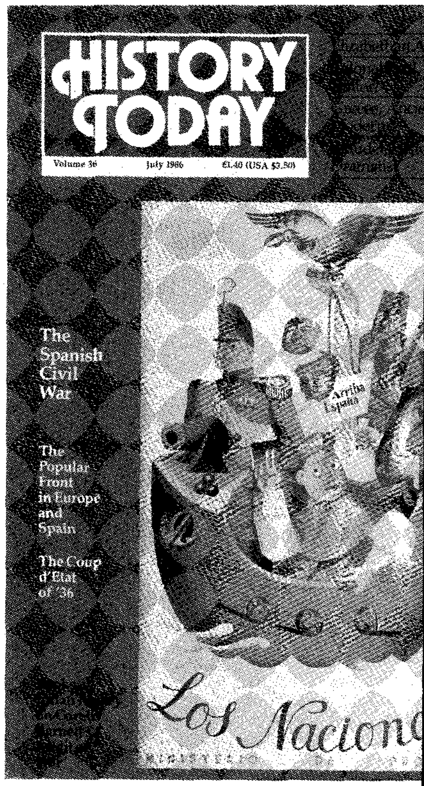

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have an opportunity to trade, let's say, a blueprint or a plan or vision, or a hope, and you trade that for deployed SS-18s that threaten your country, that are already sitting there pointing toward America, it seems to me you have to scratch your head on that one." In a conversation I had with him subsequently, Nunn said, "I think that they got in the endgame at the summit before they were ready for it. They weren't ready to think through things like zero nuclear weapons in Europe or how much S.D.I. do you need if you've made deep reductions. They've got a lot of thinking to do." Growing less circumspect, Nunn said to me, "The corker is proposing a treaty right now for turning over the defensive technology—that's just off the wall." On Friday, five days after the summit, Nunn, in a speech on the Senate floor, complained about the varying explanations of what was discussed at Reykjavik. He went on to make the rather important point that "prior to the Reykjavik summit the Joint Chiefs of Staff were not consulted or asked to study the implications for our national security and defense policy of the President's proposal for a total elimination within ten years of all ballistic missiles, let alone to consider the elimination of all strategic nuclear arms." Nunn is in a position to know that this is the case. One can only imagine the outcry if another President had gone to a summit and made such a proposal without discussing it carefully with the Joint Chiefs. A couple of days before Nunn's speech, I asked Perle whether the proposal to eliminate ballistic missiles had been cleared by the Joint Chiefs. He replied, "Once the President makes up his mind, he doesn't ask the Chiefs for clearance."

Even if the substantial issues remaining between the United States and the Soviet Union on intermediate-range forces are worked out, this is a side issue. And perhaps there could be an agreement on testing. As for the larger issue, it cannot be ruled out that before Reagan leaves office he will have reached at least the outlines of an agreement with Gorbachev, leaving the hard part, *the filling in of the* details, to his successor. And perhaps he will make further progress. One never knows with Reagan, because of the unusual way in which he governs.

FOLLOWING the Iceland summit, the Administration realized it had a public-relations problem. The critical

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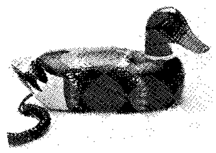

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question for the Administration then was not the outcome but how the outcome would be seen. It would not do at all for the world to conclude that Reagan had been snookered at the summit—that Gorbachev had succeeded in demonstrating that all kinds of wonderful things could have happened if the President had not been so stubborn about S.D.I. And it would not do at all for Reagan to be seen as having returned empty-handed. The public-relations problem was compounded by the fact that the world had seen Reagan and Gorbachev departing from their last meeting looking grim-faced, and that Shultz, looking sorrowful—and being honest—had said at a press briefing shortly after the summit broke up that he was "deeply disappointed" by its outcome. Also, Donald Regan, looking hopping mad, told reporters, "No, there will not be another summit in the near future that I can see at this time. The Soviets are the ones who refused to make the deal. It shows them up for what they are."

The President's televised speech the following night was aimed at turning all this around. It is not in the President's nature, and he knows it is not good politics, to paint anything as a failure, any situation as bleak. Reagan's power of positive thinking is a formidable political weapon—and one that has often rescued him. He did manage, after all, to get away with his disastrous policy in Lebanon, which cost the lives of two hundred and forty-one American servicemen. Reagan's chore after the Iceland summit was to convince people that great progress had been made and that he had done only the right thing in refusing to trade S.D.I. He did the best he could—and that's pretty good. The Reagan reinterpretation of reality was that "we are closer than ever before to agreements that could lead to a safer world without nuclear weapons." But he added, "We prefer no agreement than to bring home a bad agreement." Trying to put the onus on Gorbachev for there to be another summit, Reagan said, "The door is open, and the opportunity to begin eliminating the nuclear threat is within reach." In defending his refusal to bargain away S.D.I., Reagan may have dug himself in even further. He said that he had told Gorbachev, "I had pledged to the American people that I would not trade away S.D.I.—there was no way I could tell our people their government would not protect them against nuclear destruction." In his speech, as

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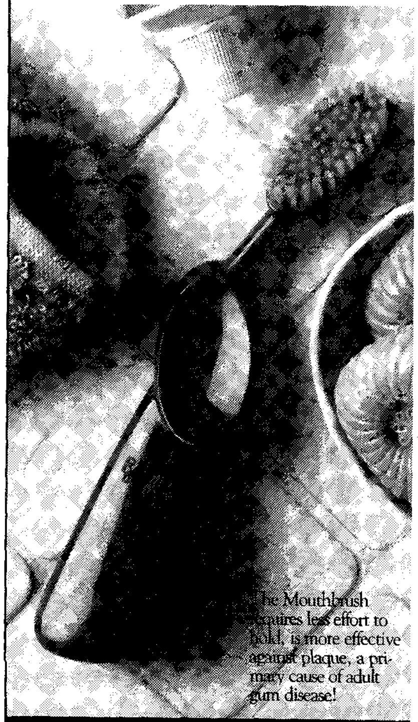

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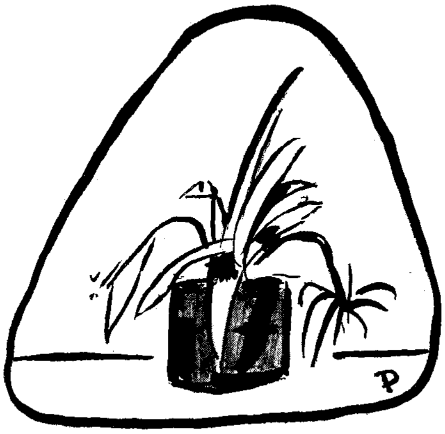
in subsequent appearances, Reagan said that he had used an analogy in explaining to Gorbachev why he would insist on maintaining S.D.I. even after (as he sees it) ballistic missiles have been eliminated: "I likened it to our keeping our gas masks even though the nations of the world had outlawed poison gas after World War I." But the offensive capabilities of S.D.I. make it somewhat less benign than a gas mask.

That day, Vice-Admiral John Poindexter, the President's national-security adviser, told reporters that United States negotiators would "pocket these various pieces" that the Soviets "said they agreed to" at Reykjavik. He and other officials fanned out around town—around the world, in fact—to spread the good news about what had taken place in Iceland. On Tuesday, I attended a briefing at the White House, conducted by the President, Shultz, and Regan. On the way to the northwest gate, I encountered a Soviet specialist on the National Security Council staff who, when I asked him about Iceland, beamed and said, "It's all very positive. We can pick up in Geneva where we left off in Iceland." As I made my way to the door to the west lobby of the White House, I encountered a leading Republican senator, who had just attended a Presidential briefing. He said, "Well, maybe it will be O.K.," and then added, referring to Reagan's stand on S.D.I., "I don't know why the hell he won't bargain on this, do you?"

At the briefing, which took place in the Roosevelt Room, Reagan continued his efforts to redefine reality. He talked about the number of agreements that, as he described it, came so close to being realized in Iceland: "Historic gains were achieved." He said, "We'll seek right away in Geneva to build on the . . . dramatic progress that we made in Iceland." He said, "There was only one major point of disagreement." At the briefing, Shultz was now determinedly looking cheerful, and attributed his change of mood to "a good night's sleep." He said, "Reflecting on what took place, it is astonishing the amount of progress that was made." (White House aides were said to have been annoyed with Shultz for his failure to put the best face on things just after the meeting broke up.) And, in the course of the questioning, Shultz affirmed that the United States now stands by the broad interpretation of what is permitted by the A.B.M. treaty. Regan, in his part of the briefing, added to the already puzzling record of the meeting that the Soviets, in response to Reagan's proposal to eliminate all ballistic missiles in ten years, broadened that to include all strategic nuclear arms, "which would have included everything . . . even down to artillery shells." But, he added matter-of-factly, "we never got a chance to finish that conversation, because the thing was swept off the table at the time of the breakup." Regan admitted that the American negotiators did not realize that all the possible agreements would be tied to S.D.I. Regan was asked about the officials' downbeat assessments of the summit just after it ended, in contrast to their cheerfulness now. He answered—disconcertingly—"Look, we weren't thinking that fast, being very frank."

Democrats, after the summit, were in what many of them felt to be an uncomfortable situation. They were aware of the nation's tendency to rally around a President—especially this President—on matters of foreign policy (at least for a while), and they were also aware of what have come to be assumed to be Reagan's formidable persuasive powers. Some Democrats other than Nunn did speak out. Gary Hart said that Reagan had "given up what could have been an astounding achievement in arms control to protect a system [S.D.I.] that is theoretical and enormously expensive." Edward Kennedy, who now serves on the Senate Armed Services Committee and has become deeply involved in the subject of arms control—he has met with Soviet officials and conveyed messages between them and the Administration—said that he was "disappointed and frustrated" by the failure in Iceland, and that the President refused to consider a middle ground on S.D.I. Kennedy suggested that the Administration commit itself to abide by the A.B.M. treaty, which would, he said, "still permit considerable activity both within and outside the laboratory, short of testing prohibited types of A.B.M. components in the field." Most Democratic candidates for the Senate were cautious about getting into the issue—because of the "rally around" factor, and because they think their strongest ground is the economy.



After some discussion, and against the advice of some Republican strategists and also some of the Republican candidates, the President turned the Iceland events into a rough partisan issue. He exhorted Republican Senate candidates to ask their opponents, "Where do you stand on defending America—where do you stand on S.D.I.?" Not all the President's advisers think the Are-you-for-Reagan-or-Gorbachev? challenge is a good idea, and some fear it could backfire. (And some Republican Senate candidates had voted for cuts in funds for S.D.I.) But instant polls were indicating that the public backed the President in his refusal to bargain away S.D.I., and the White House decided to exploit this. So now one of the most complex issues of all time was being turned into a matter of simple patriotism, and this country's drift toward settling things by instant plebiscite continued.

One official who has been involved in the Administration's arms-control policy told me, "The real casualty in this area comes from discussions of things that have no bearing on reality—a leakproof defense shield, sharing of S.D.I. technology, elimination of ballistic missiles. This wouldn't happen in any other area of public policy. It may be good for the polls, and for throwing people for a loop in a debate, but ultimately it's a disservice. It's very costly in terms of serious discussion of the subject."

THE briefing that Reagan and two other very high officials (who, under the ground rules of the briefing, cannot be named) held shortly before the summit was very strange. This briefing was held in the Family Theatre, where the Reagans and guests can sit in comfortable, rocking seats and watch movies. It had obviously been called for the purpose of putting to rest questions about the arrangement by which the Administration had obtained the release of Daniloff, and about the sudden summit, but these

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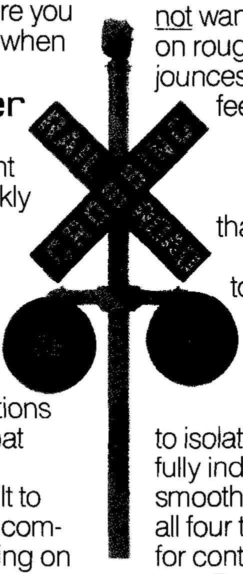

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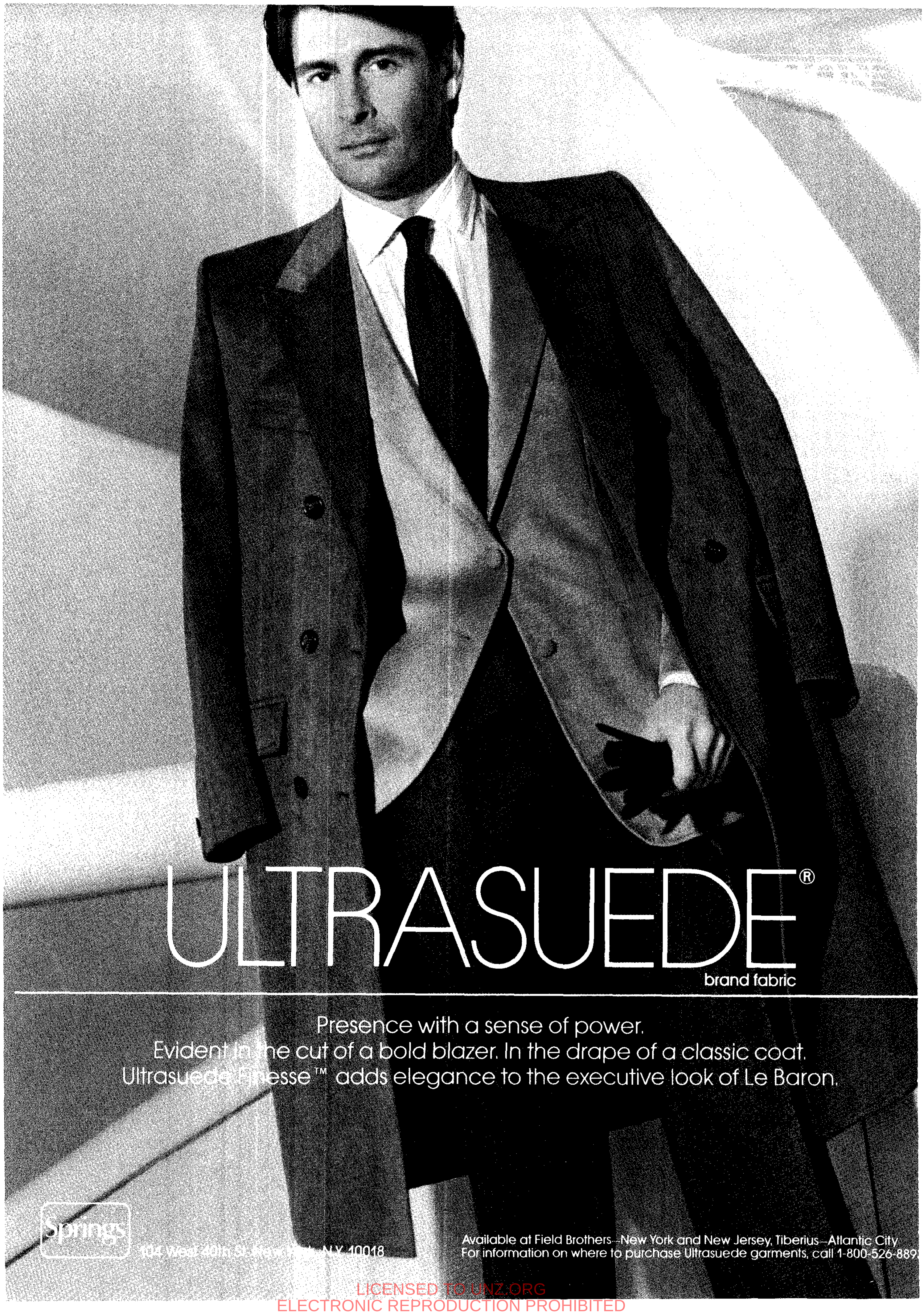

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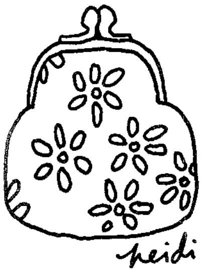
matters were for the most part overtaken by something else. That morning, there was splattered across the top of the Washington *Post* a story by Bob Woodward, saying (and documented by quotes from memoranda) that the Administration had conducted a campaign of deception, including “disinformation,” aimed at unnerving or bringing down Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi. It said that this campaign had resulted in, among other things, a story in the *Wall Street Journal*, in late August, saying that Qaddafi was gearing up for more terrorist actions, that he had been linked with some recent terrorist events, and that the United States and Libya were on “a collision course.” The story listed as special actions to be taken in connection with this campaign joint maneuvers by the United States and Egypt, and coöperation between France and the United States in certain anti-Libyan activities. On the day after the *Journal* story appeared, press accounts out of Santa Barbara, where the President was vacationing, had the President's aides seeming to give credence to it. But shortly afterward other officials, in Washington, said that the story, which they traced to two members of the National Security Council staff, was overblown and misleading. They said that the evidence of Libyan activities was not at all firm (the President's revelation, last April, of intercepts of Libyan communications has made the tracking of such activities far more difficult), and that some of the United States activities were long-planned and routine; they also said that the worst way to go about trying to get France and other countries to coöperate with us was to talk about it, or to exaggerate the degree of the evidence.



Some of the ideas for shaking up Qaddafi made about as much sense as efforts some years back to blow up Fidel Castro's beard. (Officials had discussed, but discarded, the deliberate creation of sonic booms in order to unsettle Qaddafi.) Woodward, in his story, was careful to point out that the plan did not call for “disinformation” through the American press; he quoted a memorandum written by Poindexter which said that “one of the key elements” in the strategy, decided upon at a White House meeting in mid-August, “is that it combines real and illusionary events—through a disinformation program—with the basic goal of making Qaddafi *think* that there is a high degree of internal opposition to him within Libya, that his key trusted aides are disloyal, that the U.S. is about to move against him militarily.” The memo also went on to say that United States intelligence agencies had actually concluded in August that Qaddafi was “quiescent” on the terrorist front. No matter: the Reagan Administration has been obsessed with Qaddafi from the outset, and is bent on bringing him down. Some officials think that the worst possible way to go about trying to do this, if it need be done at all, is to make such a public thing of it; they say that some of our European allies (in particular, Great Britain) are not keen about the idea of trying to overthrow heads of state, and thus are leery of our policy; and they say that it demeans the President to pit him against Qaddafi. One explanation I have been given for this and other policies came from within the government. An official said to me in early September, “In this Administration, you have the ideologues and the hot dogs. The ideologues really believe these far-out things, and the hot dogs find it convenient and safe to do so. These two groups combine to push the government into positions that are not well considered.” He said that this phenomenon extended to policies on Central America and arms control as well as Libya. He continued, with an air of resignation, “At some point in the last few years, Sartre took over this government. We have the pluperfect existentialist government: it remembers nothing and it foresees nothing.”

The plan, according to Woodward, was to plant misleading stories in the foreign press, which officials apparently believed would somehow make it all right—and must have thought would not filter back to the American press. And the whole plan, it is to be remembered, was agreed upon by the President of the United States; the Secretary of State; the national-security adviser; the director of the C.I.A., William Casey; White House Chief of Staff Regan; and several other high officials—though, according to Woodward, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral William Crowe, expressed reservations. The meeting at which the plan was agreed on was, according to Woodward, punctuated by jokes about Qaddafi's

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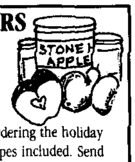

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alleged weird behavior, involving dressing up in women's clothing, and about inviting him to San Francisco (the President's joke) and giving him AIDS (the Secretary of State's joke). Nobody wants a government of humorless people, but I have heard, and read, several accounts of high-level meetings on important subjects which are marked by a lack of seriousness. Aides seem to vie to amuse the President, and I have been told that Donald Regan is particularly given to cracking jokes and writing notes during important meetings. One official who has attended such meetings has told me, "It reminds me of junior high."

But then the new anti-Qaddafi plan got out of hand, and the story was planted in the *Wall Street Journal*. In the briefing at the White House before the summit, a very high official, who cannot be named, suggested to reporters, "You must distinguish between the audiences" (presumably, this meant that things intended to reach Qaddafi's ears weren't to be picked up here), and also that "you must distinguish between deception and disinformation." This was a daunting challenge, and the official was not asked to explain what on earth he was talking about, but a couple of days later I found another official who did attempt to explain the distinction: deception, he said, meant doing certain things, such as sending certain ships on certain maneuvers, and letting people draw their own conclusions; disinformation meant planting false information about what was going on in Libya and what the Americans were doing. At the briefing, the President and the other high officials were clearly stung by the Woodward story, and fumbled for a way to handle it. At first, Reagan (who under the ground rules can be quoted) said, "I challenge the veracity of that entire story that I read this morning with great shock," and asked, puzzlingly, "Do you really have to defend sources that misinform you?" Later on, he said, "And so, yes, there are memos back and forth about that and what the information is, and so when I challenge the veracity of that whole story I can't deny that here and there they're going to have something to hang it on." The President tried some jokes to extricate himself from the sticky situation, and though one-liners have often served him well, this time they didn't do him much good. The President concluded his part of the briefing by saying, "I've come to the conclusion that Mr. Woodward is probably Deep Throat." I don't recall any laughter.

Officials try to use the press all the time—and vice versa. The problem here was that false information of a serious and consequential nature was deliberately planted with some reporters, and found its way into print. A line that is admittedly hard to define was crossed. And the episode was another example of a rudderless government, with free-lancers taking it upon themselves to plant the story. (Others who were in on the plan were appalled.) But the real—and perhaps lasting—damage brought about by the whole episode is that in the future when the Administration tries to tell the American people, and the world, about terrorist activities it is far less likely to be believed. Washington being what it is, the real interest after Woodward's story broke was in the question of how he got it: who was doing what to whom. Administration officials seemed less disturbed about the policy than about the fact that Woodward had learned of it.

THE embarrassment of the American cargo plane carrying weapons to the Contras being shot down over Nicaragua, on October 5th, was also eclipsed, at least for the time being, by the news out of Iceland. But it was another example of the questionable judgment of the Administration. These sorts of operations have always had a way of coming a cropper. The immediate question that was raised was whether this was a C.I.A. operation (as the lone survivor of the crash, Eugene Hasenfus, captured in Nicaragua, said), and Administration officials insisted that it was not—but the question focussed on a distinction that is not much of a difference. It had been known, if not much focussed on, that the Administration had been systematically—and perhaps in contravention of the law—arranging for the delivery of funds and military equipment to the Contras during the period of a congressional ban on direct or indirect military aid to them by certain government agencies. The Administration was, in fact, proud of this. Its denials that the C.I.A. was involved in this operation did not, of course, end the matter—and were somewhat beside the point. At the least, it had taken a chance on dealing with the shadowy world of ex-C.I.A. operatives who are for hire. Establishing "deniability" is an old trick—that often doesn't work. If, as some press accounts said, this particular piece of business was set up, encouraged, or facilitated, by the Vice-President's office (by a staff member who formerly served in the C.I.A. and has a lot of connections with the old network), that would be just another version of an old game.

A question that does arise is why Congress hadn't been looking into all this more carefully. One receives rationales, but not very satisfying reasons. There had been some attempt to find out more about the role of a National Security Council staff member, Oliver North, who was known to have been helping to coördinate the extra-governmental assistance, but the Administration refused to coöperate. But Congress doesn't seem to have tried very hard. Another rationale was that Congress had been caught up in the question of voting to renew military aid to the Contras—which it eventually did—and therefore the Administration's possible contravention of the law was a moot point. Another was that Congress had too much on its plate. A House Democratic leader told me, "Everyone's been distracted."

The Administration's handling of the issue of sanctions against the South African regime was another problem. It was pretty much agreed, inside the Administration and out of it (ideologues aside), that the President's speech on the South African question last July was a debacle. It came more from the mind of Patrick Buchanan, the White House director of communications, who believes in standing by the Botha regime, than from the suggestions of the State Department, which wanted to express more sympathy for the South African blacks. It also reflected the President's firm preconceptions. Even Shultz, who was less in favor of sanctions than many of the people around him, was said to have been disheartened by the speech. But a number of people in the State Department have been very disturbed by the Administration's policy, and believe that though sanctions may not budge the South African regime, the United States must make a stronger statement that it stands on the side of the blacks—and that sanctions are a way of saying this. And, as the reconvening of Congress after Labor Day approached, we were treated to what seems to have become an annual round of stories: that once again, as at the same time the year before, the President was considering imposing more sanctions by executive order so as to

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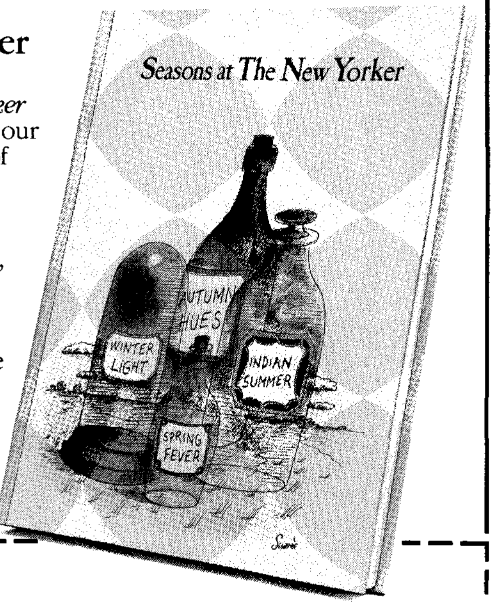

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forestall having Congress override his probable veto of a sanctions bill. The Administration went back and forth on the question of imposing further sanctions until the end, when time ran out, and Congress, by wide margins, overrode the President's veto.

WHAT Congress's failure to make serious inroads on the budget deficit and its resort to the most imaginative tricks yet in order to appear to have the budget meet the target set by the Gramm-Rudman law really mean is that the law failed. The most respectable argument put forward by those who supported it—or sought to rationalize their support for it—was that it would force the President to negotiate with Congress to bring the deficit under control, causing the President to agree to curb defense spending and increase taxes. It did no such thing. Reagan submitted a budget that didn't meet the Gramm-Rudman targets, which he had embraced, and at the same time insisted on continued growth in the defense budget, ruled out cuts in "entitlements" (Social Security and other income-support programs), and adamantly opposed any tax increases. His budget reductions came from proposals to cut some domestic programs that Congress had long since decided had been cut enough, and to end some that are politically popular (and also don't cost very much), and from gimmicks such as sales of certain federal assets, which, even if the sales happened, would amount to one-time savings (Conrail can be sold only once, and no one knows whether this or any of the other assets will be sold within this fiscal year, or ever), and some long-term losses of income. Some Senate Republicans were brave enough to try to raise some revenues somehow, just as last year they were willing to consider cuts in Social Security, but this year, as last, the President pulled the rug out from under them. And, absent Presidential coöperation, House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill was not about to expose his troops to the Presidential charge of "tax and spend." Probably the only way subsidies for the middle class in the entitlement programs can be curbed is through a bipartisan concordat that would deal with both entitlements and taxes; but if the President isn't interested there can't be one. Congress managed to avoid the penalty for not meeting the Gramm-Rudman target—an across-the-board cut in many programs, or "sequestration"—by employing a number of highly imaginative tricks; and in this the Administration colluded, because a "sequestration" would have cut the President's defense proposal by even more than Congress had, and because some politically popular programs would have taken a hit just before the elections. It also simply ignored the final deadline for the sequestration, on October 15th, by pretending that the deadline didn't exist and by rationalizing that it would get around to meeting the target through legislation that was still pending—which in fact it did. The fact that a Supreme Court ruling in July had held the automatic sequestration in the Gramm-Rudman law unconstitutional, thus confronting Congress with the unpleasant prospect of having to vote for the cuts (this was what Gramm-Rudman was designed to avoid), added a certain urgency to appearing to meet the Gramm-Rudman target, no matter how.

Republicans, struggling to maintain control of the Senate in November, were most reluctant to have to vote for a sequestration. One could say that they were panicked by the idea. A Senate Republican aide says, "When you have an Administration that doesn't want to do anything real about revenues, and you have a Congress that in an election year doesn't want to cut entitlements, you can't make any significant inroads on the deficit." He says that only about one-third of the so-called cuts in the deficit this year are real ones, with another third composed of things that are unlikely to come to pass (such as presumed increases in tax collections by the Internal Revenue Service—a presumption in which the Administration collaborated), and another third composed of bookkeeping tricks. By these means, Congress "met" the Gramm-Rudman target of a deficit of $154 billion (actually $144 billion, with $10 billion leeway). Even if one took the figures seriously, the nation's debt continues to grow, and it seems out of the question that Congress and the Administration can meet next year's Gramm-Rudman target ($108 billion, with $10 billion leeway). And a large number of people think that the next goal is questionable on economic grounds, since the economy is growing so slowly. At the rate things are going, the national debt, which doubled from one trillion dollars when Reagan took office to $2.3 trillion now, is likely to amount to nearly three trillion dollars

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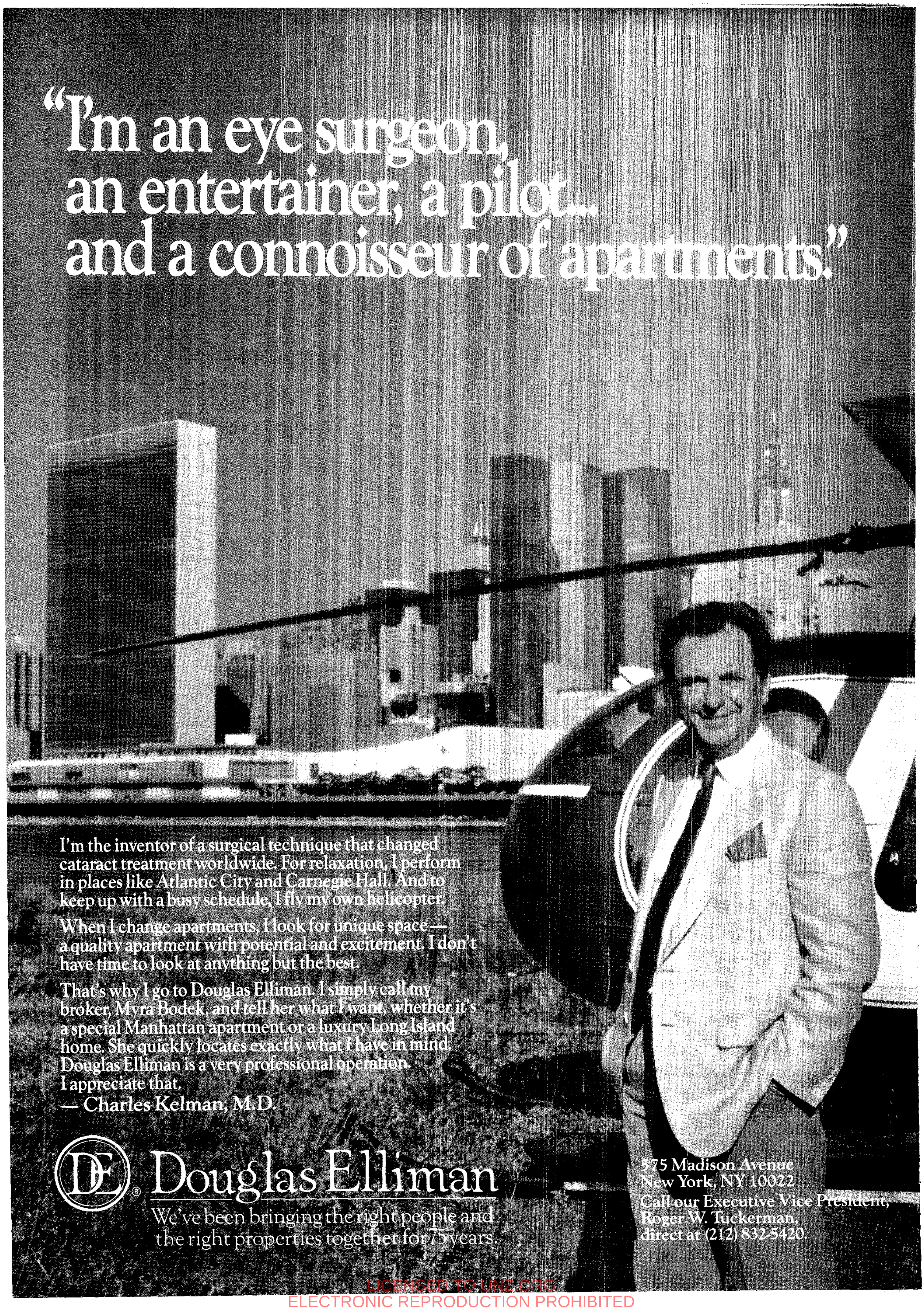

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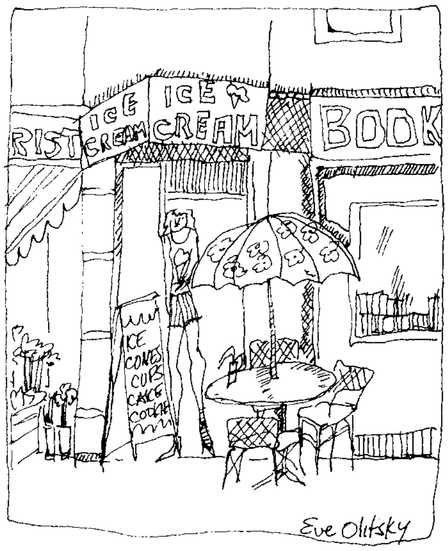
by the time Reagan's two terms are up. Nonetheless, the prevailing feeling was probably best captured by the Senate Republican aide, who said, "Nobody in this town seems to want to do anything but avoid the sequester and appear to reduce the deficit, but it's going to come back to haunt them—and all of us."

One way that the Gramm-Rudman target could be claimed to have been met was through counting some of the money that the tax-reform bill is expected to raise in its first year ($11 billion) toward deficit reduction. Of course, no one knows whether the money will actually be there, but, as an Administration official put it to me, "the *estimate* will be there." And after the first year the tax bill is, according to the estimates, expected to lose money for a while. The real truth is that no one knows, because all such estimates are based on predictions of how millions of Americans will respond to the changes in the tax code. Similarly, for all the predictions of the effects of the bill on the economy, nobody really knows what they will be. Congress adopted the tax-reform bill in late September with a notable lack of enthusiasm, which mirrored the general lack of enthusiasm on the part of the public. The final bill was, predictably, an amalgam of the House and Senate versions, with the House essentially accepting the Senate's concept of lower and fewer rates (but there are more rates than the ultimate fifteen per cent and twenty-eight per cent would make it appear), and the Senate bowing to the House's insistence on more tax relief for the middle class. Many members of Congress who supported the bill think that it has been oversold: that while it does simplify the tax code, it does not do that as much as some of its sponsors claim; that people have been led to believe that they will receive more tax relief than they actually will. Also, some members worried about establishing low tax rates as an icon—especially at a time when the country is in such debt. Sponsors of the legislation argue that a fairer code will make raising taxes more acceptable. That remains to be seen. The major reason that the tax bill passed (beyond political fear of Reagan) was that enough members decided that, on balance, it was better to pass it than not to do so. A political failure of will would have signalled to the country that even the most egregious distortions in the tax code are unassailable. Of course, the lobbyists and others who earn their keep by protecting certain interests in the tax code have not given up. Every tax overhaul requires subsequent legislation embodying "technical corrections," and when next year's "technical corrections" bill comes before Congress the interests who lost out this year will be back. One thing that will make their job harder is that there isn't any money in the federal till, but they've already thought of that: some of the most powerful (or, more correctly, formerly powerful) interests are already working to line up support for some sort of consumption tax, or value-added tax. They say that its purpose is to raise money to help pay for the federal debt, but they are eying a bit of it for themselves.

THE difficulty that Congress and the President had in reaching an accommodation on the budget led to the absurd situation of Congress having to put all the appropriations bills for all the departments of the government in one giant bill (amounting to over $570 billion)—the contents of which hardly anyone knew. For procedural reasons, even aid to the Contras was in the bill, and heaven only knows what else was. This bill is called a "continuing resolution." There often is such a thing at the end of a congressional session, but this was the first time that the entire government was funded through a single bill. No one was very happy about the situation. Another reason this happened was Gramm-Rudman: members in charge of the appropriations bills for various departments, who tend to be protective of those departments, did not want to have Congress pass their bills and then have the funds cut further by a possible sequestration. So they all held back, figuring they would hang together, and not have any appropriations bills pass before the threat of sequestration had passed. In the end, Congress did virtually freeze domestic spending, and made an actual cut in defense spending from the year before. Some members were claiming that Gramm-Rudman had forced whatever savings there were; but no one actually knows, since there was substantial political drive behind the idea of lowering the deficit anyway. And at the end we had the annual charade of the President threatening to veto the bill and shut down the government—it did shut down for a few hours on Friday as Congress struggled to pass the bill—and Congress trying to put an end to its own misery and go home. The coming elections added to the Senate Republicans' anxiety.



Still, it has to be said that, under the circumstances of a Congress under divided party control and a President who does not see coöperation with Congress as a matter of importance, Congress did manage to get some things done. At the end of the session, it revived and passed a bill dealing with illegal immigration, and it passed bills dealing with the cleanup of toxic wastes and with funding for a clean-water program. And, of course, there was the last-minute emotional rush to legislate something—anything—about drugs, which had become a hot topic in the media, and thus, with the circularity with which things happen here, turned up in the polls as a subject of great public concern, and thus became the subject of legislation. The last remaining issue in the drug bill was the death penalty—which the House wanted to impose for certain drug-related crimes, but some senators threatened to filibuster and hold up adjournment. So the death penalty was dropped from the drug bill, but it is clearly an issue that is not going to go away.

Finally, yesterday—Saturday—the exhausted members of the Ninety-ninth Congress went home, with the elections just over two weeks away.

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

On a recent Friday night service at Etz Chaim, the music director, Gregory Zelman, played original piano pieces by Mana Zucca, an Italian composer and Max Janowski, a Jewish composer living on the South Side, with a female soloist.—*Robert Blau in the Chicago Tribune.*

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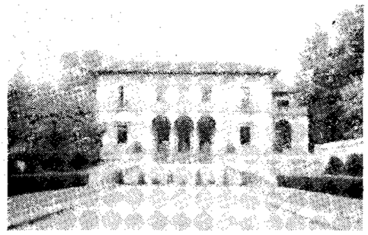

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

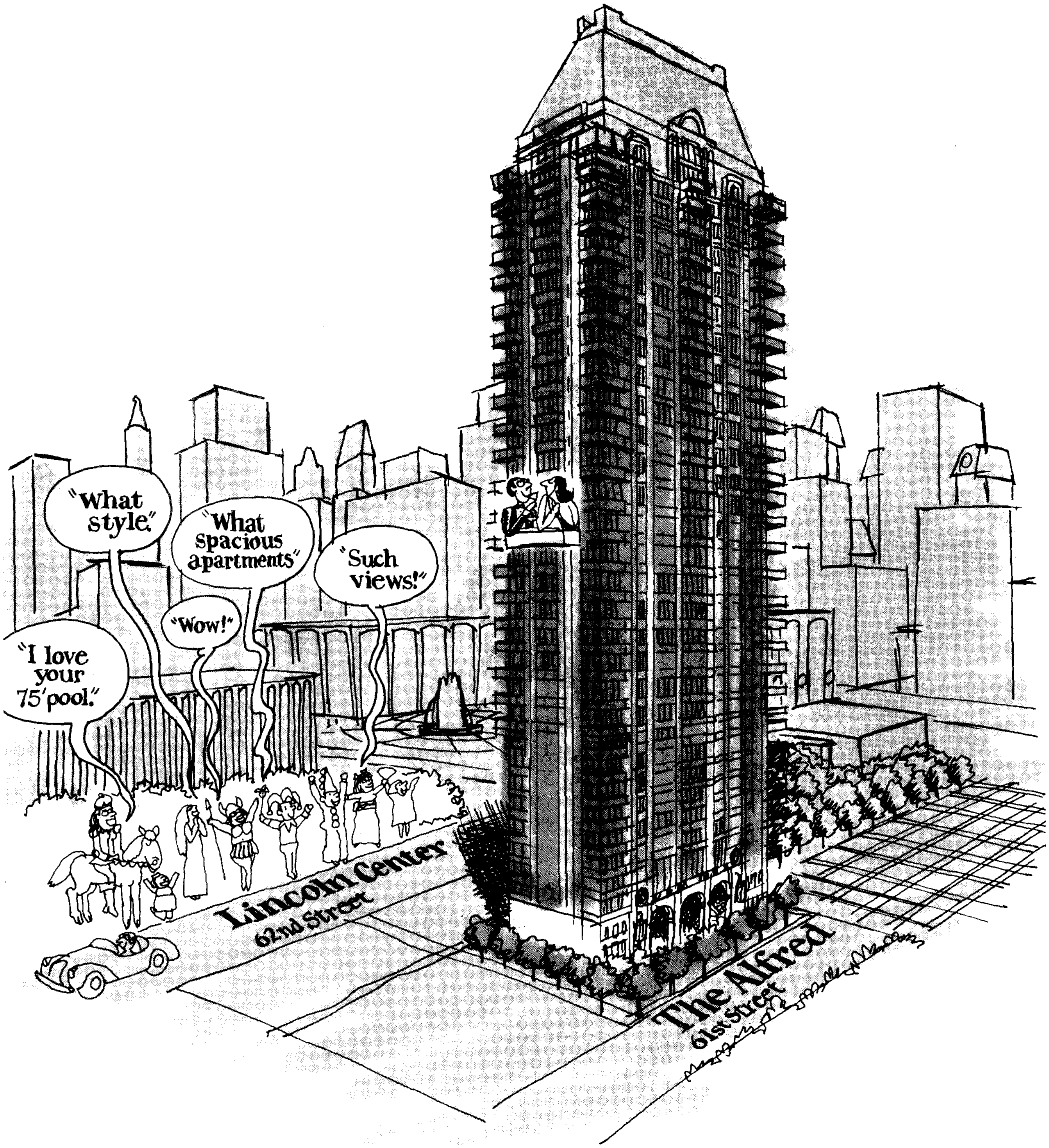
My Life with Goya, by Andrew Potok (Arbor House; $17.95). Adam, a painter and the narrator of this lucid novel about loss and innovation, is fourteen years old in 1944, as Chapter 1 begins. A Polish Jew, he has been living well in New York for four years, since escaping from Poland without his parents but with his uncle, a famous Warsaw furrier who has Americanized his name and admires Norman Rockwell. Charlie Parker is one of Adam's gods, and C-sharp minor is the key, as Adam puts it, in which he composes his paintings. (His pantheon also includes Goya and George Grosz.) A subplot features another young Jewish refugee, an actress who lets Hollywood Americanize her name. Adam's uncle's success with his fur salon and the actress's success on the screen parallel Adam's own success on canvas, and raise questions about the relative merits of a fan and a disciple, and of an art and a craft. By the end, Adam has won fame for "The Family," a series of post-Surrealist assemblages, including "a grouping of some dozen stuffed beavers munching on a twig and dressed in little fitted beaver coats." Andrew Potok, whose first novel this is, composes words in ways that Adam's mentors would admire. Drinking dry champagne, for instance, is like "licking silk;" and a man who has let Adam sketch his portrait looks, as he looks at the sketch, like "a Celt watching an eclipse."

Bigfoot Dreams, by Francine Prose (Pantheon; $16.95). Vera Perl is a reporter for *This Week*, a New York tabloid, and she gets inspiration on the subway from her ranting, paranoiac fellow-passengers ("DEMENTO DENTIST PLANTS CB RADIOS IN MALPRACTICE MOLARS"). At *This Week*, where the editors live in fear of libel suits, the unofficial motto is "It's better all around if you make it up." When it turns out that the Green family, whom Vera invented for her article "FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH FLOWS IN BROOKLYN BACK YARD," does indeed exist, things get complicated. Francine Prose is less interested in that particular story, however, tha in the nature of stories in general—both those we tell one another an those we need to believe ourselve The reader forgives this novel it lapses of plot, in part because of it intoxicating profusion of the exoti (cryptobiologists, dreams about Go and dinosaur bones, lemonade wit possible life-giving properties) an in part because of Miss Prose' ability to transform the ordinary.

Sassenach, by Peter Francis Brown (Secker & Warburg/David & Charles; $18.95). A hack film maker, Harry Gum, who ha fled to Wales from his nativ England after the arrest of hi partner, comes to ground as director at Cambrian Television, Ltd., whose ethnic programming focusses on "choirs, rugby and religion." He immediately find himself surrounded by a troupe c Cymric grotesques, headed by th local aristocrat, Lord Oswald Warrenhurst, who lives in a simulate mountaineer's camp in a tower c his castle. Harry's only consolatio is Lord Oswald's daughter Ethel, reasonably well-organized personality with only slight overtones c nymphomania, but their romance i doomed by the hostility of Harry' colleagues and the miasma of Wale itself—a combination of narrow mindedness, jealousy, and damp Mr. Browne's sense of humor ca become relentless, but at its best which is much of the time, it has fine, corrosive edge.

GENERAL

FDR: The New Deal Years, 1933 1937, by Kenneth S. Davis (Random House; $29.95). This thir volume of what promises to be great political biography opens jus as Roosevelt has left state government to become President. Mr Davis's general thesis is that b 1933, when Roosevelt took office the nation was ready for a radica reorganization of its economi structure but Roosevelt himself wa not. His efforts were intended t make the old *system work*. As hi methods of restarting the machiner began to be effective, the busines community, the principal beneficiar of the first New Deal, lost its sens of urgency and began to attack th



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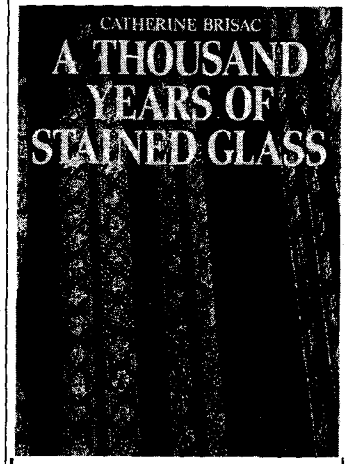

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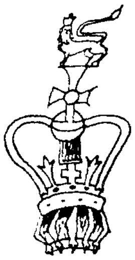

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Administration, fearing further efforts on behalf of workers, small and tenant farmers, and consumers. The continuing plight of the ordinary man, however—reflected in pressures from Congress and from radical new parties and movements as well as from members of his Administration—drove the President toward measures, such as a national program of social security, that were more radical than any he had at first thought necessary. Roosevelt's instincts were conservative in every sense, but he was not a conservative in this political period, because he believed in inclusiveness, respected the popular will, and never shared the concept of the nation's business leaders that they were an élite. His liberalism or radicalism extended only to his preferring even risky action to inaction; he never followed a social or economic dogma to the point of persisting with an ineffective or deeply unpopular policy.

WE IRISH: ESSAYS ON IRISH LITERATURE AND SOCIETY, by Denis Donoghue (Knopf; $18.95). The author, who was long a professor of English and American literature at University College, Dublin, and now teaches in this country, is one of the most learned, perceptive, and hard-to-please critics writing today. This collection—essays, lectures, book reviews—is a kind of scan of modern Irish writing, both poetry and prose, in that it embraces nearly every writer of any consequence who has worked in Ireland in this century, but it is by no means a primer or an introduction. Mr. Donoghue assumes that his reader is familiar with the works he considers, and with the internecine commotions some of those works have stirred up. Of the writers whom Mr. Donoghue discusses, Yeats is by far the most prominent: his name seems to crop up throughout the book, no matter who is being examined—Yeats and the Irish Renaissance, Yeats and the matter of symbolism, Yeats and "Romantic Ireland," Yeats and Anglo-Irishness. Joyce and his three great novels also come in for close examination, and there are illuminating shorter pieces on O'Casey, O'Faoláin, James Stephens, George Moore (a delicately carried-out essay in demolition), Æ, Synge, and others less well known this side of the Atlantic. The book, which is

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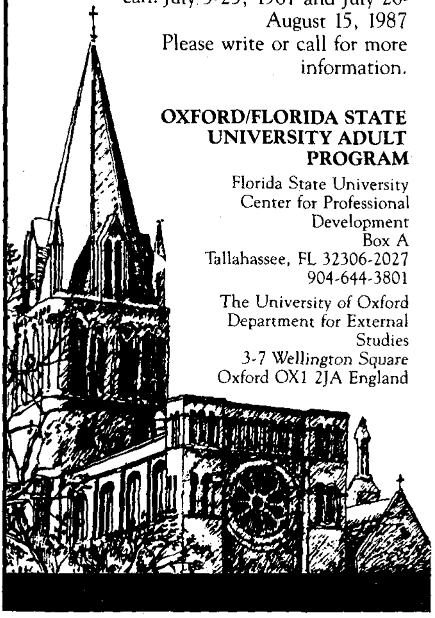

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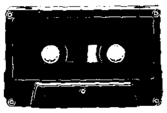

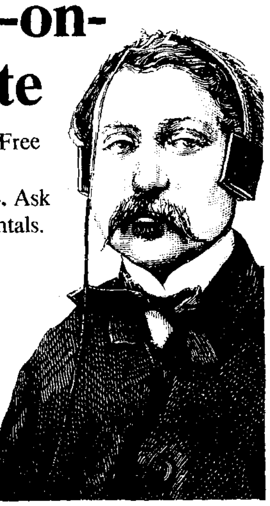

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preoccupied with style throughout, is itself an exercise in style of a high order.

Ernie's War: The Best of Ernie Pyle's World War II Dispatches, edited by David Nichols, with a foreword by Studs Terkel (Random House; $19.95). The widely read newspaper columns that Ernie Pyle wrote from the front—European, North African, and Pacific—are worth preserving, for they conveyed the actuality of modern combat, and the day-to-day life of the soldier, which he shared. The columns selected for this book cover Pyle's entire war experience, from the bombing and burning of London in the winter of 1940-41 to his final days, on the island of Ie Shima, where a Japanese sniper's bullet killed him in April, 1945. They indeed show us Ernie Pyle at his best: a reporter who let others expand on the grand strategies and the generals' war, and focussed on the men who did the fighting and dying—men whose names and home towns he noted in his dispatches. He was a writer with a lean prose style, a loathing for the war he was caught in, and an eye and ear for the heart of a story, as in his justly celebrated report on the death of a much loved captain named Waskow. Waskow was killed on a mountain in Italy, and his body was brought down on the back of a mule; one of his soldiers came up and peered at the body for a few moments, and said, "God damn it to hell anyway." Photographs.

The Reckoning, by David Halberstam (Morrow; $19.95). To describe the involuntary deindustrialization of this country, Mr. Halberstam has written a parallel history of two automobile manufacturers, Ford and Nissan, since the Second World War. Perhaps because this is, on the American side, a story of decline, few people appear attractive. Robert McNamara, who left Ford to become Secretary of Defense, is blamed for introducing the mania for quantification which replaced such concerns as engineering and quality—a devotion to numbers without much sense of what is being counted—and at first his personal austerity and reserve look inhumane. (Later, one appreciates that he was a partisan of small, economical, and safe cars.) Do the Japanese, who are building

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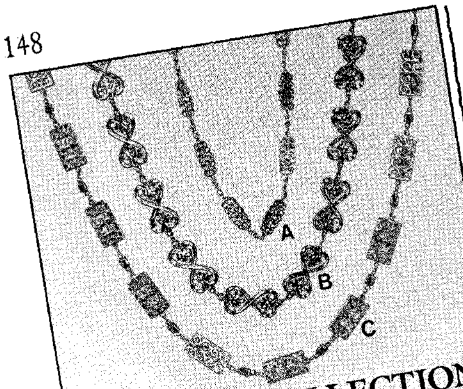

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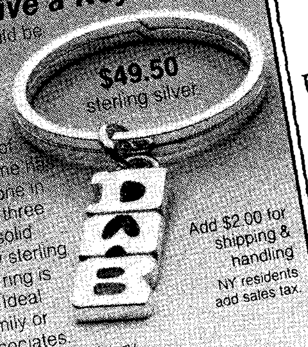

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while the Americans are destroying themselves, look better? No. Their adaptability and willingness to learn are impressive, as is their production-line perfectionism, but these virtues do not atone for union-busting, inegalitarianism, xenophobia, vindictive feuding behind the veneer of consensus, and arrogance. The most attractive Japanese in the story, Yutaka Katayama, pioneered Datsun sales in California and was repaid for his success by forced retirement. Despite the efforts of the Japanese élite to keep their society hierarchical, some benefits have trickled down, and the slightly improved living standards of the working class, together with rises in the value of the yen, have made countries with lower labor costs—notably Korea—more profitable manufacturing centers. The vista that Mr. Halberstam projects—of manufacturers' migrating to countries with ever more exploitable labor forces—is appalling. The book suggests that American production workers have not taken quality seriously because top management has devalued rather than rewarded craftsmanship, and has given repeated examples of personal extravagance which are not only morally but economically indefensible. In many respects, Mr. Halberstam's readable history resembles a sermon, but his implication is that repentance comes too late.

UTOPIA IN POWER: THE HISTORY OF THE SOVIET UNION FROM 1917 TO THE PRESENT, by Mikhail Heller and Aleksandr M. Nekrich, translated from the Russian by Phyllis B. Carlos (Summit; $24.95). Both authors were born and took their graduate degrees in history in the Soviet Union. Mr. Heller now teaches at the Sorbonne, and Mr. Nekrich at Harvard. They tell us that successive Soviet governments have warred not only about history but about memory, and, in a series of purges that started with Lenin, have eradicated generations who could remember and recount what the past was like. The exception—the release from the gulags in 1956 of a few survivors of Stalin's terror—stimulated dissent in a younger generation, which had no idea what had happened twenty years earlier. Throughout this account, the authors tell us both what happened and what people living in Russia knew at the time.

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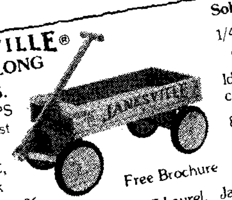

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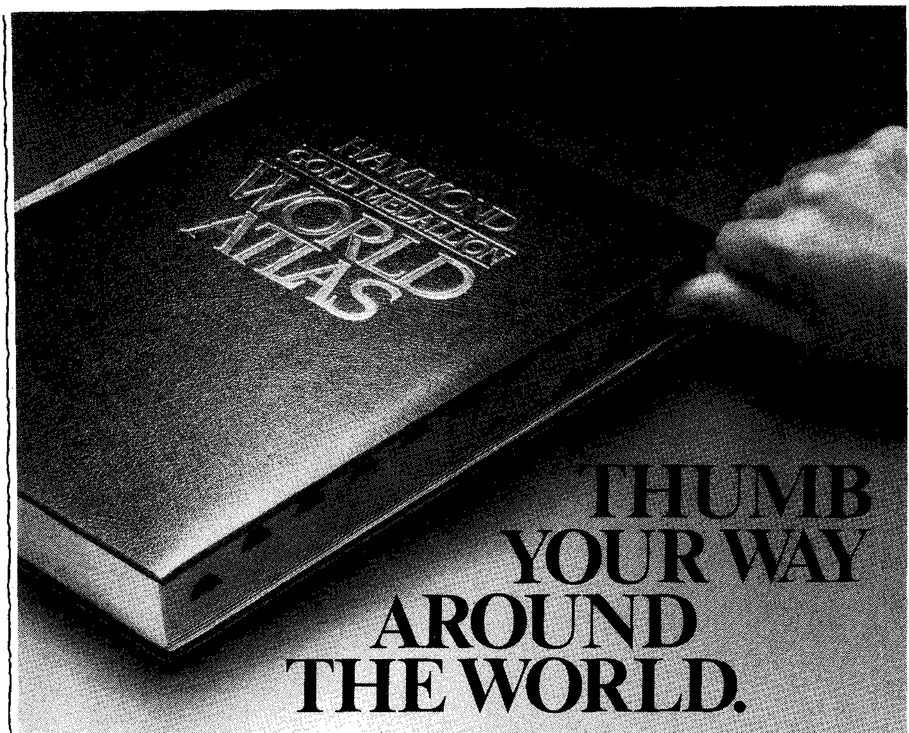
They also record how historical facts have been officially recast. The book begins with the remarkable economic growth of imperial Russia in the years between the Russo-Japanese War and the First World War, and brings us down to Gorbachev's accession. The authors agree that Stalin is Lenin's true heir; they see Lenin as having instituted a tyranny that his successor steadily refined: "It is only in comparison with Stalinist repression that the terror in the Khrushchev era, and later in Brezhnev's, seemed mild, insignificant, liberal. . . . Any sentence seemed milder than the death penalty." The authors do not believe that the Soviet system can reform itself, and they expect that it will continue to feel impelled to expand. They almost too painfully convey, along with grand events, the forlorn texture of life in the Soviet Union today.

HE MALDIVE MYSTERY, by Thor Heyerdahl (Adler & Adler; $19.95). Almost forty years have passed since Mr. Heyerdahl put out from Peru on his raft Kon-Tiki, to prove that the South Pacific might have been colonized from the American mainland. Since then, of course, to demonstrate his theories about cultural diffusion he has travelled across many bodies of water and aboard many different reproductions of primitive craft. This latest adventure is purely archeological, involving relatively modern transportation, but the old theme is there. In sum, Mr. Heyerdahl proposes that the Maldive archipelago, a nation of perhaps twelve hundred islets which straddles the equator just southwest of India, was in ancient times a crossroads for shipborne commerce riding the monsoon winds between, on the one hand, northeast Africa, ancient Mesopotamia, and northwestern India and, on the other, Sri Lanka and points even farther east. The theory is based—firmly, it appears—on Buddhist and Hindu sculptures unearthed throughout the Maldives (the archipelago has been rigidly Muslim since about the year 1200) and on prehistoric Maldivian architecture excavated by the author's team of professional archeologists. Like all Mr. Heyerdahl's books, this one is characterized by boundless enthusiasm and by a willingness to assume that because some train of events might have



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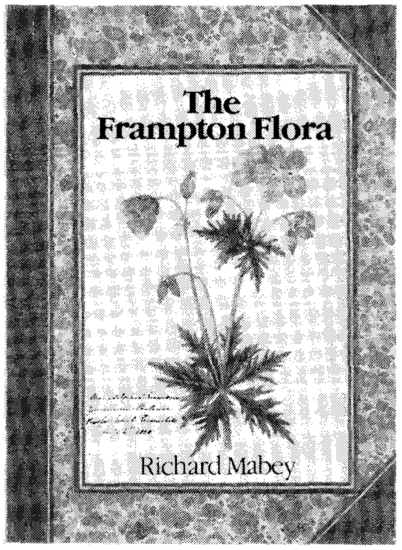

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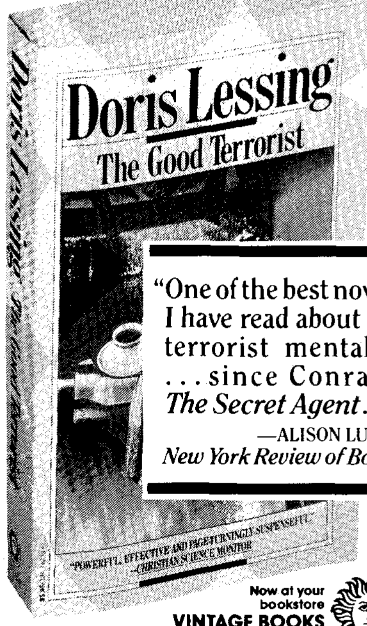
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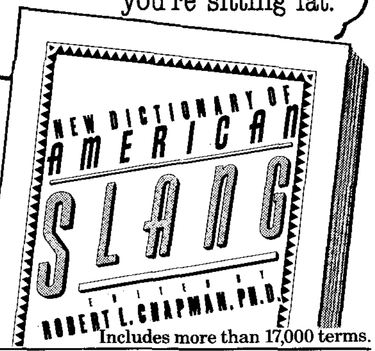

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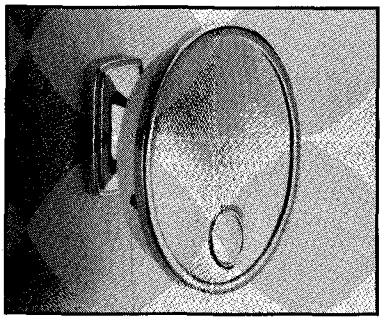

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happened it therefore must have happened.

YOUNG AMERICA: A FOLK-ART HISTORY, by Jean Lipman, Elizabeth V. Warren, and Robert Bishop (Hudson Hills; $45). A beautifully presented collection of some three hundred examples of American art—drawings, paintings, sculptures, quilts and samplers, photographs—executed from the end of the Revolution to the First World War. The women and men who created these works, most of whom had no tutoring, were concerned chiefly with representing the people of their pioneer communities and events they had witnessed at first hand; they focussed on facts, and depicted them as literally as their often wildly imperfect understanding of such things as anatomy and perspective would allow. (The paintings by American Indians which are included here seem more sophisticated aesthetically, because those artists, with their ideographic treatment of human beings and animals, appear to have been concerned with the picture as a thing in itself.) The subjects treated are farms and farm and plantation life, the home and the family, railroading, whaling (one painting of whalers in action, a detail of which is reproduced, is eight and a half by twelve hundred and seventy-five feet), military life, hard work. Although it is customary to exclaim over the charm and innocence of such pictures, one must remember that to the artists, and to those who sat to them or commissioned their work, art was a matter of dead seriousness. In that, perhaps, lies their true appeal.

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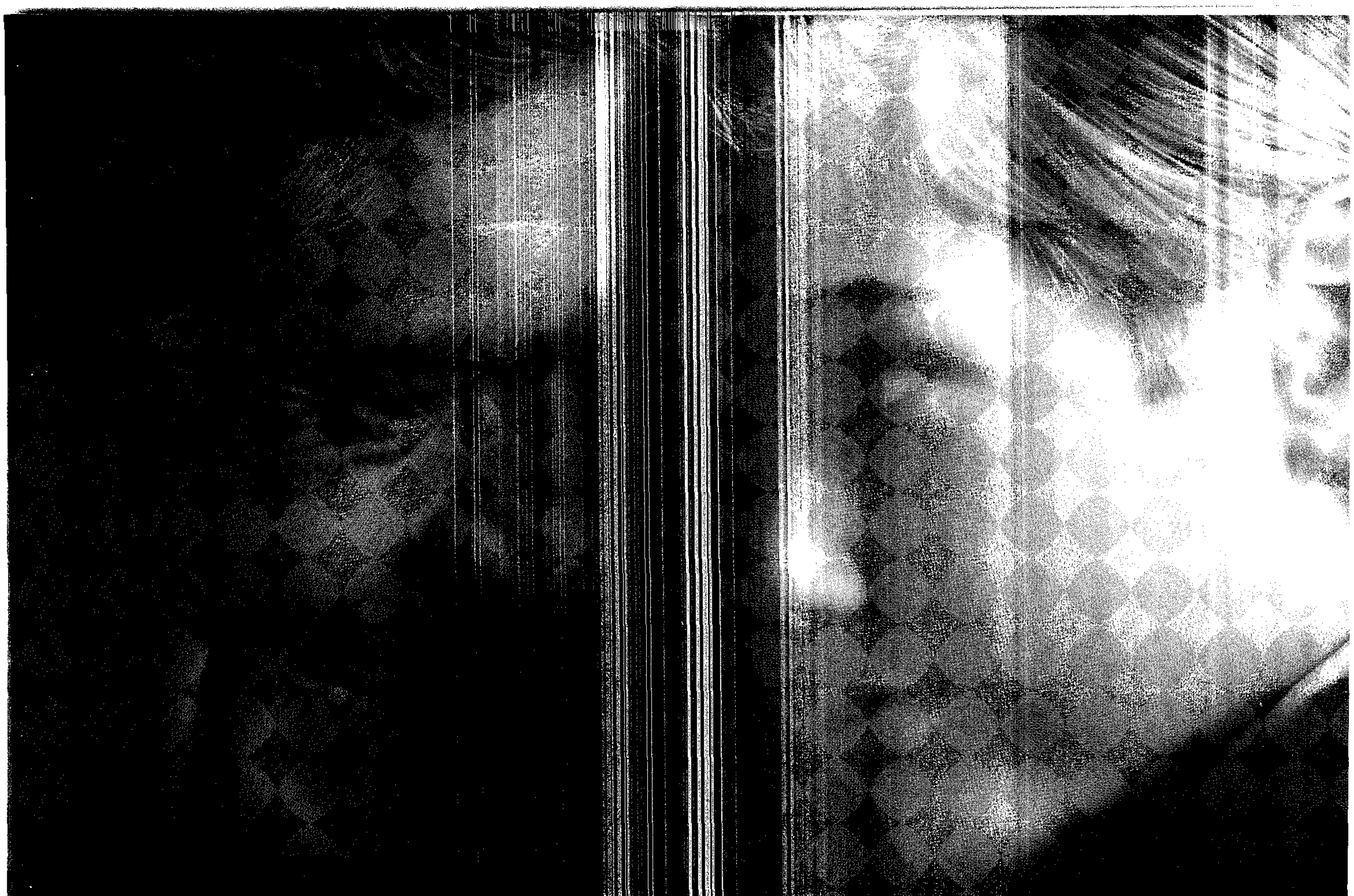

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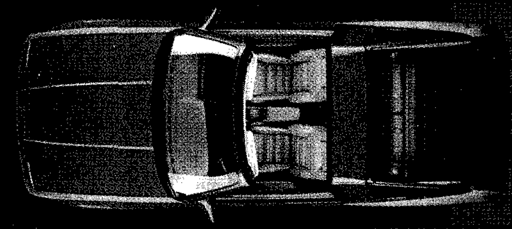

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